June 27, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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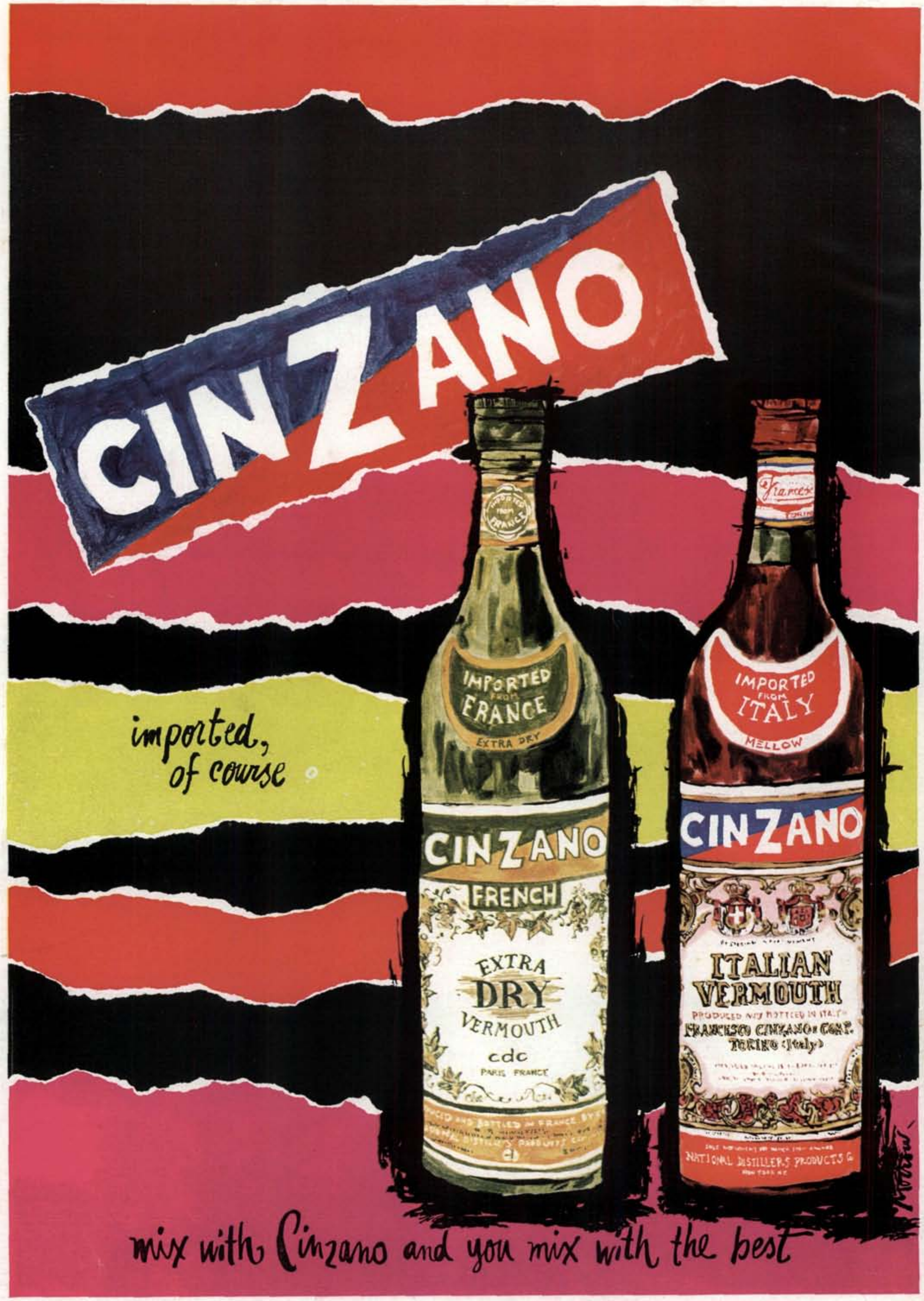
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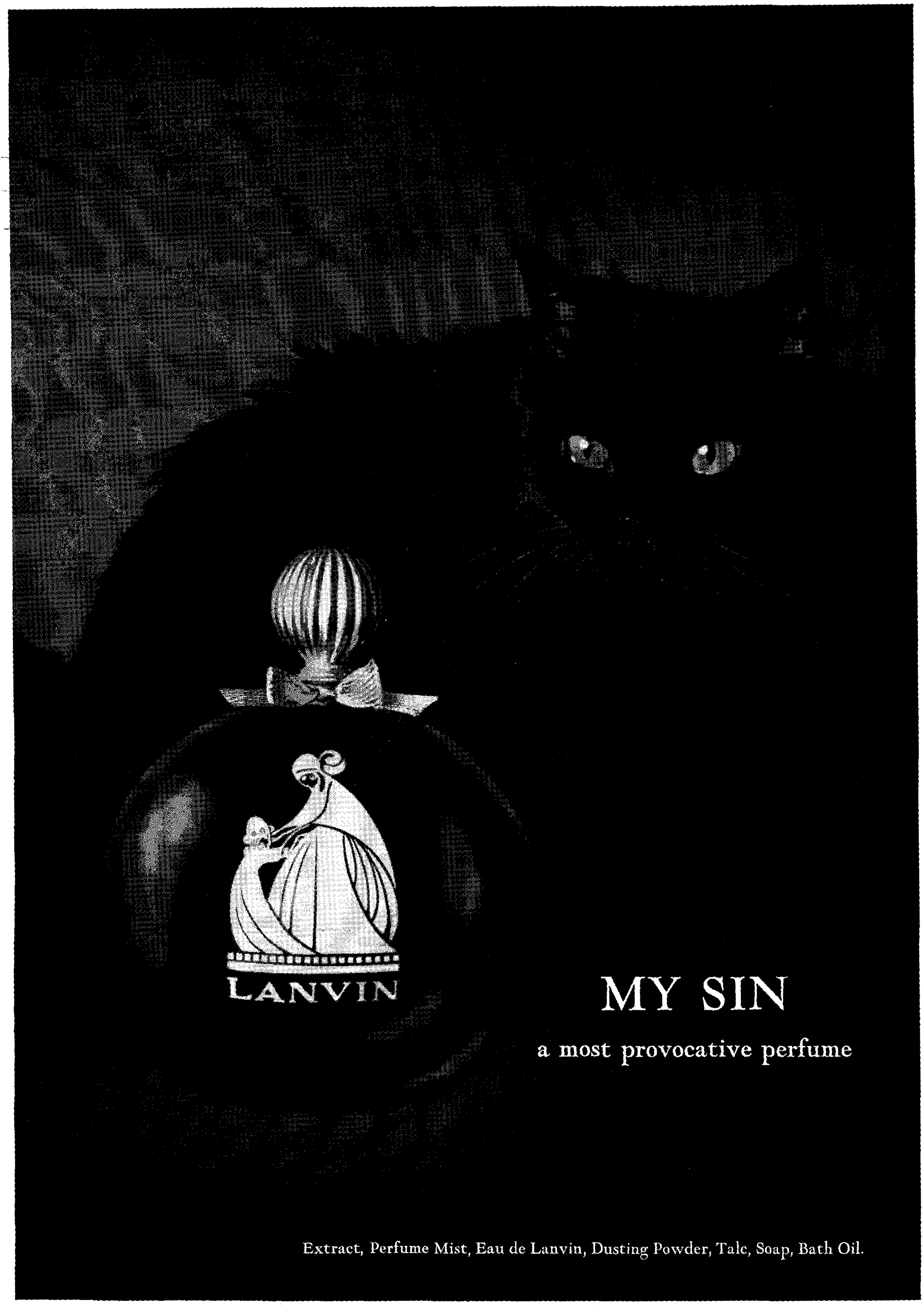

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—The title of this disaster derives from a record designed to teach parakeets how to talk. Neither the parakeet nor the three other actors on view (Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and James Costigan) seem to get the hang of the language. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given his play a pleasant glow. Penny Fuller, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar, who were directed by Mike Nichols, are very diverting in it. Starting Monday, June 29, Ruth White and Sandor Szabo will fill in for Miss Natwick and Mr. Kasznar for three weeks. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A glum look at interracial relationships in the United States, written by James Baldwin, who is nothing if not voluble. The drama has in its favor excellent direction by Burgess Meredith and some fine acting by a large cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. David Carradine is currently in the leading role. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—A very virile portrayal of the Prince of Denmark by Richard Burton and a very remarkable depiction of Polonius by Hume Cronyn distinguish this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also in it. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the ups and downs of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Written by Frank D. Gilroy, the play concerns itself with the return of a Second World War soldier to his native haunt, where his father and mother are constantly bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—Mary, Mary: An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Howard Morton are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. William Prince will succeed Mr. Hamilton on Monday, June 29. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Three Sisters—An adaptation by Randall Jarrell of Chekhov's drama, with Kim Stanley, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, and Barbara Baxley. Directed by Lee Strasberg and presented by the Actors Studio Theatre. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are giving it a whirl. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and, along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, and Danny Meehan. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson in the role of the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music are by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum: Dick Shawn and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Georgia Brown, Robin Ramsay, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Performances Thursday, June 25, at 8; Sunday, June 28, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, July 3, at 8; and Saturday, July

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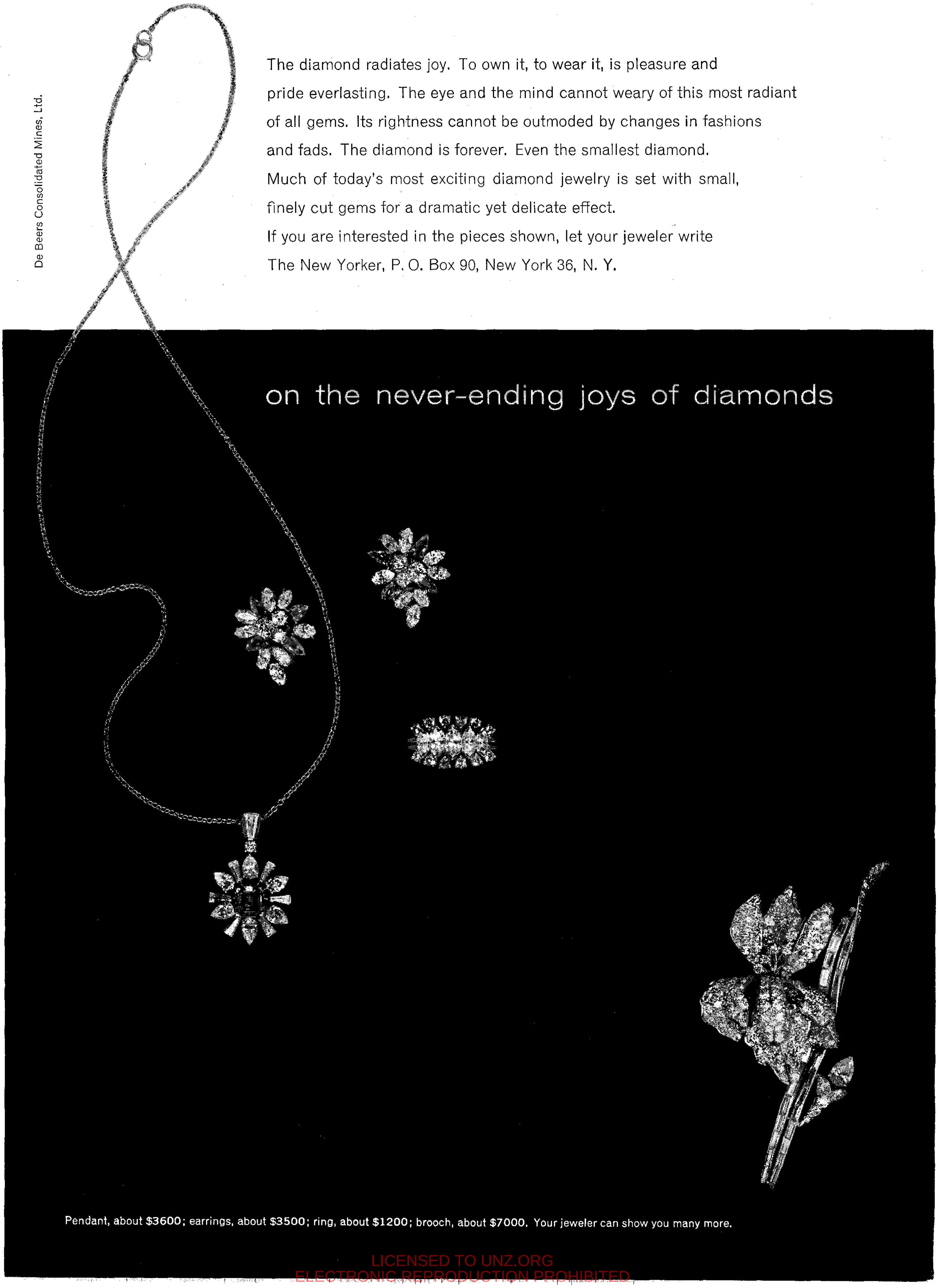

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

4, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ "But for Whom Charlie," a comedy by S. N. Behrman about good and evil in the modern world, has as its setting a philanthropic foundation that takes care of indigent writers. Not always as compelling as it might be, the play has one large virtue—the presence of David Wayne as an aging author who takes a dim and droll view of our times. Final performances Friday, June 26, at 8:30; Saturday, June 27, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, June 30-July 2, at 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"My Fair Lady," with Myles Eason, Marni Nixon, Reginald Gardiner, and Russell Nype, is the last in a series of three shows. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

APA at the Phoenix—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths": Thursday and Friday, June 25-26, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are": Saturday, June 27, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles": Sunday, June 28, at 3. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an appealing company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home Movies—This dishevelled, irreverent musical is not for the touchy or tender-skinned, but it has its comic moments all the same. Many of them are provided by Sudie Bond in the role of a nutty teen-ager, and by Orson Bean, who doubles as producer. Mr. Bean's final appearance will be on Sunday, June 28. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—The Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an off-hand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Kurt Weill in Song—Martha Schlamme and Will Holt in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30. May move on Tuesday, June 30, to another theatre, not specified at this writing.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company—Fifty dancers and musicians, in a three-week engagement. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:15. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—Two benefit performances. (Clark Center for the Performing Arts, West Side Y.W.C.A., Eighth Ave. at 51st St. CI 6-3700, Ext. 32. Sunday, June 28, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiesta Mexicana—The American première of Servando Gonzalez's film "Yanco" (performances Thursday and Sunday at 9, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10), plus exhibits of Mexican paintings and folk arts, a Mexican buffet, Mariachi bands, and other entertainment. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Nightly, 6 to midnight. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Anna Russell—In a solo revue, "All by Myself." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Hamlet," with Robert Burr (substituting for Alfred Ryder, who will return on Sunday, June 28), Julie Harris, and Howard Da Silva. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, July 4.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. Presented by

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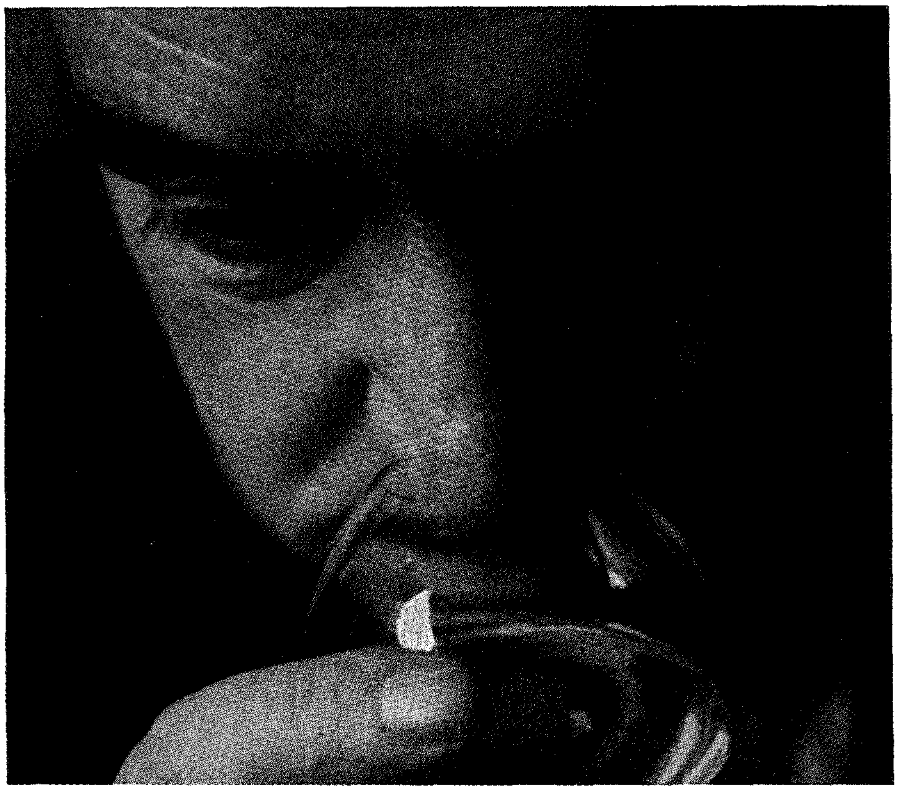

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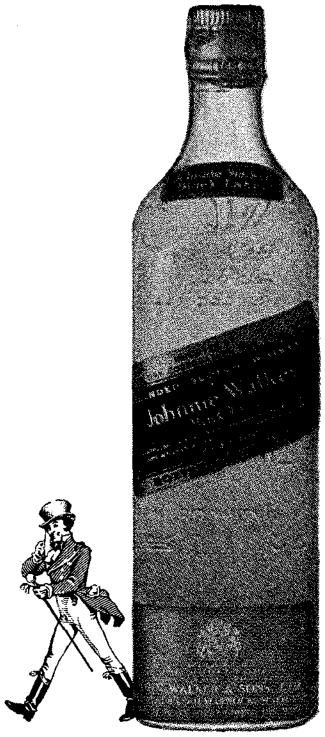

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. Reopens for the second season on Saturday, June 27. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Frank Fontaine is talking off the top of his amusing head in the Royal Box. Dinner and supper are his stint; there is dance music the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing to do with the dining room, whose walls are covered with flora never before seen by the eye of man. In the midst of this astonishment, George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. Sundays, the band is there from one to three as well. The musicians stay home on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra do the dance music. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—This is the new name of one of our friendly neighborhood Longchamps, done over into the red plush public rooms of a quite splendid night boat to Albany, Providence, or Nepenthe. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; all quiet Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, whose muralled walls are the bright last deed of the late René Bouché, a septet—I Cavalieri di Roma, who are nearly all stringmen—does the sort of luxurious dance tunes to be expected of it, and serves as background for the gloriously impassioned ballads of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday is the plan.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band provides the dance music. Yvette Souviron, who carols as she strokes a keyboard, is the rest of the music; Mondays are her vacations.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Eartha Kitt, who loves to play at being *formidable* or just feline, is always able to find precisely the songs to suit her varying temperatures. She occupies the Persian Room at dinner and supper; dancing occurs to the hummings of the Emil Coleman band and Mark Monte's small assemblage of pepper shakers. The whole project shuts down after Saturday, June 27, for a brief breather. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court turns pink and lavender with delight, and becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. The moon sets at one. Sundays are silent.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A vault of heaven, pink as can be, beneath which the band of Charles Turecamo and the small group of Quintero keep their minds on their work (dance music) the whole evening long. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4.

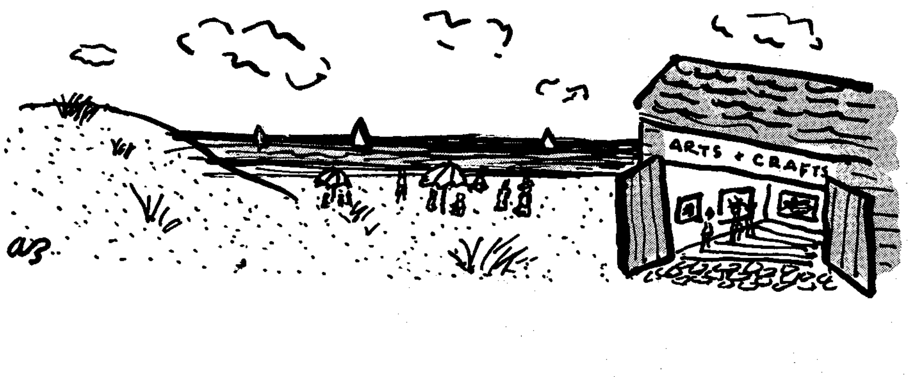
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—You'll know where the wild thyme grows when you watch our *jeunesse dorée* revel on the dance floor, almost at risk of life and beautiful limb. The setting purports to be the house that Somerset Maugham built in the Cairo of another day. The music, simultaneously created by both machinery and mankind, roars like a lion from eight to four every night.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The children's hour has been extended to well past midnight in the Empire Room, because Paul Anka, who exerts a charm that passeth nearly all understanding, serves as Pied Piper at both dinner and past-bedtime sessions. A perky Meyer Davis orchestra ushered by Emery Davis, and the small band of Horace Diaz, are always on deck. The room will call it a season after Friday, June 26.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A walled garden in Florence where a number of wicked ghosts (Scarpia and Pinkerton among them) comfortably reënact, in song and story, the scenes of their crimes. The tiny opera company is under the baton of Aldo Bruschi, a pianist who often joins in with his choristers. There is leisurely dancing, too, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, who has always dreamed he dwelt in marble halls, now wakes up at ten-thirty to find that he is in one, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. The ensuing song and cavorts are as life-giving as anything in town. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine by Jules Kuti, and from nine to two by Otis Clements. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with our paramount problem, love life, are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, dean emeritus of women. Her seminars, held only Fridays and Saturdays, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the proper background. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sort of royal road to cocktails, dinner, and supper. Most of the time, Forrest Perrin strolls with judicious calm up and down his piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An old-school, or spare-no-expense, French solution of the housing problem. Norbert Faconi, the court musician, makes his violin speak more lovingly than words. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with life in Iberia. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are beginning to seem imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave. at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holidays here don't end before the early hours of morning. With every course of the banquet there's a ration of patrolling violins and patrolling guitarists. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the restrained but calorific Andalusian guitar wielded from eight to one by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays; closed Saturday, July 4. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Participants (j.g.) in the performing arts use this as an evening community hall. They find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday, when a solo piano fills in. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five and Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio at nine-thirty: on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer and his leisurely piano are on duty from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 4. . . . **CHARDAS,** 30 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): This make-believe segment of Central Europe (violin, zimbalon, and voices) goes on its midyear vacation after Sunday, June 28. Dancing. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): One knows that there is still a St. Petersburg whenever Marina Fedorovskaya sings, with great calm, the moody Russian and French songs of another day. She and piano and violin carry on from seven-thirty until early morning. The chef, too, still dreams of St. Pete. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue, i.e., East and West *do* meet, and every night of the week. After nine, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who toys with his piano only from six to nine-thirty and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Non-stop but non-obtrusive piano makes the downing of cocktails, dinner, and supper all the easier in these fairly placid surroundings. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It is the amiable conceit of Rita Dimitri, the incumbent soprano, to do a parody of Theda Bara or some such, with songs to boot. Sometimes the piano and guitar of Stanley Brilliant, the music master here, join in the nonsense; sometimes there's quiet music in a corner by Kurt Maier's trio, to which one can dance a little. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. No music Sundays.

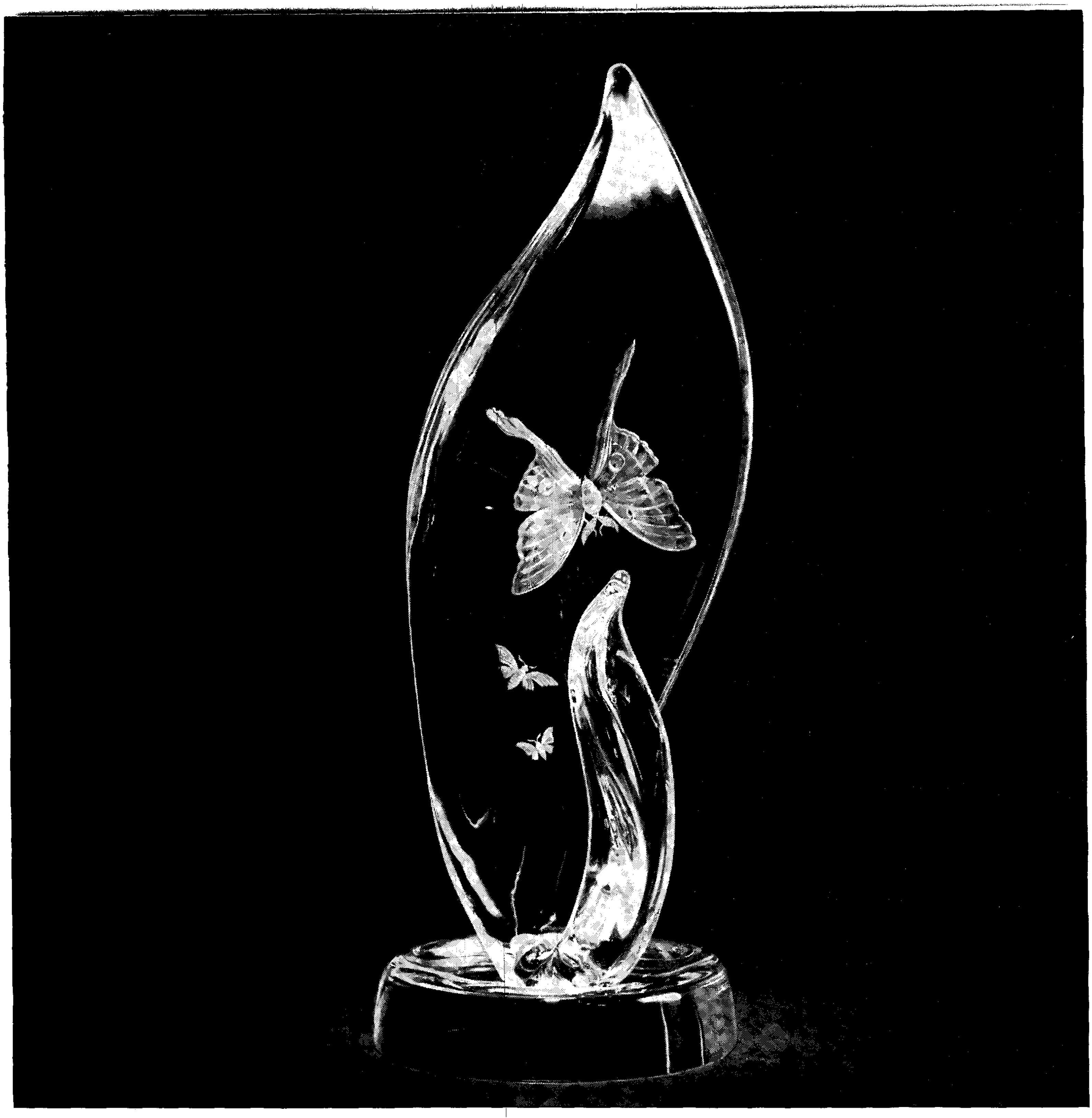
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Lovely womanhood stooping to lovely follies is the dominant theme of "Diamond Fair," an opulent pageant that has thirty sterling examples of l. w. on its staff. Norm Cosby supplies fair-to-middling humor, an Argentine corps de ballet supplies fury, and the Bernard Brothers (who depart on Tuesday, June 30) supply dreary pantomime. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The current incumbents are the Smothers Brothers, who are a bit better than anyone else at mocking the dead-and-deadly-earnest folk singers, plus—to give the other side of the story—Trini Lopez, a very updated version of a folk singer. The Smothers Brothers leave after Saturday, June 27. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Hoofing (not loafing) on the job is the order of the evening, which is devoted to a revue, "Vive les Girls," made up almost entirely of very tall young ladies and very small bikinis. The peak of the splendid cast of singers, prancers, and acrobats is Jeanie Stevens, a Hebe upon whom permanent citizenship of this town should be conferred. The revue ceases fire on Wednesday, July 1. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the current Julius Monk revue, heaves plenty of well-bred sighs over the sorry state of affairs—metropolitan, national, and amorous. The sighs are mixed with so many verbal plays and ploys that binaural attention is an absolute requisite. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason lead a very, very glib cast that also contains Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Richard Blair. The orchestra is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and dreaming their way through life, accompanied by a set of fine flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. . . . ¶ Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," the new revue put forth by the Second City company, is a block-by-block search of our town that brings to light a number of situations, both lighthearted and lugubrious, that no one else seems to have noticed. Contributions beyond the call of duty are made



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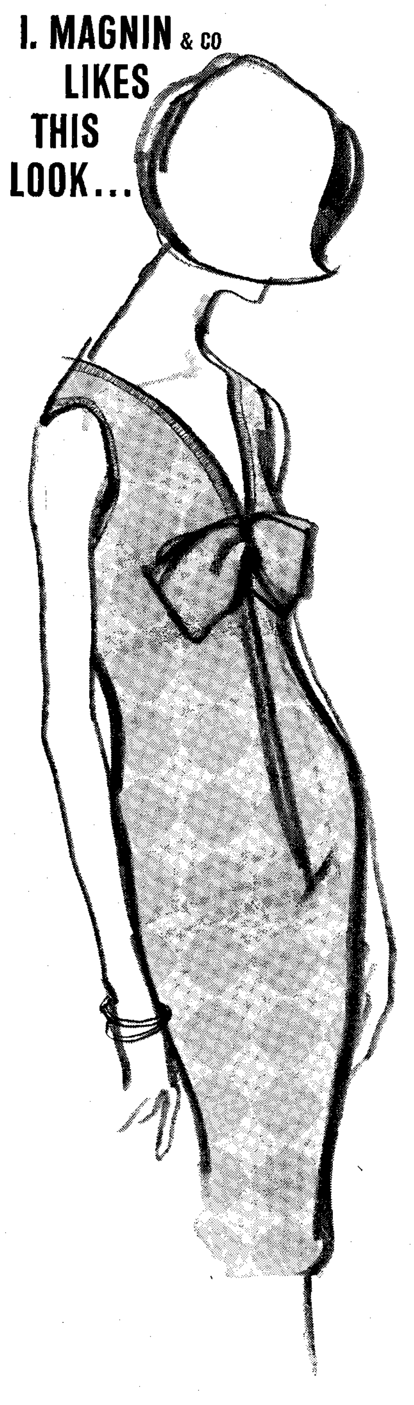

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Severn Darden and Jack Burns; excellent work is appended by Avery Schreiber, Mina Kolb, Bob Dishy, and Dick Schaal. The music that surrounds these players is composed and performed, on a variety of instruments, by Tom O'Horgan. Also on hand is Irwin Corey, an interesting if unforecastable neurosis, and a talkative one. Beginning time is eight-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): High is the gear into which Felicia Sanders puts her cantatas, and tense are the lyrics, none of them run-of-the-mill. Miss Sanders gets tremendous uplift from the pianos of Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Mort Sahl, who regards the world as his defective oyster, does up-the-rebels causeries; Tobi Reynolds, a fetching bit of bric-a-brac, does the carols.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The present incumbents are Max Morath, his rackety-rax piano, his cigar, his sleeve garters, and his stop-at-nothing gay-nineties quartet. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Nina Simone's bouquet of arias could be called "Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Love Surrealism." She, her piano, and her quartet are the principal condiments of an ample charade. Mondays other musicians are in possession. . . . **STROLLERS CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Jimmy and Marian McPartland, or primitivism and progress side by side, have joined forces (such as Edmond Hall and Marshall Brown) to make music in no uncertain terms. They gambol from eight to two, and (except Wednesdays) Juan Serrano's flamenco guitar is added at midnight. John Bunch plays remarkable piano in the neat little British pub at the back end from seven to two. The menu is British as can be. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace always on the verge of blasting. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then the Dukes of Dixieland, Southern and sentimental, and Red Allen's bang-bang band become the blowhards. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Wes Montgomery's trio moves out on Thursday, July 2; next evening, Roy Haynes' quartet takes over. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko, Bert Bahlander, Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Dave McKenna like to work out on a fast track, but are willing to diminish the pace whenever someone feels inclined to dance. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, who will probably never discover an instrument that can transmit all he has to say, now has five sidemen to assist him in his staggering projects, every night but Monday. Sunday afternoons, from four to eight, are assigned to droppers-in. . . . **FOLK CITY**, 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Accidental amateur nights can happen here, but not when Anita Sheer is bending over her puissant flamenco guitar. Ten is curtain time, and she'll not be found on Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the room noise that goes with it. The music is now Harold Quinn's duo, but what really matters is that recess is declared at midnight so that Tessie O'Shea, a British music-hall song-and-story hand, can do her bland, cozening turn. Miss O'Shea's last night is Saturday, June 27. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has music of an ancient school by Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti. No sound on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): The blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) in residence here may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three is the curriculum. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is now shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris is back in town, at a stand that is coeval with his Early Americana music. Mondays, a ragtime band replaces the de Paris band.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Saturday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

BERNARD KRIGSTEIN—Paintings; through Tuesday, June 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

LUCIANO MINGUZZI—Twenty-one bronze studies for the fifth and final door of the Cathedral in Milan by a contemporary Italian; through Friday, June 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Early and recent sculptures; through July 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

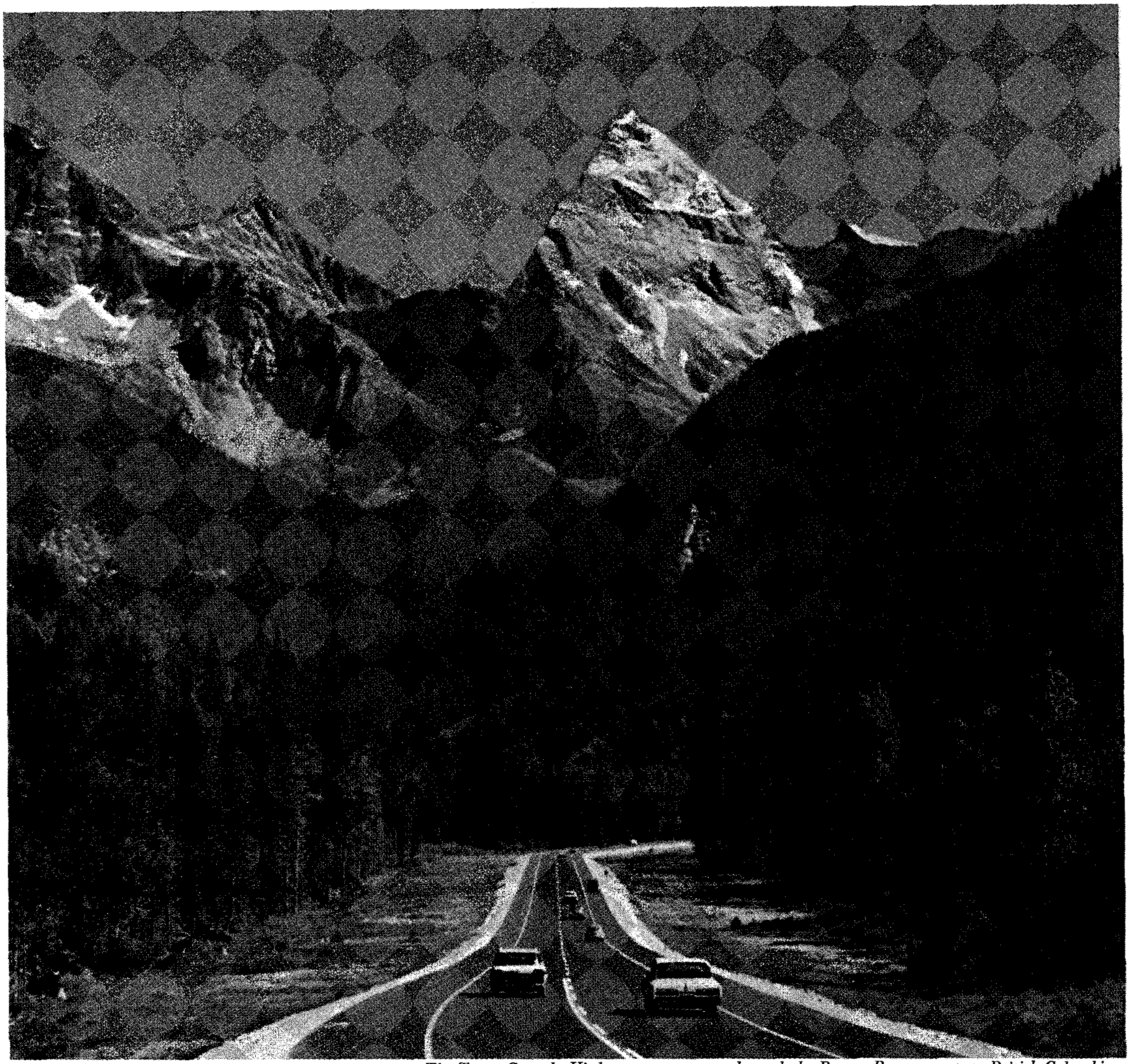
REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through Aug. 28. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KURT SELIGMANN—Twenty years of prints and drawings; through Tuesday, June 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—A travelling exhibition of contemporary wall sculptures, by Lee Bontecou, Louise Nevelson, George Ortman, and others; through Friday, July 3. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—The second annual summer show by more than fifty member galleries. It consists of over a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics, ranging in style from the Eight and the School of Paris to pop art. Through Aug. 1. (Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMEL**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: John Goodyear, Minda Hess, Reginald Neal, Helen Soreff, and Paul Zelanski are participating in a show called "The Hard Eye;" through Friday, July 3. . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery, including Siegfried Reinhardt, Jared French, and Maurice Grosser; through Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.) . . . **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Jane Wilson, Willem de Kooning, Costantino Nivola, and others; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Robert Rauschenberg, Roy Lichtenstein, and John Chamberlain are three of the exhibitors in a display of paintings, sculptures, and other works; through Tuesday, June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **DE NAGY**, 149 E. 72nd St.: Robert Goodnough, Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher, and eight other painters; through July 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Robert Gwathmey, William King, John Paul Jones, and others on the regular roster in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Friday, June 26. . . . **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Some of the artists in this showing of paintings are Richard Mayhew, Gordon Russell, and Pavel Tchelitchew; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 3.) . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by faculty members of the New York Studio School, which will open next September. Among the artists are Philip Guston, Esteban Vicente, and Sidney Geist. Through July 17. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **GREEN**, 15 W. 57th St.: Hard- and soft-edge paintings by Burgoyne Diller, Neil Williams, Tadaaki



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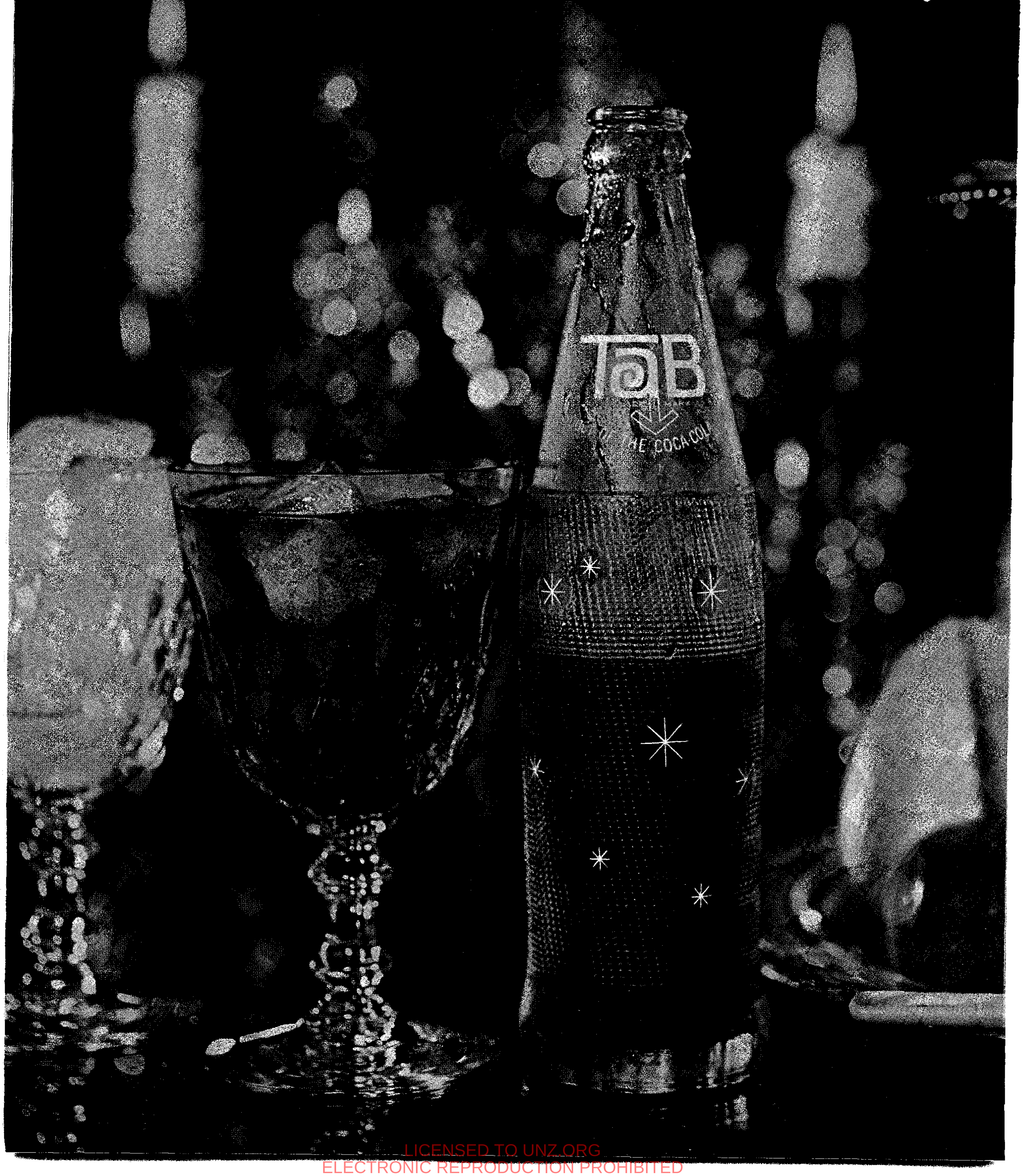


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kuwayama, Darby Bannard, and Richard Smith; through Friday, June 26. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century artists as Leonard DeLonga, John Heliker, and John Koch; through Friday, July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 18. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell, and Jacques Lipchitz; through July 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, William Thon, and other gallery artists; through Friday, July 3. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Singer Sargent, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through July 30. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 3.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by the gallery artists, among them Frank Bernarducci, Herbert Simon, and Alice Forman; through Saturday, June 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St., and **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings of New York City, by (to mention a few) George C. Ault, John Marin, and Herman Rose, plus sculpture by Louise Nevelson; through Friday, June 26. . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through July 30. . . . **SOUTHAMPTON**, 145 E. 72nd St.: New works by Robert Indiana, Andy Warhol, Claes Oldenburg, and the like; through Tuesday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Reuben Tam, and others; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays and, starting next Wednesday, mornings as well.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Aug. 14. (Closed Saturdays and, starting next Wednesday, mornings as well. Also closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **MARKS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A selection of paintings and sculptures by (for example) Frans Krajcberg, Roger Bolomey, and Picasso; through Friday, June 26. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and Paul Serusier (to name a few); through Aug. 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century French masters, including Miró, Chagall, and Giacometti; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies" as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through July 17. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, Cézanne, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair's Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, and Larry Rivers are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "American Painters as Lithographers;" through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ "The Photographer's Eye," a loan show of some two hundred pictures by, among others, Mathew Brady, Edward Steichen, and Cartier-Bresson; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Eighty drawings from the Museum's collection, by such artists as Seurat, Matisse, and Leonard Baskin, are being shown along with a collection of prints by seventeen artists, including Pierre Bonnard, André Derain, and Ben Shahn. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Cézanne, Renoir, Modigliani, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Book illustrations, magazine covers, and posters by Maxfield Parrish; through July 26. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, and prints by the Barbizon painter Charles François Daubigny; through Aug. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through Sunday, June 28. . . . ¶ "Van Gogh and Expressionism;" starting Wednesday, July 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Artifacts from and photographs of the excavations of the Philistine City of Ashdod; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

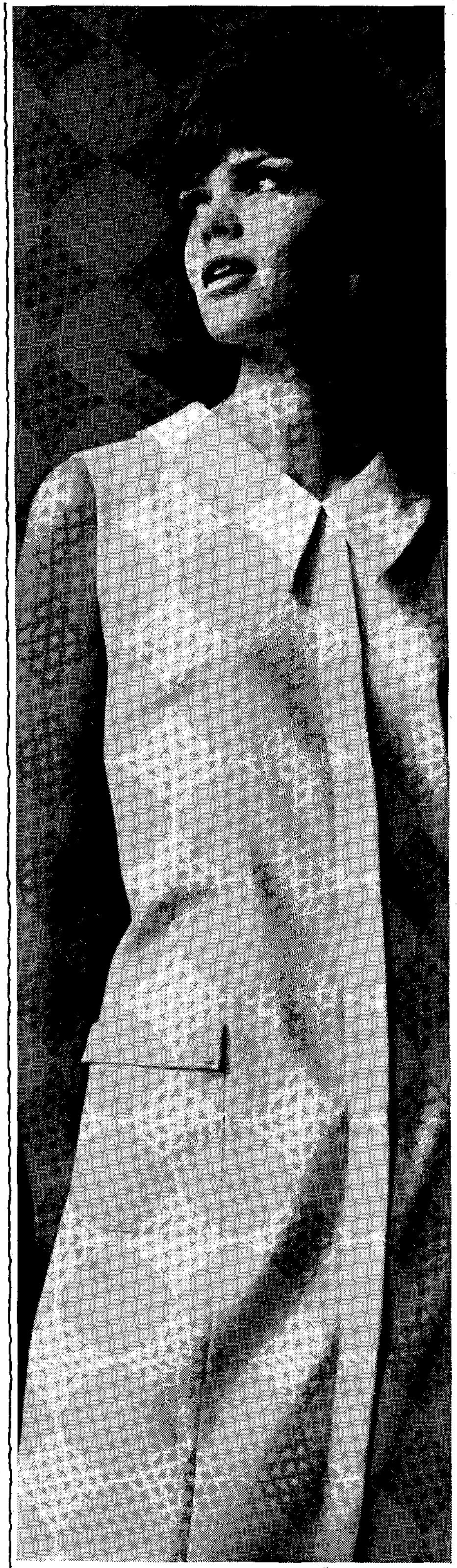
MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to name a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, except Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Hans Hofmann, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, except Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, June 25: Alfred Wallenstein directing an all-Mozart program, with Adele Addison, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Italian-opera music, with Lucine Amara, soprano, and Richard Tucker, tenor. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30: Julius Rudel conducting, with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Russian music; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2: Arthur Fiedler conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4: Arthur Fiedler conducting an all-Gershwin concert, with Earl Wild, piano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 8. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:07 P.M. over WQXR.)

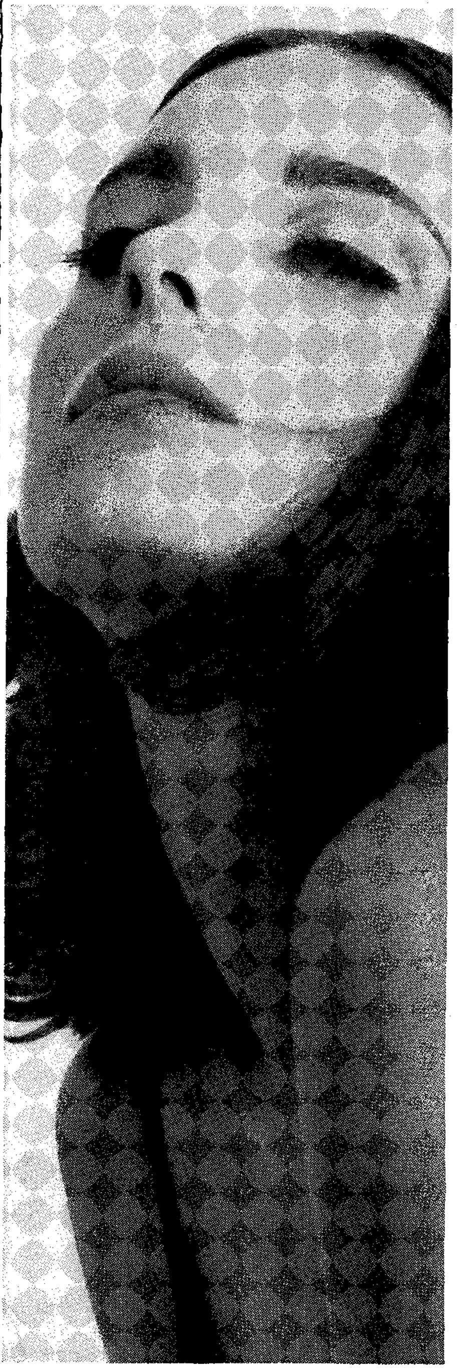
CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Joseph Eger conducting the New York Orchestral Society in the first of two concerts, this one with Richard Sher, sixteen-year-old cellist. (Tuesday, June 30, at 8:15. In the event of rain, the concert will take place on Thursday, July 2.) . . . ¶ Yuri Krasnopolsky conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Zvi Zeitlin, violin, and Zero Mostel, narrator. (Saturday, July 4, at 8:30.)

RIVERSIDE PARK CONCERTS—Frederique Petrides conducting a symphony orchestra in the second of two concerts, this one with Graciela Rivera, soprano, and William Lewis, clarinet. (Monday, June 29, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23—Tuesday, June 30, at 8: A chamber-music concert by the New York Pro Musica. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber group of Boston Symphony members in an all-Mozart program, with Claudio Arrau, piano, and Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the chamber orchestra in another all-Mozart program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Donald Bell, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 2, at 8: "Great Moments in Jazz," with Louis Armstrong's All-Stars, George Brunis, Buzzy Drootin, Bud Freeman, Bob Haggart, J.C. Higginbotham, Edmond Hall, Jo Jones, Lou McGarity, Max Kaminsky, Muggsy Spanier, Wingy Manone, George Wettling, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 2: "New Faces," with Ethel Ennis, Rod Levitt's orchestra, Freddie Hubbard's quintet, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8: Count Basie's orchestra, Mose Allison, Chet Baker, Stan Getz's quartet, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Sister Rosetta



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Tharpe, Joe Williams, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 2: "Piano Workshop," with Billy Taylor (narrator), Dave Brubeck, Thelonious Monk, Willie the Lion Smith, Toshiko Mariano, Joe Sullivan, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8: "Tribute to Charlie Parker," with Dave Brubeck's quartet, Paul Desmond, J.J. Johnson's quartet, Sonny Stitt, Howard McGhee, Abbey Lincoln, Gloria Lynne, Max Roach's quartet, Jimmy Smith's trio, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 6: Ruby Braff, Oscar Brown, Jr., Buck Clayton, Vic Dickenson, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Slam Stewart, Ben Webster, Sarah Vaughan, and others. (Freebody Park. For tickets, call CO 5-1267.)

Note—Opening performances of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Thursday through Saturday, June 25-27: Lotte Goslar, mime, with her company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, June 30-July 4: Maria Tallchief with Oleg Briansky and soloists of the New York City Ballet, and Nala Najan. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and also Friday, July 3, at 3.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, June 25, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 26, at 8; Saturday, June 27, at 2; and Sunday, June 28, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, June 30, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, July 1, at 2, and Thursday, July 2, at 6. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, July 3, at 8, and Saturday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader).

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, June 26: José Stable vs. Vince Shomo, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3: Eddie Cotton vs. Wayne Thornton, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Through Friday, June 26.)

Olympic Track and Field Trials—At Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: Friday, July 3, at 2, and Saturday, July 4, at noon.

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, June 30. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, June 27, and the Astoria, Monday, June 29. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 1, through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 4. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Wednesday, July 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, June 28, at 2.

Tennis—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Through Sunday, June 28.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Monday through Sunday, June 29-July 5.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, July 29. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Chalk Garden—A romantic melodrama, played out in the prettiest English country house you ever saw, with among others, Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, John Mills, Deborah Kerr, and Felix Aylmer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 30. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 1, tentative.)

The Easy Life—A funny and shocking study of a charming wastrel, whose vitality brings with it death as well as joy. Starring Vittorio Gassman and directed by Dino Risi. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 30.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—makes a very loud noise indeed. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

From Russia with Love—As the Duke of Wellington came close to saying on another occasion, if you believe this, you'll believe anything. Sean Connery is splendid as the indestructible James Bond. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through June 29. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting July 1, tentative.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays, at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

The Night Watch—A grim thriller about an attempted escape from a Paris prison. Directed by Jacques Becker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through June 28.)

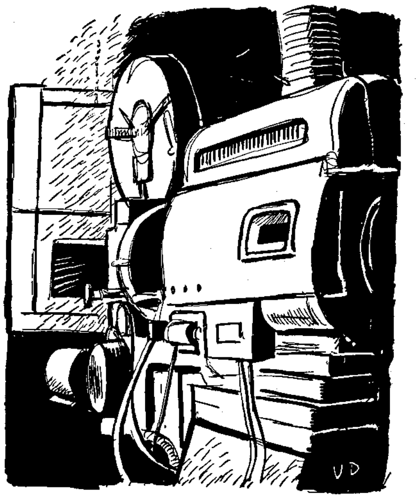
The Organizer—Life in an Italian factory some seventy years ago. An unlikely subject, but, thanks to the director, Mario Monicelli, and his star, Marcello Mastroianni, it comes joyously and heartbreakingly to life. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Servant—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—A ruthlessly exciting melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 30, tentative.)

The Silence—Still another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's long cross-examination of God, who has proved a reluctant witness. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; through June 29.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, every one of them first-rate. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)



The World of Henry Orient—Peter Sellers in a picture, much of it filmed locally, that is ideal for children and that senior citizens will find bearable. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 1.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. . . . ¶ Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; June 25-28 and June 30.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 27.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 26-29.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 25.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 30, tentative.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The celebrated old wheeze. A German picture, with Conrad Veidt. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 25, at 6, 8, and 10.)

Gates of Paris (1958)—René Clair's description of some denizens of an impoverished district in Paris. A French film, with Pierre Brasseur, Henri Vidal, and Dany Carrel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 30.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 1, tentative.)

The Great Chase (1962)—A medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting July 1.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 30, tentative.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as, respectively, a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 25, last showing at 3:30.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 27.)

Lover Come Back (1962)—A comedy about the deplorable behavior of account executives on Madison Avenue and the unsteady course of their untrue loves. It stars Rock Hudson and Doris Day. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through June 30.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; June 26-29. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 30.)

Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; starting June 29.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore in the old operetta. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; June 28-30.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 1, tentative.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—Victor Herbert's operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting July 1.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 26-29.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 1.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 25.)

The Thing (1951)—Ominous vegetation from Mars on the loose. With Kenneth Tobey and Robert Cornthwaite. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 27.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 30. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 27: "Gösta Berlings Saga" (1924), a Swedish film, with Lars Hanson and Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ June 28-July 1: "Our Hospitality" (1923), with Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge; and "Two Tars" (1928), with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"A Shot in the Dark," Peter Sellers.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
From June 25, at 8:30: "Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Opening night is a benefit performance. A limited number of seats are available at the box office. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE CHALK GARDEN.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through June 29: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern.
From June 30: "Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Catherine Spaak.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando; and "Bullet for a Badman," Audie Murphy.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through June 30: "The Long Ships," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From July 1: "The Carpetbaggers," Carroll Baker, George Peppard.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
Through June 29: **THE SILENCE.**
From June 30: "Mafioso" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through June 29: "This Madding Crowd" (in Japanese).
From June 30: "The Insect Woman" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 30: "The Cool World."
From July 1: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT;** and another feature, to be announced.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
June 25: "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune; and "The Magnificent Seven," revival, Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach.
June 26-29: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM,** revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival.
From June 30: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT,** revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 30: **LOVER COME BACK,** revival; and "Charade," Cary Grant.
From July 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 30: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**
From July 1: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 30 (tentative): **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY;** and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival.
From July 1 (tentative): **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE;** and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through June 29: "The Long Ships," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From June 30: "Mafioso" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through June 27: "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald; and "The Firefly," revival, Jeanette MacDonald.
June 28-30: **MAYTIME,** revival; and "The Chocolate Soldier," revival, Risë Stevens.
From July 1: **NAUGHTY MARIETTA,** revival; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"A Shot in the Dark," Peter Sellers.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando; and "Bullet for a Badman," Audie Murphy.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Kapo," Susan Strasberg.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 1 (tentative): **MODERN TIMES,** revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH,** revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through June 28: "Anna Christie," revival, Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.
From June 29: **MATA HARI,** revival.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 28: "The Cool World."
From June 29: "Los Tarantos" (in Spanish).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Troublemaker," Thomas Aldredge.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 30 (tentative): **HUD,** revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier.
From July 1 (tentative): **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 30: "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan; and "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney.
From July 1: **THE GREAT CHASE,** revival; and "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 30: **LOVER COME BACK,** revival; and "Charade," Cary Grant.
From July 1: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers; and "Chartroose Caboose," Molly Bee.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 25: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN,** revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP,** revival.
June 26-29: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS,** revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival.
From June 30: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT,** revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 27: **ALL ABOUT EVE,** revival; and **LAURA,** revival.
June 28-30: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Alain Delon; and "Murder at the Gallop," revival, Margaret Rutherford.
From July 1: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers; and "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 30: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB;** and **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian).
From July 1: "Weekend" (in Danish).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 30: "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan; and "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney.
From July 1: "The Long Ships," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier; and "The Crimson Blade," Lionel Jeffries.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 30: "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer; and "The Guest," Donald Pleasence.
From July 1: **THE GREAT CHASE,** revival; and "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 29: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
From June 30: "Crazy Desire" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Catherine Spaak.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through June 30: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian). On Monday, June 29, the theatre will be closed.
From July 1: "The Carpetbaggers," Carroll Baker, George Peppard.

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
June 25: "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.
From June 26: "As You Like It," revival, Elisabeth Bergner, Laurence Olivier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through June 28: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French).
From June 29: "Blood on the Balcony," a documentary about Benito Mussolini.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 25 (last showing at 2): **THE LADY EVE,** revival; and "Palm Beach Story," revival, Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea.
June 25, at 6, 8, and 10: **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI,** "Andalusian Dog," and "The Haunted House" (all silent).
June 26: "The Terror," revival, Boris Karloff; and "Tales of Terror," revival, Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone.
June 27: **THE THING,** revival; and "The Time Machine," revival, Rod Taylor.
June 28: "The Black Scorpion," revival, Richard Denning; and "The Beast with Five Fingers," revival, Peter Lorre.
June 29: "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus," revival, Pierre Brasseur, Alida Valli; and "Fiend Without a Face," revival, Marshall Thompson.
June 30: "The Day Mars Invaded Earth," Kent Taylor; and "The Incredible Shrinking Man," revival, Grant Williams.
July 1: "The Haunting," revival, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "Burn Witch Burn," revival, Janet Blair.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 30: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB;** and "The League of Gentlemen," revival, Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.
From July 1: **RICHARD III,** revival; and "The Lost Continent," revival, a documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 25: "Queen of Spades" and "Eugene Onegin" (both in Russian and both revivals).
June 26: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
June 27: "Les Enfants Terribles" (in French; formerly called "The Strange Ones"), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Blind Desire" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Jean-Louis Barrault.
June 28: "All the Way Home," revival, Robert Preston, Jean Simmons; and "A Kid for Two Farthings," revival, Celia Johnson, Diana Dors.
June 29: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt.
June 30: **GATES OF PARIS** (in French), revival; and "The Spice of Life" (in French), revival, Noël-Noël.
July 1: **THE MIRACLE WORKER,** revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a documentary film on New Guinea.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 30: "La Poupée" (in French), revival; and "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.
From July 1: **THE GREAT CHASE,** revival; and "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M.... ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).... ¶ There is a maze designed for small children at the Johnson Wax Pavilion, and a diaper-changing room in the Scott Paper Enchanted Forest.

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, are disparate in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impracticable, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

The Fair is pretty close to unbearable on weekends.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, on the half-hour between 10 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a ride.... ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: seventy dollars for eight hours.... ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day.... ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair; adults $6.50, children $3.50.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Religion—Billy Graham Day will be observed on Friday, June 26.

Shoes—Monday, June 29, is Wolverine Shoe & Tanning Corporation Day.

Caravan—Tuesday, June 30, is Wally Byam Caravan Club Day and the last day of June.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Better Living Center—One of the best shows at the Fair is at the Better Living Center, which is crowded with pitchmen selling blenders, ironing-board covers, Great Books, headrests, pearl oysters, oscillating chairs, fudge, handwriting analysis, Jayne Mansfield scarves, and contact lenses.

Du Pont—A commercial musical show followed by a series of chemical demonstrations goes on about forty times a day. Du Pont products are praised, and the waiting lines are long.

Federal Pavilion—On the first floor of the United States exhibit, a short film called "The American Voyage"—mostly about immigrants to this country—is shown every half hour, and on the second floor, open cars are frequently launched past a short impressionistic movie about American history that is projected onto more screens of various shapes and sizes than is necessary.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and even standing on line for two hours to see its fifteen-minute film is more fun than visiting most other Fair exhibits.

Indian Pavilion—Indian art and crafts are displayed on the first floor, and there are industrial exhibits upstairs. Saris are sold.

Illinois—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice. The audience is ushered out by loud singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Fortunately, there is also a display of photographs of Lincoln, as well as a collection of manuscripts, including one of the Gettysburg Address.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre. The movie, which is projected onto three screens, shows moments of pleasure and happiness in people's lives, and it is an excellent reason to come to the Fair.

Republic of Korea—Among the exhibits are prints of the Korean alphabet (ten vowels and fourteen consonants) and a model of the world's first iron-clad warship, invented at the end of the sixteenth century by Admiral Sun-Shin Yi.

Republic of Venezuela—Eighteenth-century religious carvings; pre-Hispanic ceramics; cans of juice, fish, and coffee; jars of fertilizer; photographs of Venezuelans; and a collection of paintings dating from colonial times to the nineteenth century.

West Berlin Pavilion—Art, clothing, and machinery are displayed in plastic bubbles, and newsreels stressing the importance of Berlin are shown.

West Virginia—The exhibits include a replica of a section of a coal mine, with occasional sound effects, and a functioning handblown-glass factory. Handblown glass and a packet of historic documents, including the Declaration of Independence and the Monroe Doctrine, are on sale.

Wycliffe Bible Translators, Inc.—The main feature here is a mural, projected onto a screen, that illustrates the conversion to Christianity of a savage Peruvian Indian, who, we are told, eventually visited this country and was very happy to see so many Bibles in our stores and hotels.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, and 4:30, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:30, 5:10, 6:20, and 7:30, the rest of the week; adults $1; children fifty cents.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Les Poupées de Paris—A puppet show advertised as "sophisticated" offers an original score by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen and a puppet that looks like Frank Sinatra. Shows at 3, 4:30, 7, and 8:30, and a 1:30 show on Saturdays and Sundays. Adults $2; children $1.

"To Broadway with Love"—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers, including "Dixie" and "There's No Business Like Show Business," on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. At 3:30, 7, and 10. Admission 99¢ to $4.80.

Walters Wax Museum—The museum's inhabitants include Doris Day, Bing Crosby and Julius Caesar. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind, but it is almost impossible—except, perhaps, for the unusually efficient and farsighted—to get a table at any civilized dining hour. The majority of the restaurants do not accept reservations.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. The cold cucumber soup and the fruits-of-Africa salad (avocado, melon, orange, mango, banana, coconut, peanuts, and lettuce) are delicious. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, though numerous, are mysteriously designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

Caribbean Pavilion—There is a three-dollar minimum, a small menu, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a six-dollar "grand cold table" at lunchtime and, at dinner, the cold table or anything else on the large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call Mr. Bailey, AR 1-5070.

Granada—One of the three restaurants in the Spanish Pavilion, serving Spanish food such as gazpacho and paella. Good and fairly expensive. The service is efficient; reservations are not accepted.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $3.75, dinner about $6.50. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. No reservations.

Note—There are benches all over the Fairgrounds and picnic tables at the Oklahoma Pavilion for those who feel like bringing their own food.

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Come rain and Peugeot's sliding sunroof shuts up tight and dry. Come shine and you have the free feeling of open sky and cooling breezes.

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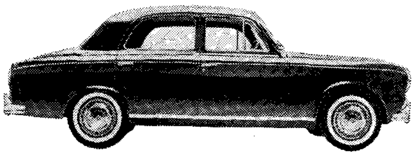

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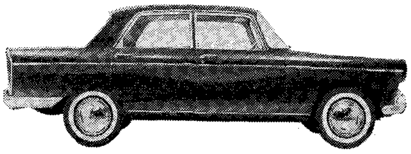

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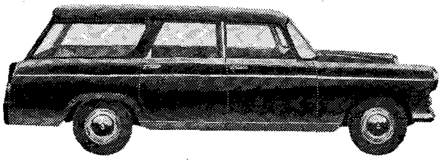

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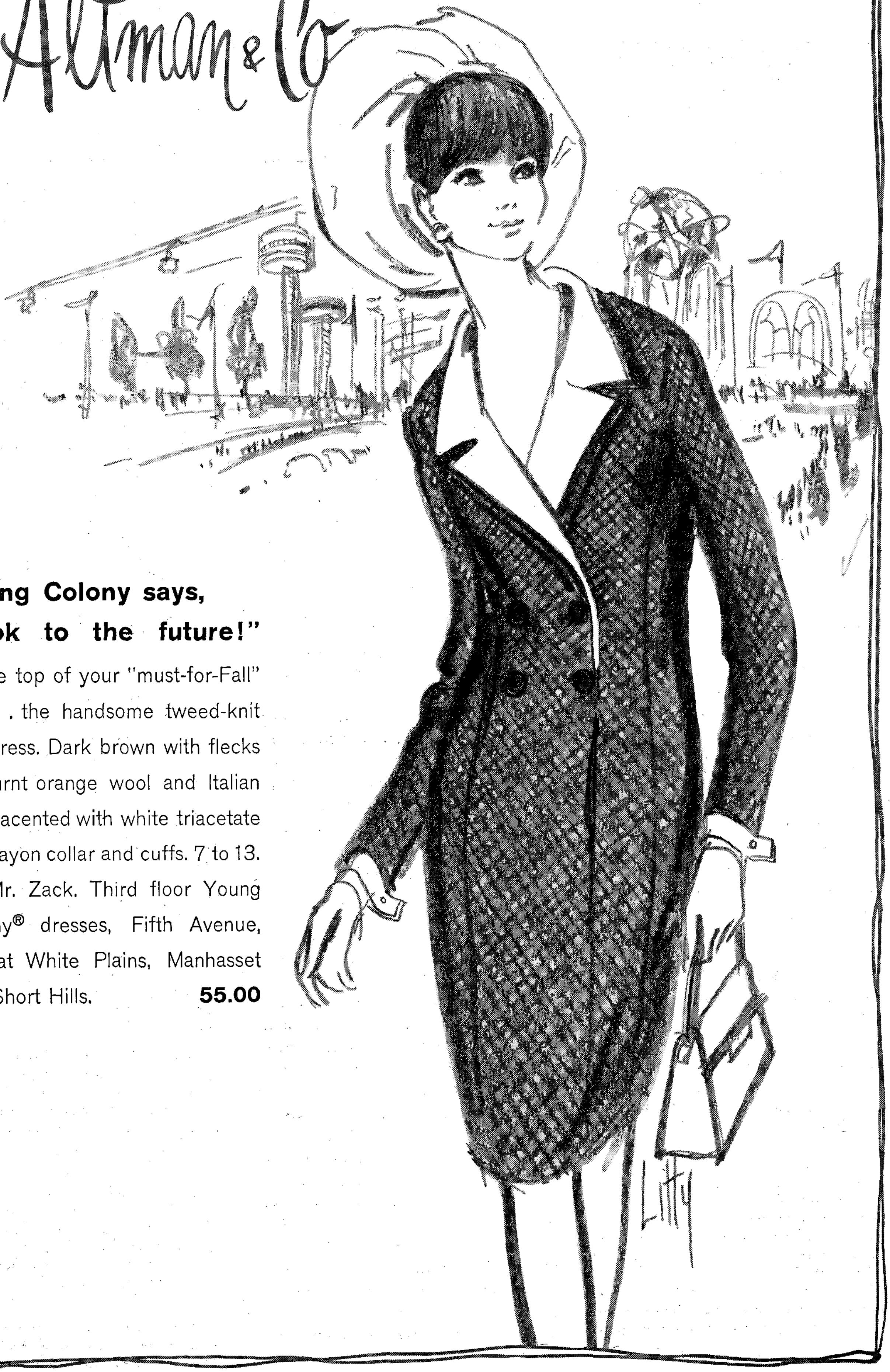

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

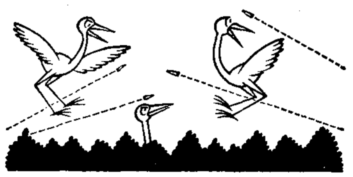
WE are in receipt of a curious letter from the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, inviting our written opinion on "the problems of invasion of privacy in the modern context." Now, what is curious about it is that the letter, as we read it, is itself an invasion of privacy, intrusively inviting us to consider "the theme of protecting privacy from scientific observation and intrusion." What we have here, then, is the sociological equivalent of the indeterminacy principle of quantum mechanics; that is, no investigation of the phenomenon of invasion of privacy can be made, even with the aim of deploring it, that does not itself invade privacy and disturb the delicate, irritable specimen under observation—ourself, in this instance. We have long been bothered by difficult questions that arrive in the mail. They are usually from worthy outfits—Midwestern college magazines or journals of Rumanian (or even Iranian) thought—and usually, to be answered conscientiously, they would require a book, or at least an essay the length of "De Senectute." For example:

> What is the heritage of Hemingway, Faulkner, Joyce, Proust, and other modern writers?
>
> How has Man's view of himself changed since the Middle Ages?
>
> Do you think technology leaves any space for art, love, fun, and things of the spirit? Describe the space.
>
> How has the rise of the African nations affected American comic strips, especially in the South?
>
> What is your philosophy? Is it angst-centered or élan-centered? Please answer fully; my term grade depends on this paper.

Fantastic as they seem, these are not made-up questions but have been remembered, with more angst than élan, from letters now unavailable for reference, since we threw them, a little uncomfortably but unhesitatingly, into the wastebasket. Now, a letter cannot defend itself; unlike a ringing telephone, it can be buried in a pile of papers, and, unlike a knock at the door, it can be burned in the fireplace. We therefore suffer a pang in being rude to a letter, and our privacy feels painfully pelted by this bombardment of intrusive, aggressive demands that seem all the more insolent because they abuse the noblest of official means of communication, the mails. We like receiving letters, and we like—indeed, live—to have our privacy invaded by them. But invaded somewhat at our invitation, and with an assault softened by the illusion that the invader had special designs on *us*, us alone. Promiscuity, in invasion of privacy as elsewhere, has dulled a certain edge; nothing is less satisfying than to be violated by a mimeographed questionnaire. And that is all the answer, Association of the Bar, that you're going to get from us.

Bird Hall

DR. FRANK M. CHAPMAN, who, first as a volunteer worker and finally as Curator of Ornithology, busied himself with birds at the Museum of Natural History for fifty-eight years—from 1887 to 1945, the year he died—was the father of the habitat type of exhibition, which has been widely copied in museums all over since he introduced it, around 1902. To celebrate his hundredth birthday, the Museum has just opened the Frank M. Chapman Memorial Hall of North American Birds—an enlarged and refurbished version of the old Hall of North American Birds, which was closed, because of its fustiness, about ten years ago—and we've made a tour of the new habitat exhibits, twenty-seven in number, which occupy a room that also contains a large mural by Louis Agassiz Fuertes showing a colony of two thousand pink flamingos in the Bahamas, where he and Dr. Chapman spent some time in 1904. All in all, a hundred and sixty species of birds are on display. We were struck by the number of them that are either extinct or on the wane. "The magnificent Whooping Crane (*Grus americana*), the stateliest of all North American birds, has now been brought to the verge of extinction. This is the result of irresponsible shooting and of the draining of many of its former nesting places in the prairies of central North America," we read on a plaque under a group of magnificent whooping cranes, and we noted in other exhibition cases the following captions:



> The Carolina Parakeet (*Conuropsis carolinensis*) was the only member of its family native to the United States. It was abundant in the southeast and in the summer occasionally wandered as far north as New York. The extinction of this bird is a disgraceful episode in the history of man's misuse of nature. The Parakeets were easily slaughtered because an entire flock would hover about if one of its members was injured. The species became totally extinct in about the year 1900.
>
> Nesting Common Loons (*Gavia immer*) were once a regular feature of northern waters like Lake Umbagog, New Hampshire, shown here. Because of the great increase in the use of motor boats these striking birds and superb divers are becoming scarcer.
>
> The Labrador Duck (*Camptorhynchus labradorium*) once wintered in numbers along our coast from Long Island to Chesapeake Bay. It probably nested in Labrador. By 1871, this fine duck, which is somewhat intermediate between the scoters and eiders, became extinct.
>
> The American Flamingo (*Phoenicopterus ruber*) nests on a few islands in the West Indies including the Bahamas, along the coast of Yucatán, on the islands

> off the coast of Venezuela, and also in the Galapagos Islands. It has decreased greatly in numbers in recent decades....
>
> The huge marshes that bordered the Hackensack River and Newark Bay once harbored a great variety of wildlife. In late summer the marshes were visited by vast numbers of migrating swallows, Bobolinks, and other birds. Marsh dwellers, such as rails and ducks, spent the summers in the marshes and nested there. These wetlands have gradually deteriorated as a result of pollution by industrial wastes, drainage, and road building.
>
> The rare California Condor (*Gymnogyps californianus*), of which only about sixty individuals remain in existence, inhabits the most remote mountains of that state.... The future of the California Condor is precarious....
>
> The Bald Eagle, our national emblem, has decreased greatly in numbers but is still common in parts of Alaska.

The Carolina parakeet and the Labrador duck, which have both been extinct for so many decades, were labelled as the gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Sterling, who are still extant, and we asked a Museum staff lady how come.

"Oh, the donors listed on the cases didn't give the actual specimens," she said. "They paid for the installation of the groups. More than twenty background painters, taxidermists, and so on worked on the various exhibits. Many of them were financed by the Sterlings."

As luck would have it, we once interviewed Dr. Chapman, and we still have a collection of Chapmaniana that he gave us at the time. It includes a typewritten memoir by Ernest Thompson Seton, which may perhaps serve as an additional memorial.

> On a certain winter evening in 1889 [this reads, in part], Chapman, Fuertes, and I were going uptown, New York, to the American Museum to attend a meeting of the Linnaean Society. The "L" car was crowded; evidently many foreigners were in it. Chapman and I were seated, Fuertes was hanging on a strap.
>
> In order to convince the other passengers in hearing that we were just as foreign as they, Chapman leaned towards me, and said in guttural, supposed-to-be Russian accents:
>
> "Zamelodia ludovicianus?"
>
> I replied, "Melospiza fasciata guttata! Yah!"
>
> Fuertes joined in with savage emphasis, pausing between each word and nodding his head emphatically each time, "Guarana—Guarana—Plegadis Guarana."
>
> "Gmelin?" I rejoined with strong upward inflection.
>
> "Nec Gmelin, Linnaeus, systema naturae," he answered with evident deep feeling.
>
> Now Chapman joined in a soft sneering voice with interrogative tone, "Poocaetes, poocaetes, confinis gramineus. Nec Linnaeus, nec Gmelin, sed Bairdii."
>
> An incident of similar type took place at one of our Linnaean dinners. It was at the Hotel Endicott near the Museum. Chapman and Fuertes were there as I came in the door. Chapman greeted me with a long aggressive hooting of the Barred Owl. I answered with the still louder rolling call of the Pied-bill Hell-diver. Fuertes joined in with the fierce screeching of the Red Macaw. I came back with the screaming of the Green Parrot. Then we two went at it, Green Parrot and Red Macaw, each trying to outscream the other. The place was worse than a zoo; it became a pandemonium, till the headwaiter came over and said, "Really, gentlemen, really, you know, I am afraid all our customers will leave. They think it is a madhouse." So the Parrots had to call it off.

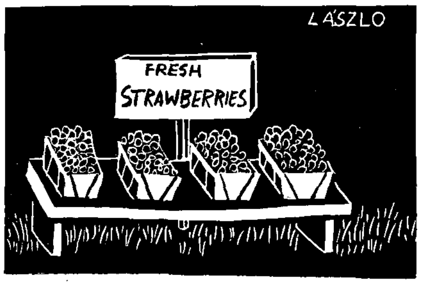
Those were carefree days on Central Park West.

•

SIGN observed in the window of a supermarket on the upper East Side: "All Deliveries Made After 7:00 P.M. on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Will Be Delivered the Following Morning."

Entrée

A FEW weeks ago, we received a letter announcing the existence of an organization called Entrée Unlimited, which was described as "a new ultrapersonalized luxury service... established for affluent and distinguished visitors" to New York City. Unqualified as we are, we immediately phoned Entrée Unlimited and arranged to go along on an ultrapersonalized tour of the World's Fair, and at eight-thirty one rainy morning we were called for by an Entrée Unlimited guide, Miss Jeremyn Davern, in a 1939 Packard town car from Classic Coaches, Ltd., and driven by the president of Classic Coaches, Mr. Harvey Siegel. First, we were taken to the Gladstone Hotel, on East Fifty-second Street, to pick up Mr. and Mrs. Norman Davis, dairy farmers from Brantford, Ontario, who had never been to New York before. Mrs. Davis had won a four-day trip to the city and the Fair in a contest sponsored by Tupperware Home Parties, an American company that sells housewares through local housewives, and Tupperware had appointed Entrée Unlimited to see to it that the Davises had a good time during their stay here.



Mr. Davis, a small, cheerful man who was carrying a camera, and Mrs. Davis, a small, serious woman who was carrying a World's Fair guidebook and binoculars, were ready when the car arrived at the hotel, and quickly climbed in. Miss Davern asked them how they had enjoyed a trip they had made on the Circle Line the day before, and how they had slept.

Mr. Davis said that they had had a fine trip on the Circle Line, and that although he had not slept well, Mrs. Davis had.

Miss Davern then apologized for the rain.

"We have no raincoats," Mrs. Davis said. "When it rains at home, we just don't go out."

"Well, since you only have another two days here, I thought we'd better go ahead with this in spite of the rain," Miss Davern said, looking uncertain. "You know, every time I've been out to the Fair, it has rained. I tell people ahead of time, 'I'm going to the Fair, so it's going to rain.' Have you looked at the guidebook? Is there anything in particular you'd like to see?"

The Davises said no, they didn't want to see anything in particular.

We asked Mrs. Davis if she was enjoying the trip to New York.

"Yes," she said.

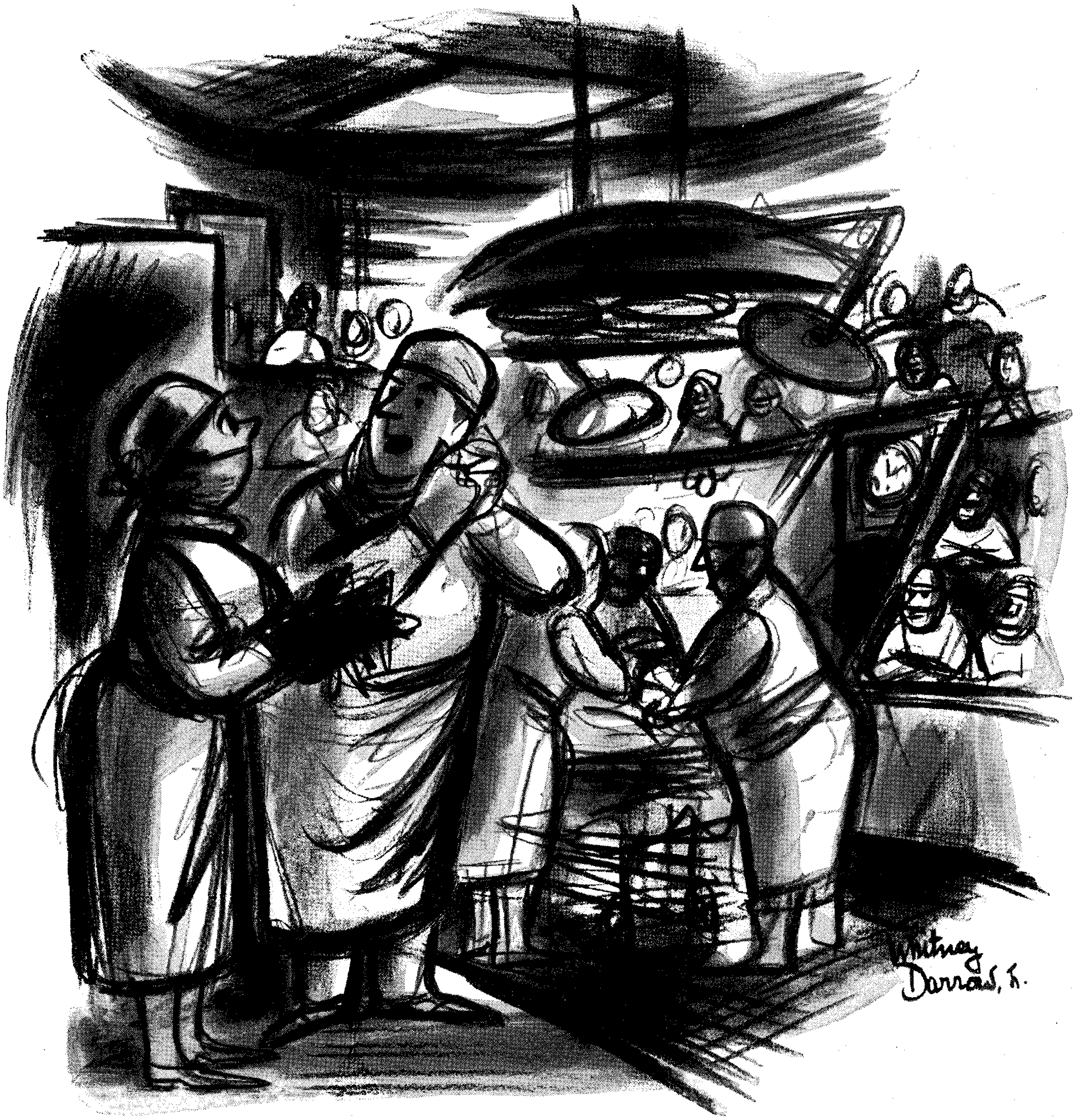
Mr. Davis said they were much impressed with all the bridges over the East River. "We met some Texans at the hotel last night," he continued. "I sure love to listen to Texans talk."

"Did you have breakfast?" Miss Davern asked. "I just had time for a cup of coffee. I went to a dinner party last night. I wouldn't have gone except that our Senator Humphrey was there. I imagine you're used to getting up early in the morning."

"Yes, we are," Mrs. Davis said.

"This car sure runs good," Mr. Davis said, smiling.

Mr. Siegel let the four of us out at Fair Gate No. 3, and Miss Davern guided our party around puddles, past the United States Space Park, and over to the Ford Pavilion. "This is the third pair of shoes I've ruined coming out here," she said. Bypassing the line of people waiting in the rain, she led the way to an exit door, where she gave our names to a man, and he, after consulting a list of some sort, let us in. We remembered that the letter had called Entrée Unlimited our "key to the Golden Door that will open the way to the ultimate in


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"We're on closed-circuit television today, Miss Wilmer, so you might gaze at me from time to time with a look of mute adoration."

• •

pleasure, enjoyment, and convenience." Inside the Ford Pavilion, we walked past Fords of various nationalities, and all four of us particularly admired a Canadian Ford.

"I'd heard of the English Ford, but I hadn't realized that there was a Canadian Ford," Miss Davern said.

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Davis said.

Finally, we reached the main part of the exhibit, where a moving ramp carried us up to a Ford convertible, which another moving ramp carried through a tunnel populated with noisy artificial prehistoric beasts and with cavemen, also artificial, engaged in discovering the principle of the wheel—all designed by Walt Disney.

"This is sure some idea!" said Mr. Davis.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Miss Davern.

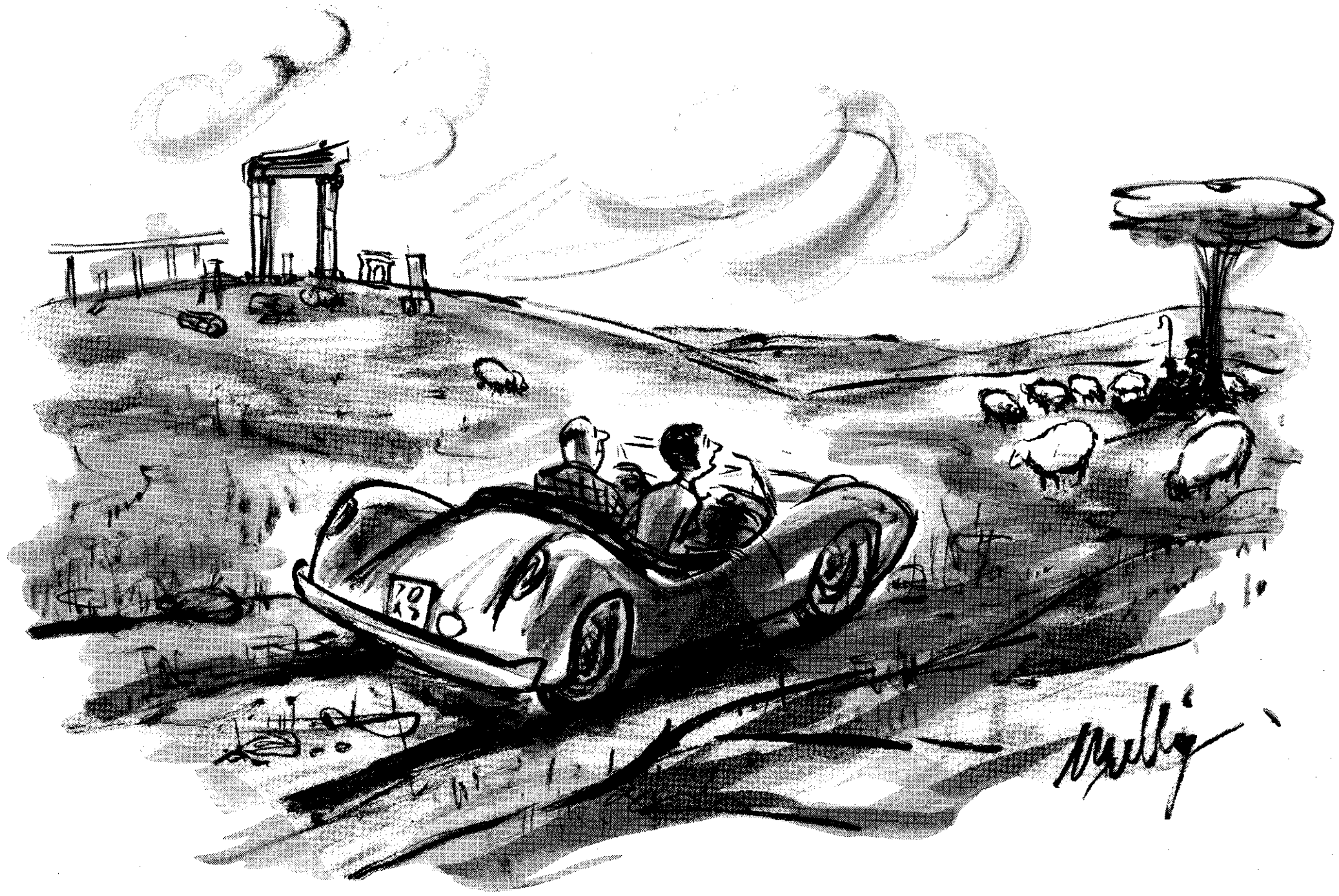
When the ride was over, Miss Davern asked the Davises again whether there was anything in particular they wanted to see, and they said no, they would just as soon leave it up to her. Our next stop was the United States Pavilion, where we waited in line for fifteen minutes instead of using our influence to get right in.

"We should have been here a little earlier," Miss Davern explained.

"Oh, that's all right," Mr. Davis said. "We love watching people. Last night, when we were trying to get a taxi back to the hotel, we sure enjoyed seeing people in such a hurry, all trying to get taxis. None of us are alike. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Davern.

After seeing a movie called "Voyage to America," the Davises agreed that



"Well! This is *one* *road that doesn't lead to Rome."*

• •

the benches we had sat on were made of maple, and after seeing a movie called "Journey Through America," Miss Davern asked if anyone wanted to go somewhere for a cup of coffee. No one did.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis examined some pebbles outside the Indian Pavilion and decided that they were not ordinary gravel but bits of marble. Inside, Mrs. Davis admired a seventeenth-century wooden temple door that was on display, and remarked that Mahatma Gandhi's handwriting looked rather like hers. Miss Davern discovered a magazine called *Indian Farming* and flipped through it.

When Miss Davern came to an article on beetles, Mr. Davis smiled and said, "Did you see the Beatles when they were here?"

"No, I didn't," Miss Davern said. "But I saw them on television."

"Yes, we did, too," Mr. Davis said.

"I thought we'd have lunch at the Indonesian Pavilion," Miss Davern said. "They have a show at twelve-thirty, so we'd better get over there."

During lunch, Miss Davern asked the Davises what they thought of the Fair, and they said they thought it was very impressive.

"There are so many things," Mrs. Davis said.

Mr. Davis picked up a spoon, pointed out that it had been made in Japan, and went on to say, "Well, that's all right. We use them, too. We have stainless-steel spoons at home that were made in Japan."

"You know what I'm going to do all day the day after tomorrow?" Mrs. Davis said. "Wash eggs. I don't think the children are doing anything while we're away. We left them some TV dinners. We have three hundred hens. That's about a hundred dozen eggs."

•

EXCERPT from a letter from a company called Presto, in Eau Claire, Wisconsin:

> If for some reason this letter becomes lost in the mails or we have overlooked supplying your want we will appreciate your returning this letter to us with full information concerning the cooker you have.

Crusader

WHEN a newspaper wins an editorial crusade, that's news of a sort—at least in the columns of the triumphant newspaper. But when a crusading radio station helps to tip the scales of political power from rural to urban voters in every state in the nation, that's news indeed. As soon as we had finished reading the lengthy newspaper stories about last week's Supreme Court decision decreeing that both houses of all state legislatures must henceforth be apportioned strictly on the basis of population, we went over to talk with R. Peter Straus, president of the local pop-music station WMCA, which initiated the lawsuit for reapportionment of the New York State legislature. We stepped from the elevator on the thirteenth floor of the building, at Madison Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, where WMCA has its offices and studios, and were immediately greeted by two voices. One belonged to a pretty receptionist, who asked us what she could do for us and then informed us that Mr. Straus would be right out. The other belonged to a loudspeaker high on the wall above the elevator doors, and this voice continued to inform us—melodically, if somewhat repetitiously—that the impending summer would be a time of idyllic teen-age love on the beaches of America. As we sat down on a shiny leather couch to wait for Mr. Straus, the music came to an end and a breathless voice announced that we had been listening to a recording by the Drifters of "Under the Boardwalk," a new song that had been chosen as a certain bet for future popularity by the WMCA Good Guys, as six of the station's disc jockeys call themselves. The same voice was in the process of announcing the award of a WMCA Good Guys sweatshirt to some lucky listener when a clean-cut, conservatively dressed youngish-looking man came up to us, introduced himself as Peter Straus, shook our hand vigorously, and ushered us down the hall to his office. The loudspeaker began to throb with music again just as Mr. Straus closed the door behind us.

We took a seat alongside our host's desk, a handsome one, and offered our congratulations on the Supreme Court decision, which that morning's *Times* had labelled "historic."

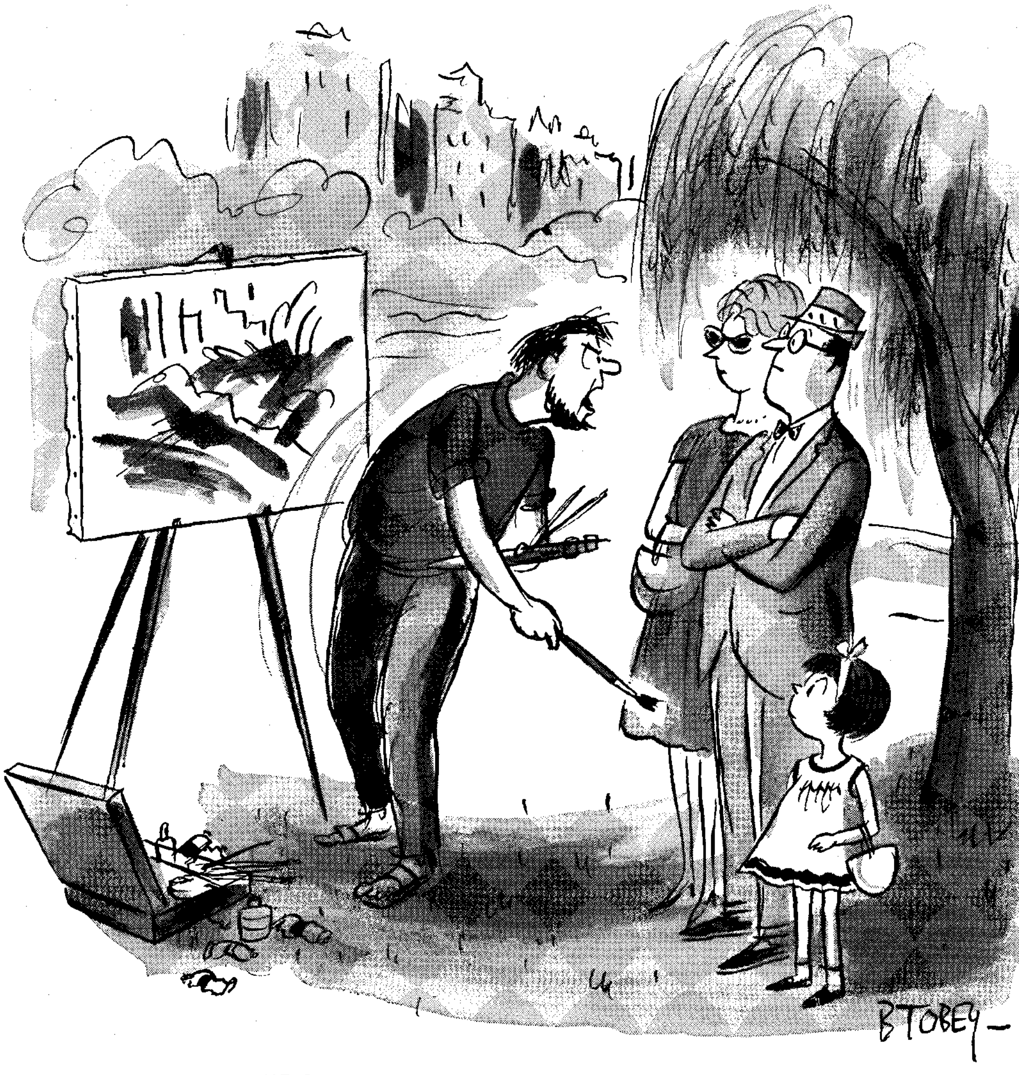
Mr. Straus smiled modestly, and said, "Yes, it's been a very exciting and satisfying time for all of us."

As he spoke, we became aware that the song we had left behind in the corridor was now hiding somewhere in his office, humming quietly to itself. Mr. Straus noticed the expression on our face, broadened his smile, and spun around in his chair. Set into the wall behind him, at about swivel-chair height, was a bank of controls for what we took to be a powerful radio set. Mr. Straus fiddled with a dial, and the music faded.

"I keep it on very low in the office during the day," he explained. "It's like the background clatter of a newsroom. After you get used to it, you can do anything while it's on, but if someone fluffs his delivery on a newscast or if a scratchy record comes on, you hear it. Everybody in the office has one, but I turn mine off for outside visitors, because I know it distracts them."

Emboldened by Mr. Straus's assurance that we were alone at last, we asked the question that had been on our mind ever since we learned of the Supreme Court decision: "How did a radio station like WMCA get involved with an issue like reapportionment?"

Mr. Straus produced a light-brown pipe and began filling it from a plastic pouch on his desk. "Well, the basic purpose of the broadcasting exercise is to acquire the largest possible audience for your station, because, for one thing, that's the only way to make money," he said. "But once you have this audience—and WMCA reaches about two million people a week—you want to be able to communicate something useful, something provocative, to them. We began to broadcast editorials asking for reapportionment. That led to the next step—our decision to sue, as citizens, for reapportionment. And that, in turn, led to the Supreme Court decision." Mr. Straus paused to light his pipe, and then went on, "My own career here just happens to coincide with the major changes that have taken place in radio in recent times. I graduated from Yale in 1943, spent a few years with the Air Force and a year with a public-relations firm, and joined WMCA as director of special features. My father was president of the station at the time. This was back when network radio was the big thing, and television was something you went over to a friend's house to see. Independent radio stations like WMCA had only a small segment of the audience. If I remember correctly, our morning show in those days was a guy who played the organ and sang along with it, and his wife read the commercials. We had a fourteen-piece live band in the studio to play 'bridge' music between shows, and we did a lot of play-by-play sports. But Dad was always interested in public affairs, so we did a lot of that, too—carried entire political speeches live from some hotel, and so on. In 1953, we became the first station to broadcast editorials on a regular basis. But I had left the station in 1950 to spend eight years with the International Labour Organization. When I came back, in 1958, everything had changed. Network radio had been replaced by network television, and now the top radio stations in every major market were the independents. But no one really knew what to do with their new audience. I spent two months flying around the country listening to radio in twenty different communities. I heard a lot of awfully bad radio—there were stations that played the same hit record over and over for twenty-four hours, seven days a week. When I got back, we worked out a whole new programming concept, which was essentially what you hear on WMCA to-



"I heard that! O.K., let her finish it!"

• •

day. First, musical entertainment in the form of the hit tunes of the day. Second, disc jockeys who are real personalities—people with something more than just a good pair of pipes. Third, two regularly scheduled news broadcasts each hour, lively but not too sensational. And, fourth, something that I'll call, for want of a better expression, egghead material, such as editorials on major issues, special documentaries explaining the issues, and an evening interview show—ours is conducted by Barry Gray—that is devoted almost entirely to intellectual matters. In the beginning, everyone we spoke to said, 'You can't do both entertainment and issues,' but I think we've proved that it's possible."

We asked Mr. Straus if he thought that his editorials on reapportionment had had any effect on the outcome of the case. "Well, of course, that battle was won in the courts, not on the air," he said. "It was our lawsuit that counted. We've been active with other issues as well." He handed us a sheaf of scripts for editorials, on topics ranging from freedom of expression in the city colleges to the endorsement of Mayor Wagner for reëlection in 1961, and went on, "Then, there's our campaign for better housing, which has been running for over a year now. This is a conscious effort to marry the influence of a major communications medium to the efforts of a volunteer civic group. Our staff did some research and found that a major source of frustration among slum dwellers was the difficulty of discovering just which city agency to call about each complaint. So we put together a little guidebook that tells you at a glance." Mr. Straus handed us a yellow-covered booklet.

At a glance, we learned that if you have large leaks that cause water waste in your apartment, you call the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity; if you have leaks in your roof or in a wall, you call the Department of Buildings; and if you have an overflow from the apartment above, you call the police.

"Is it any wonder people have trouble getting action?" Mr. Straus asked rhetorically. He told us that the station broadcasts a special telephone number for people who can't get results from their landlord or from the city, and that a group named WMCA: Call for Action mans the telephones every weekday from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. "Their office is on another floor of this building," he said. "Would you like to see it?"

We said we would, and Mr. Straus escorted us to a small room that might have been transplanted intact from the inner recesses of any welfare agency in the city. The walls were covered with maps of the five boroughs, decorated with little red pins to mark the origin of each complaint received—and more than twelve thousand complaints had been received to date, according to Mr. Straus. Filing cabinets were wedged in on both sides of five paper-strewn desks, and the desks were occupied by five volunteers, busy recording the day's phone calls for possible follow-ups.

"This file here holds the only accurate list of the landlords who actually own specific slum buildings," Mr. Straus said, patting a metal cabinet. "Even the city doesn't always know. We've built it up during this work."

Suddenly, from a loudspeaker high on one wall, a chorus of WMCA disc jockeys burst into one of their periodic self-congratulatory jingles: "We're your Good Guys, yes we are. In your home or in your car . . ." We stepped out into the hall, leaving the volunteers to their work and their background music.

On the way to the elevators, we asked Mr. Straus what his own musical background was. "I'm what you'd call a classic amateur," he said. "In my undergraduate days, I organized a dance band and named it, for some reason, Peter Stiles and His Styles-in-Rhythm. I still play the accordion occasionally for my children's amusement. But I don't let my own taste interfere with the records we put on the air. They're selected on a reasonably objective basis, after a check of the industry surveys of popularity, record-store sales, jukebox preferences, and our own mail. If something is in good taste and it entertains large numbers of people, we put it on. I may not like it, but I don't think my personal reactions are important. The polls show that our audience is an almost perfect cross-section of New York City, by just about every criterion—income, education, geography, religion, race. You have to believe that these people are every bit as good in their gut reactions as anyone else."

We said goodbye to Mr. Straus, and as the elevator doors slid shut, we could hear the loudspeaker playing "Humpty-Dumpty," by Jimmy Nicol, No. 58 on the Good Guy survey for the week.

•

DIALOGUE overheard near the doorway of a chic midtown restaurant between a smartly dressed little girl and her father:

"Daddy, *why* do we have to go in *here?*"

"Because I own it, that's why."

THE APARTMENT EXHIBIT

ON your way to or from the World's Fair, don't forget to stop at the American Apartment Exhibit, on the third floor of 3710-13 Hazelhurst Avenue, just across the Long Island Expressway from the General Motors Pavilion. Here you will find Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Duncan and their cat, Tim, in their pleasant three-room apartment. (The Duncans' son, Fred, Jr., is serving with the United States Army in Texas; their daughter, Maureen, was married last June to Stewart C. Brown, and now resides in Los Angeles.) Although Mr. Duncan goes to work at 8:30 A.M. and does not return until 5:45 P.M. weekdays, Mrs. Duncan is ready to welcome visitors during most of the day, except when she is doing errands, such as shopping at the A. & P. down the street or having coffee with her friend Mrs. Edward Cioffi, in the Cioffi apartment on the fourth floor.

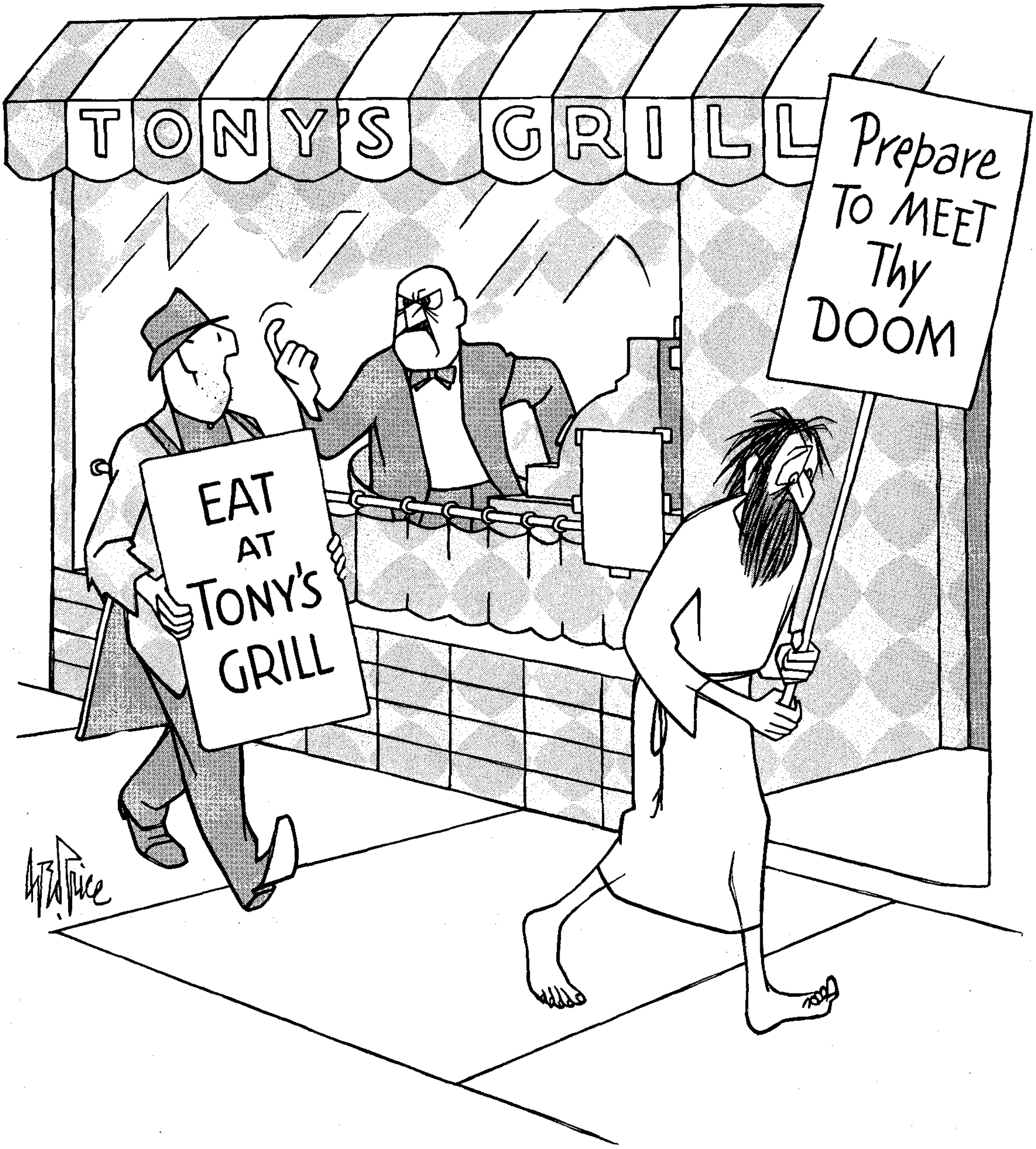
Upon entering the building, visitors have a choice of riding in the automatic elevator, which holds five persons, or walking the two flights on foot. The elevator is restful but is frequently in use, and delays can be expected. (Several occupants of the building use the elevator to take their laundry down to the coin-operated washing machines in the basement; once there, they prop the elevator door open, thus assuring themselves of its availability when they need it, but, of course, denying its use to others during this period.)

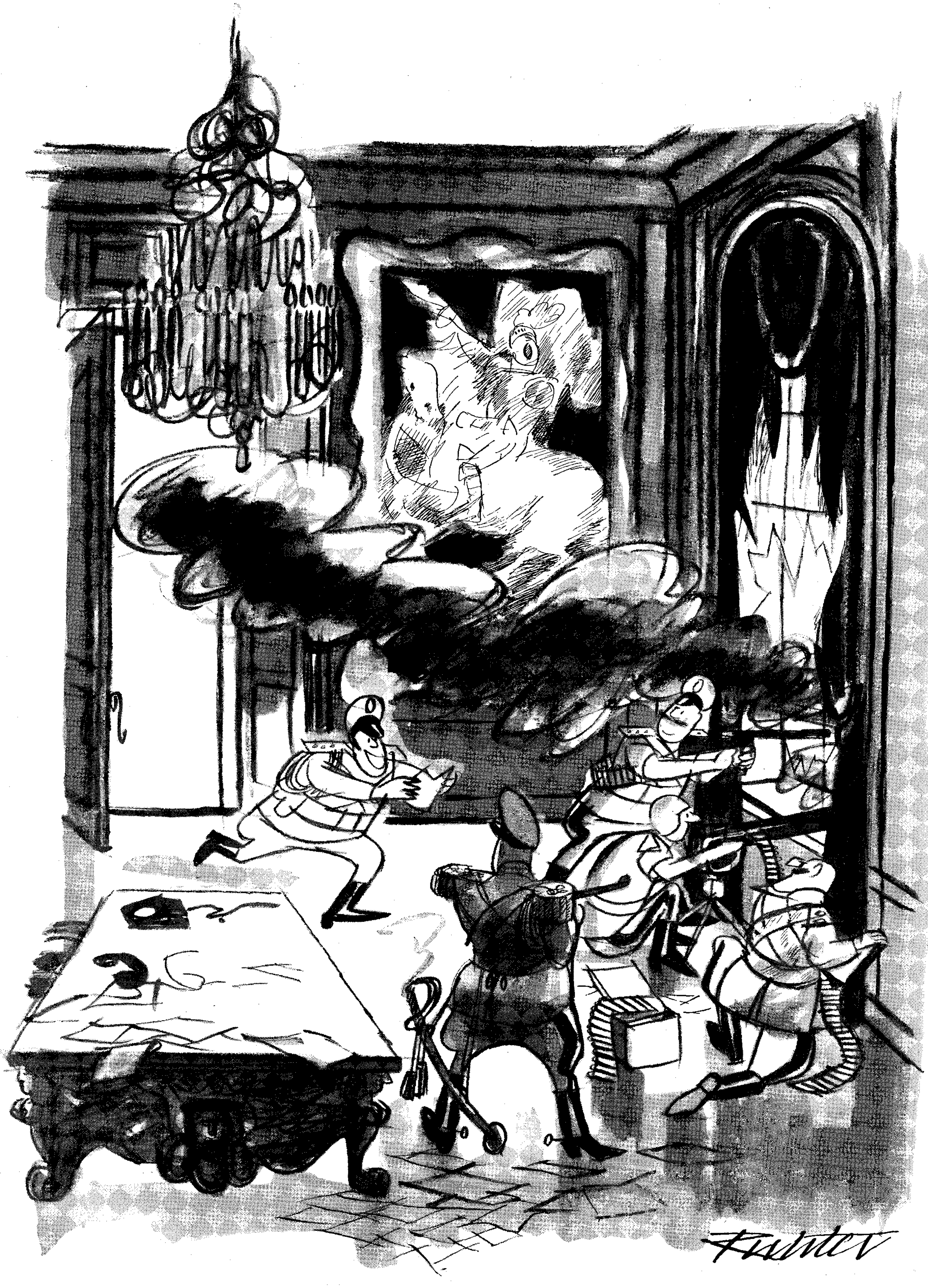
THE Duncan apartment consists of a living room, a bedroom, a bath, and a kitchen. The Duncans dine in the living room, seated at a red maple table (a wedding gift from Mrs. Duncan's uncle, Robert M. Kitchel, of Southold, New York). Of particular interest is the Turkish rug; it is of a floral design, roses predominating. Above the walnut sideboard is a color photograph of Manhattan Island at sunset; the picture appeared in an issue of *Life* several years ago. Mr. Duncan cut the picture out and framed it in a simple wooden frame with a backing of shirt board, using Scotch Tape to hold it in place. Also visible in the living room are several seashells of various sizes and colors; they were collected by Mr. and Mrs. Duncan during a visit three years ago to Mantoloking, New Jersey, where Mr. Duncan's brother-in-law, Henry (Hank) Marshall, had rented a bungalow for the month of August.

Other objects of interest are the cuckoo clock with pine-cone weights, the clock radio, and Mr. Duncan's bowling trophy—a silver cup mounted on a black base and inscribed, simply, "Winner." Near the window is the television set, a dark-brown model. Mrs. Duncan turns the set on each morning after breakfast and leaves it on during most of the day. Visitors may watch or not, as they choose. Mrs. Duncan does not herself watch for protracted periods but, rather, glances at it from time to time as she cleans, washes dishes, or talks on the telephone. Occasionally, she sits down to rest; during these intervals she may watch the television or, perhaps, simply gaze out the window.

The Duncan apartment will be closed to visitors on July 14th, when Mrs. Duncan has an appointment at 10:30 A.M. with her doctor, Dr. Morton Slavin, for a general checkup; after that, Mrs. Duncan intends to go into Manhattan to visit several department stores. The apartment will also be closed on August 11th, which is Mrs. Duncan's birthday. Mr. Duncan has promised to take her, on that date, to Montauk Point for the duration of the day, followed, perhaps, by a movie in the evening.

—JAMES STEVENSON





"Good news! We've been recognized by the United States!"

HEART OF GOLD

“THAT,” said Lucy gaily, “that is something I cannot remember.” She knew they would not believe her, but she didn't care.

“Was it the first night of all, Aunt Lucy?”

What they wanted to know was when exactly Sam had put the question. That it was scandalously soon they already knew. The whole town knew that. Tongues had begun to wag within an hour of his stepping from the Dublin train that night, and everyone guessed he'd come back to her, after all the years.

Dear Sam! You'd think they'd respect his faithful heart! But only the young had seen his love in a true light, had responded to the romance of it. And that was why she wouldn't have minded *them* knowing that he had declared himself on that first night of all, that he'd hardly stepped inside the door when he broached marriage. But she had Sam to consider. And a certain respect had to be shown to the dead wife. Although, mind you, Lucy's sisters had not shown much. The very day the woman died, the two of them came running from their own places down the street and into the house, screeching like oracles.

She was in the yard. Garden they called it! But the real garden had long gone to glory. It was compulsorily acquired by the town council when they were widening the Market Square. All she had was some plants in tubs. Those plants had gone up the walls like wildfire, though. Up on top of the wall, they flourished and spread until they'd covered up every unsightly thing in the place—the tin shed, the heaps of scrap iron, and all the castoff rubbish of two generations. “I'm out here in the back yard,” she said when she heard her sisters calling her name. They ran out to her—yes, ran. She hadn't seen either of them run in years!

“Lucy! Did you hear!” they cried. “Sam's wife is dead—Sam Lowndes!” they added.

“Oh, no!” she said, and she sank back against a bush of jasmine. Like a living creature, it gave way at the shock of her weight, then braced to take it. “Not Mona Hendron?” she said. A minute too late, she realized she had used Mona's maiden name.

Louise didn't miss the significance of that. “Take care!” she said. “You may find him at the door one of these days to see if you'll have him back!”

“Oh, don't be silly, Louise,” Lucy said, taking this for a compliment and feeling it should be disclaimed.

But Louise had not meant it for one. “He'd be just the kind of old fool to do something like that!” she said. “Why didn't you marry him, anyway?”

Lucy bridled. “Why didn't I marry *any* of them—if it goes to that?” she said coldly. “He wasn't the only pebble on the beach!” It was a well enough established fact—and Louise and Bay had no business to forget it—that her beaux had been legion. Even those who had not known her in the old days had only to look at her to believe in her legend. Louise and Bay seemed to forget how sought after she had been. See how they tried just then to imply that Sam had been the only real string to her bow! She who went everywhere with a crowd of admirers circling around her!

Not that she ever took joy in her nimbus. She was forever shooing men away like wasps. But it only made them pester her the more. She was continually being waylaid behind some potted palm or Chinese screen. It got very tiresome—a fact that Louise and Bay never believed. They rarely gave her any sympathy, even after they were married themselves and when she—Well, now she could face it—when she had been left behind by the tide! The fact was that Sam was the only one she might have married, because only with him did she feel friendly and at ease. Indeed, they were very modern in the way they took things for granted about each other. The trouble was that they took for granted the wrong things. Or Sam did. He just assumed that she'd never marry him.

IT was Sam she told of her first and premature proposal at sixteen. They were coming home from school with their satchels on their backs when she told him. He nearly doubled up with laughing. They had to put down their satchels till they got their breath back, they laughed so much. In the years that followed, Sam was a party to many a laugh of the same sort. He was almost as quick as herself to spot when some poor fellow was about to fall for her, some newcomer to the town—a bank clerk, or a solicitor's apprentice, or maybe just a visitor in the hotel. “Poor fellow!” he'd say. “Poor fellow. Another case of Lucyitis!” He was never mistaken about these prospective suitors—only about the outcome of their suit. “Take care, Lucy,” he'd say each time. “*This* one will sweep you off your feet.” He never learned to take her treatment of one as an indication of how she'd treat the next. And when at last it became clear to him that she had given them all short shrift, he took it as a guarantee, being timid and humble, that he had no chance at all.

Then when he was the last man on the scene and she had reached her thirtieth year, he surprised her one evening. “What are you waiting for anyway, Lucy?” he asked out of the blue.

“For you, Sam!” she said promptly.

“Don't joke with me,” he said soberly. “I know I never had any hope.”

“You'd as good a chance as anyone,” she said. And then, cautiously, she decided to give him a hint that she had certain misgivings. “Matrimony doesn't appeal to me,” she said. But she hadn't disclosed anything, and so he didn't believe her, although for a minute she thought he had uncovered her fears.

“I suppose it's different for a man,” he said. But it was a trouble of his own that concerned him. He bent his head. “I envy fellows that are married,” he said.

It was the first time she'd realized that, living alone in a room in the Central Hotel, he might well long for a home of his own, but she was impatient with him for not seeing what it was that held her back.

“Why are you single so?” she cried.

He raised his head. “Because of you, Lucy,” he said. “I'd stay single forever if I could be sure you would! But you might walk off one day and leave me in the lurch!”

“I'd never do that,” she said. “We might be an old Darby and Joan yet—I wouldn't mind that at all!” Then, thinking she'd been very meaningful, she ran off, laughing and happy. Next time, she thought, she'd give him a broader hint.

But there was no next time. Lucy was hardly awake next morning when her sisters came into her room. “Did you hear what's being said, Lucy?” they cried. “It's all over the town that Sam's engaged! To Mona Hendron! It can't be true, can it?”

Never! she thought. Never. But she wasn't going to let herself down before them. “Why shouldn't it be?” she said coldly. She sprang out of bed, and a few minutes afterward she had left the house and gone uptown in the direction of the Central Hotel.

Before she got halfway, however, coming toward her, hurrying, with his head down, was Sam. “Oh, Lucy, I was coming down to see you," he cried.

"Is it true?" she cried.

That he didn't ask what she meant was the first sign she got that there was truth in what she'd heard. He looked frightened, too—or was he only unusually excited? "Is there talk, Lucy?" he asked anxiously.

"Talk! It's all over the town that you're engaged to Mona Hendron," she said, blurting it out.

What did she expect? Certainly not that he'd look relieved. But he did. "She was right so," he said. "I thought she was only having me on. I was going to come back and tell you last night, only it was very late. You see, Lucy, it was after I left you that it happened." He looked away. "Isn't it strange how things *do* happen," he said dazedly. "It was because I thought I saw you looking at my collar—it was frayed—that I went up to Simmons' to buy a new one before the drapery counter closed. And to think I never bought it!" He put up his hand to the collar, which indeed was very frayed, and soiled as well. "She was there, inside the counter." He gulped. "Mona," he said. "She was showing something to a young one that was buying ribbon. They were laughing. Then, when the young one went out, Mona came over to serve me. 'Did you ever see one of these, Sam?' she said, and she had a card in her hand. It was a card cut in the shape of a hand, and it had nine or ten round holes in it. Each hole had a number. A ring card, she called it. Did *you* ever see one, Lucy?"

"Of course I did," she snapped. "For taking the measure of a girl's ring finger!"

"That's right," he said, surprised. "I never saw one till then. That's why I took it up in my hand." He shook his head. "That's where I made my mistake. I see now it was stupid of me, but I held it out and asked her to show me how it worked. She started to put her finger into the little holes, one after the other, till she came to the one that was right for her. 'That's my fit now,' she said, and she laughed and held up her finger with the card dangling from it."

When he came to this point of his story, Sam was overcome. "Oh, Lucy, wasn't I unfortunate!" he cried. "At that minute, the door opened and two young women came into the shop. I only know them by sight, but Mona knows them well. One was the new manageress in the Railway Hotel. It appears that two worse gossips you couldn't have found. 'They'll have it all over the town we're engaged, Sam,' said Mona when they went out."

"You didn't believe her!"

"Well, I did and I didn't," he said miserably. "She was very upset. She began to cry."

A tremendous relief had come over Lucy. It was so great she began to laugh.

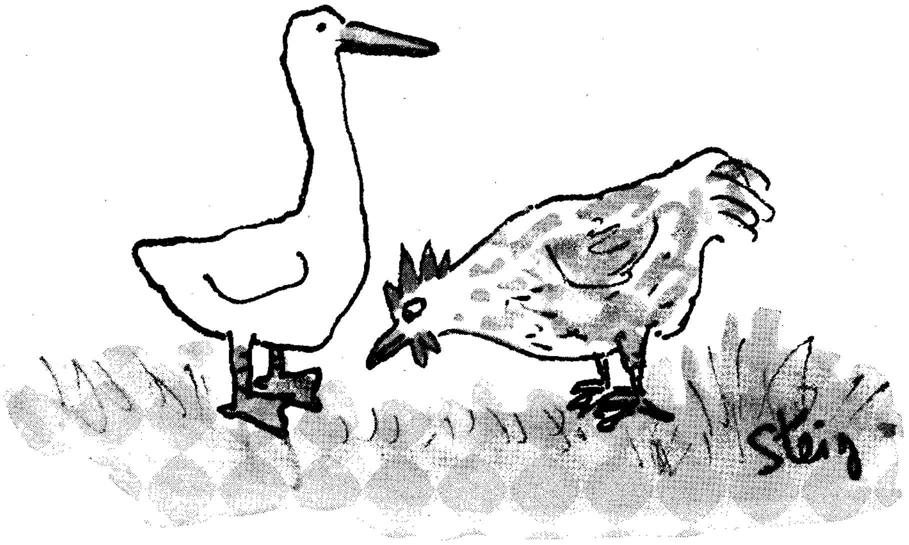
But Sam didn't laugh. "Oh, it's not funny, Lucy," he said. "She could be compromised, it seems. She said those two wouldn't rest till they'd spread their story all over the town."

"Ah, for heaven's sake!" she cried impatiently. "Who'd believe a story like that!"

"Didn't you believe it, Lucy?" he said dolefully. "And if you did, what can we expect from other people? I'm afraid I've put myself in a very tight corner," he said, taking out his handkerchief and wiping his forehead.

She stared at him. "You don't mean to say you'd contemplate—" But she couldn't trust herself to utter the word "marriage." "That you'd contemplate going ahead with this nonsense?"

For a minute he said nothing. "I wouldn't want to do anything dishonorable, Lucy," he said then.



"As if you could, Sam! Why, everybody knows you!" It was on the point of her tongue to add that everyone knew it was with *her* he was in love! But she swallowed the words. "If you ask me," she said, "it looks as if she was out from the start to catch you."

"Oh, hush, hush, Lucy," he said. "She didn't think anyone would come into the shop—it was nearly closing time. I was just going to give her a hand to put up the shutters. She has too much to do in that shop, I know. And she's not very strong, either, I'd say."

"Well, she doesn't look delicate to me!" said Lucy. Was he in the habit of helping with those shutters, she wondered.

But Sam was scrupulously considering her remark. "Oh, I don't mean she's *delicate*," he said. "Just not strong."

There was a long pause. "Ah, well, what does that matter, one way or another—to you, I mean?" she said at last, in a low voice.

"Oh, it could matter a lot," he said meditatively, "later on."

To her utter amazement, she realized that he *was* thinking of marriage. "Well, it seems she has no fears for herself in that respect if she's so determined to get a man," she said vindictively.

"Oh, don't be hard, Lucy," he said. "After all, it's a natural instinct in a woman. And there's another thing—I think maybe she's had a soft spot for me for a long time past."

"And that would excuse her, I suppose!"

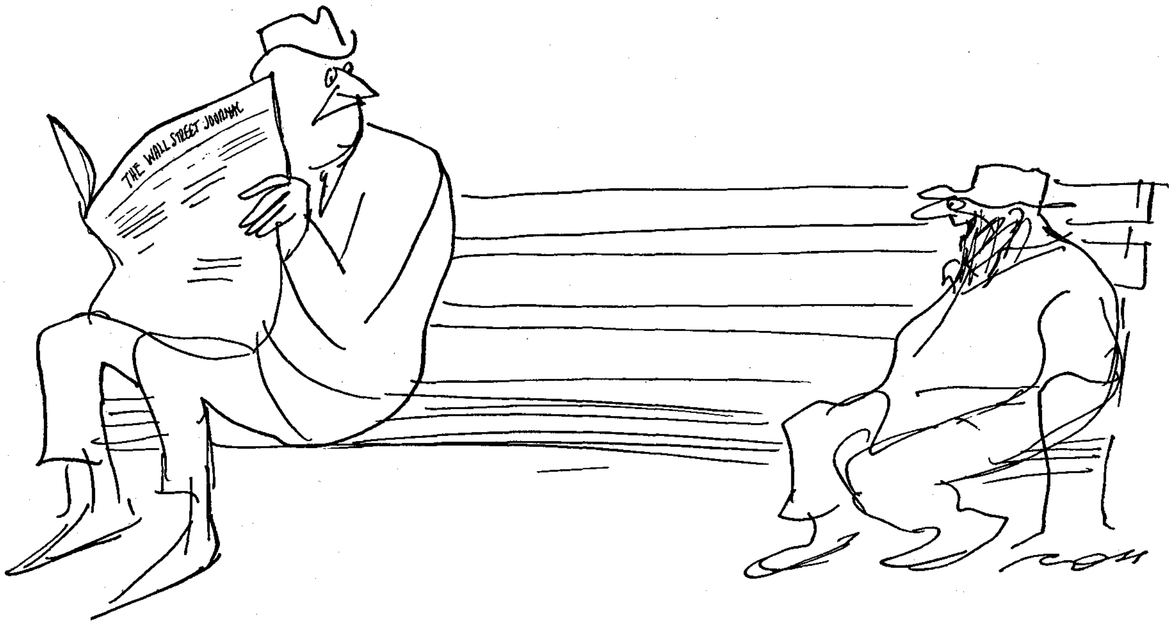
This time, he didn't notice the bitterness. "She's a very decent girl," he added quickly. "A man could do worse."

In the face of that, how could she say other than she did. "More luck to her so!" she said. "And you, too! I wish you joy of each other." And she turned on her heel and went into the house.

"Well?" said Louise and Bay, who had seen them through the gable window.

"It's true," she said. "He's just told me."

AND so, in a way, it was she who put the seal on the engagement. What was more, for all her high spirits and her shining looks, from that moment she took a back seat in life. The strange thing was, though, that on the day Mona died it seemed that she'd been given back, in an instant, her lost role. She was once more what she had been—a romantic figure, tantalizing, unpredictable. And now, with her



"Steel is dropping! Run for your life!"

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nieces and nephews growing up around, she had a larger audience than ever. Clearly, this renewal of her affair with Sam had them all on tenterhooks.

"You wouldn't think of marrying him, Lucy?" her sisters cried in consternation.

They didn't seem to give a thought to her age. Not even the nieces and nephews. It was of Sam *they* were doubtful. "He must be an old fellow by now, Aunt Lucy," they said.

"He's the same age as me!" she said dryly.

"But when did you see him last?" they persisted.

"Not for years," she admitted, and she laughed. "He may be bald for all I know!" She was determined to take everything in good part. "Would you like to see a picture of him?" she asked, remembering an old faded photo that had been taken on an outing of the Temperance Society. They were all in it—herself, and Louise, and Bay, and several others, of course, too, and, in the middle of them, Sam. She hadn't looked at it for years. "How young we all were!" she exclaimed, glancing at it before showing it to the young people.

But they were looking at the clothes, not at the faces. The clothes looked a million years old. "Which is Sam?" they asked.

"In the middle! See!"

They looked closer. "Oh, Aunt Lucy, I thought you were joking! He *is* bald!"

That annoyed her a bit. "How could he be bald then, stupid? That was when we were young."

"His hair must have been very fine, if so," one of them said, peering.

"It was very, very fine," she said, trying to be patient. "It was as soft as a child's."

"Oh, Aunt Lucy—you're blushing!" they squealed. "Aunt Lucy's blushing!"

It would have been just like the old days, the teasing and the innuendoes, if Louise hadn't damped them down. "I must say this conversation is in very bad taste," she said. "His wife is only a week dead!"

Involuntarily, Lucy corrected her. "Two weeks," she said.

The young people giggled. Louise glared. "Don't tell me you are counting the days!" she said.

It was only then Lucy realized that it wasn't at all the same as in the old days. Of course, they didn't know the full story. They didn't know how Sam had been tricked into that first marriage! She'd never told a living soul. She was just about to tell them when it occurred to her that it would be a betrayal of him. Already, even then, her loyalties seemed to engage her less to them than to him.

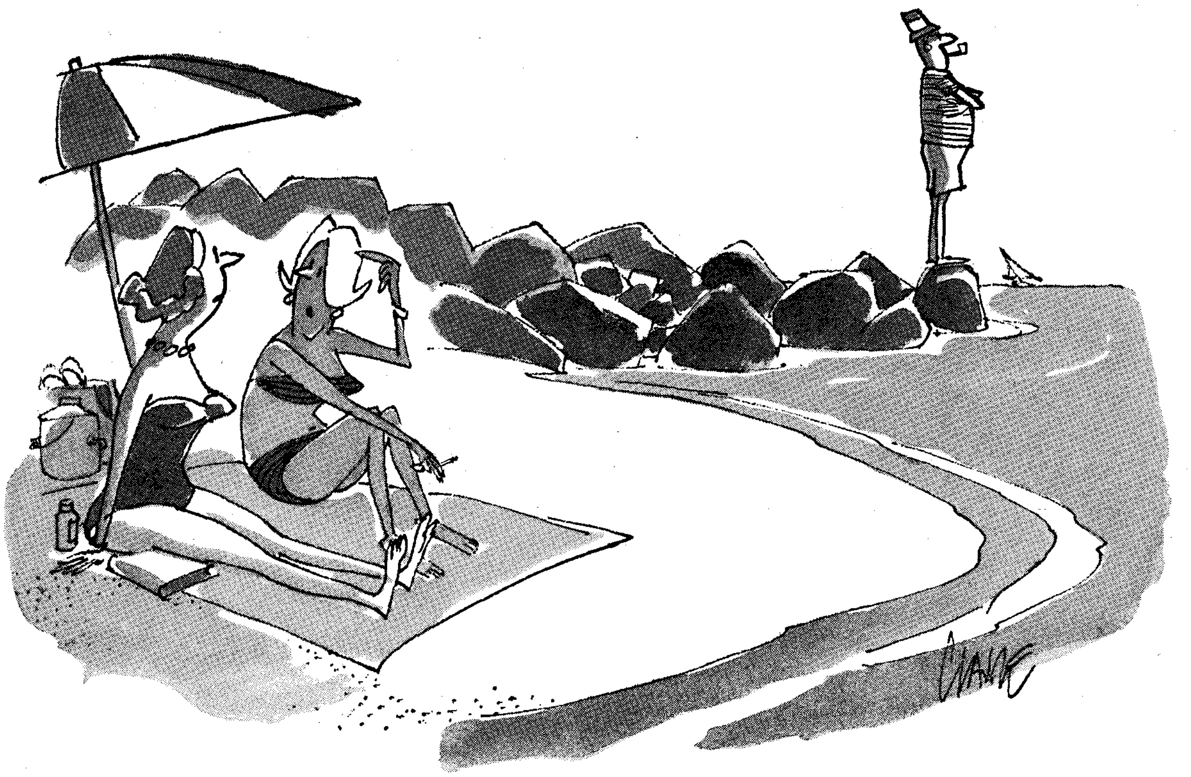
If anything *were* to crop up again between Sam and herself, it would hardly suit *them!* It would suit them nicely to have her there—where she always was—in the old home. The house was hers, of course, by her mother's will, as the sole surviving single one of the family. But what was it worth? Nothing. Riddled with woodworm and flaking with dry rot, it wouldn't fetch a penny if it were to be sold. On the other hand, the site might well become very valuable in time to come. At some future date, they or their children might benefit from what she now had to preserve at such cost. Only for her, it would have fallen down long ago. It wasn't just the upkeep and maintenance but the rates and taxes as well! And meanwhile they came and went as they pleased. Bay and Louise ran in and out as if they'd never left home. To observe the formalities never occurred to them. It was the same with the rest. Even the ones that had left the town came back occasionally—for their holidays, or to pass a weekend. And as for their children! It was a regular holiday home for those children: so safe, and free of charge. And when they grew up, the children, too, made their own of the place. Such an excellent place to study—quiet, dull. Such an excellent place to recuperate after an illness or an operation. A regular nursing home, that's what it was on occasion—somewhere to put up their feet, with someone to dance attendance upon them. Selfish to the core, every one of them. But she'd never really seen it clearly until this matter of Sam arose. What she found contemptible was that they should begin their campaign against him so far in advance of events. For although she, too, thought it likely that Sam might come back to her, it did not cross her mind that he would make a move until Mona was a year dead—or until the year was nearly out.

But one night two weeks later, when there was a knock on her door, she knew it was him! She had the house to herself for once. Not that that made much difference—it might as well have had walls of glass from the way Louise and Bay knew all that went on in it. And, indeed, within five minutes of his stepping off the train they knew about it. He had no sooner stepped out of the door to catch the train back than again the lot of them were down on top of her. Had they no shame?

That, however, was what they were saying about her. "No shame, no shame at all," they intoned as they came in the door.

"What are you talking about?" she cried. "What more natural than that he would turn to us in his bereavement?"

"To us? To you! He had to pass



"That's the trouble with scientist husbands. It's always 'work in progress' up here."

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my house to come here!" cried Louise.

"And mine!" cried Bay.

"What did he have to say, anyway?" they demanded.

For a minute, she didn't answer. Instead, she walked over to the mirror and stared into it. Aware of them huddled behind her, she stared into the glass. Well, she had more looks left than they—any of them—could lay claim ever to have had at all! With this knowledge, she felt her old power over them returning. And she remembered something. In the old days, they never knew what to make of her—that was what used to drive them mad. "Wouldn't you like to know!" she said.

"You might have spared a thought for us," they said, "and not set the town by the ears!"

"You'd think it was *me* went up to Dublin to see *him!*"

"That wouldn't have been as bad," they said. Louise and Bay were beside themselves. "He could have written and arranged to meet you somewhere, and not make a laughingstock of us all!"

One of the children had to intervene. "Anyone would think he'd popped the question! He only came down to feel his way—isn't that right, Aunt Lucy?"

If they only knew. For when she'd opened the door to him, his first words were an apology—not for his haste but his tardiness! "This was the earliest I could come down, Lucy," he'd said as he stepped inside, and her timid expression of sympathy was immediately absorbed into his own exclamations, as he took off his coat and hat and laid them on top of the piano. "A terrible thing, death! A terrible thing, Lucy," he said. "Leaves the living half dead, too. I was sick, actually sick—would you believe that?—on the day she was taken to the chapel, let alone on the day of the funeral. The confusion! You've no idea what it was like. We had a good maid, fortunately for me—a very decent girl, too; she couldn't have felt it more if she was one of the family, but that only made matters worse, because whenever she came across something belonging to Mona she started to scream and cry. She hasn't got over it yet, indeed. She misses her a great deal, because although she's a great worker, she's lost without someone to tell her what to do. Too slow; no method! Do you know what time I got my lunch today? Three o'clock. It's a wonder I caught the train this evening. I've been trying to get down all week."

The ease and familiarity with which he ran on was amazing. There was no constraint between them.

"You're looking well, Lucy," he said practically, as he sat down. And then, without putting a tooth in it, he gave his reason for coming. "I'm not going to let you slip a second time, you know."

It seemed only proper to pretend she didn't understand, but he caught her eye, and she felt her face redden.

He looked at her fondly. "We can't afford to misunderstand one another again, Lucy. We haven't the whole of life before us, now, that we can be prodigal of it."

It was so true she was disarmed. "All the same," she murmured, "it's very soon to talk about it."

He stood up and moved nearer to her. "What's the difference between talking about it and thinking about it?" he said softly. "You never ceased to have your niche in my heart, Lucy. You must know that. I never pretended otherwise to anyone. And what more natural than my thoughts would turn to you—run to you—when I was free again. To whom else would I turn? Aren't you nearer to me now than any living soul?"

It was what she felt herself, and yet she was troubled by feelings of sadness and regret. "Oh, Sam, if we could be young again!"

But he shook his head. "This was the way it was ordained," he said, and somehow instantly the words, though trite, put everything into perspective. The years between past and present were reduced to scale at last, and his marriage put in its proper place—a mere incident in his romance with her. "Oh, Lucy. Oh, Lucy," he said. "We need happiness more now than we needed it when we were young."

That was true, too. So true.

"Be kind to me, Lucy," he said, almost in a whisper. "I need kindness badly."

"Oh, Sam!" she said, and it was as if it was her heart and not her voice that spoke.

"It's yes?" he cried, and he took her hand in a clasp that was gentle but experienced, and she felt that any effort to withdraw it would be hopelessly inadequate. He sensed her reluctance, though. "Still afraid to take the plunge, dear?" he said softly. "There's nothing to be timid about—I'm an old hand at the game now, and even if I do say it myself, I made one woman happy, anyway. I don't see why I shouldn't do the same again. Well?" he said.

Lucy's head reeled. She had to gain time. "I never offered you any refreshment after your journey, Sam!" she cried. She made a move toward the door. "You'll have a cup of tea—or something?"

With one hand he still detained her, but with the other he managed to pull out his watch. It was the same old-fashioned turnip type he'd always had. "I won't have time," he said. "I'll have to be leaving for the station in a few minutes. Next time, I'll try and get down earlier. I had only one purpose on this occasion. Quickly! Tell me, Lucy—are you going to make me a happy man again?"

"But you say you'll come down again, Sam! Can't we talk about it the next time?"

His big silver timepiece might be the same, but Sam himself had changed. His watch and his mouth clicked shut with the same finality. "I'm not asking you to name the day," he said. "Only to give me your promise."

Since she still presumed there wouldn't be any question of marrying until the year was out, she might have agreed there and then were it not for a silly scruple. If she gave her promise, might he not think fit to kiss her? And would *that* be seemly, or indeed—?

But he'd whipped out his watch again. "Let me decide for us both," he said. "There's no time to be lost." And then—as she deemed he would—he leaned forward and kissed her. It was, however, the quickest of kisses; it wouldn't disturb a mouse. "It's settled!" he said, and he snatched up his hat. "I must make tracks!"

Well! After he'd gone, she leaned back against the hall stand, and her impulse was to giggle like a girl, not knowing that her sisters were already on their way down the street, about to break in on her with their strictures.

Not that she heeded them. On the contrary, their concern for themselves was so great it had made any concern for them on her part utterly superfluous. She need consider only herself—and, of course, Sam. And on his next visit she told him this. "I don't mind what the family say, Sam." But she had other scruples. "It's not of them I'm thinking," she said. "After all, they cannot say much if we wait till the year is out—" As Sam seemed about to interrupt her, she put up her hand. "Wait a minute, Sam," she said. "Let me explain. I'm not upset by what anyone can say—it's . . ." When it came to the point, however, she just couldn't tell him.

But he knew. "It's of Mona you're thinking, isn't it?" he asked gently.

Gratefully, she nodded her head.

"Listen, Lucy," he said kindly but carefully. "Listen to me. Mona would be the first to understand. She would be the first to want me to be happy—happy and well cared for. Do you know what I was thinking today while I was waiting for my meal to be served up to me?" As he saw the sympathetic inquiry in her eye, he broke off to answer it. "Oh, indeed yes, the same story—after three when I got it. And if you saw it when it came!" He shuddered. "Uneatable. Poor girl, she does her best, but she lacks direction—she can't be blamed. But what's this I was saying? Oh, yes. I was saying that while I was sitting there waiting for my meal to be dished up, and knowing well how unappetizing it would be—ice cold, the chop stuck to the plate—I thought to myself that it would break Mona's heart if she could see me. And do you know what else I thought, Lucy? I thought that Heaven couldn't be Heaven for her if she were able to look down in that moment at me!" For a moment, he closed his eyes. Then, opening them wide, he looked bravely on a new day of thought. "God surely spares them such sights," he said.

It was certainly comforting to think so. All the same, she felt guilty, and she said so. "I do, Sam," she whispered.

He took her hand. "Guilty for what, Lucy? Is it for the past?"

She felt like laughing. "Oh no, no," she cried. "For now. I feel I'm taking you away from her."

He was so wise. "Aren't you only taking me back?" he said. "As for her, it was God who took her away from me."

Gentle, and yet discriminating. How could she but trust him? But he was looking at his watch. It couldn't be train time already? "Oh no, no," he said reassuringly. "It's just that time flies, and we have a lot to arrange. First, let me put your mind finally at rest about poor Mona. Let me tell you, Lucy, that she urged me to marry again." He nodded his head and lowered his voice. "She spoke of it just before the end! I won't repeat her exact words—such things are sacred—but you can rest assured we have her blessing on what we are about to do." He closed his eyes again, this time as if in prayer, and when he opened them it was briskly, as one rises from prayer strengthened to take a new command of things. "We have nothing to fear from our consciences," he said. "Tell me about your family. Did I understand you to say when you opened the door that they have been causing you anxiety?"

Although it was really the other way round, Lucy nodded.

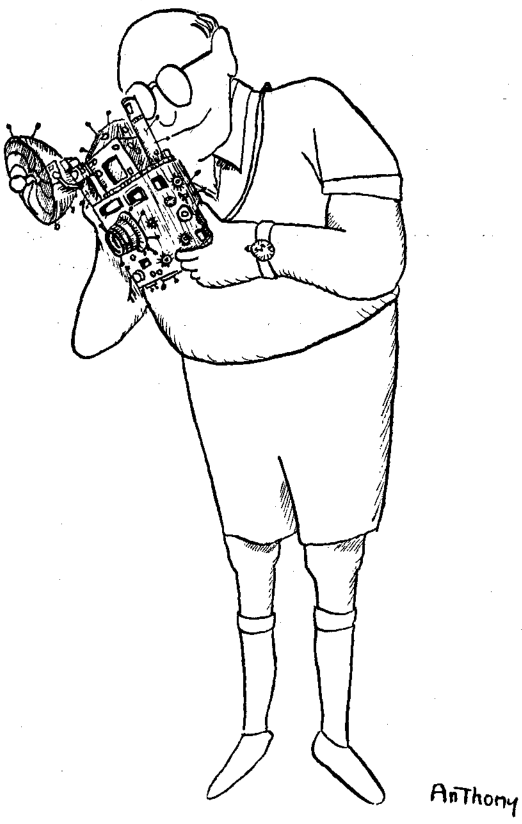
Sam frowned. "They could give a lot of annoyance," he said, "unless—that is to say, unless we go about things the right way."

Thinking there could be no ambiguity in a truism, Lucy agreed happily.

"What we must do," said Sam, "is spring it upon them!" Then, before she had time to say anything, he snapped his fingers. "Why tell them at all, for that matter!" he cried. "I could have a word with the priest and get things arranged quietly. Then I could slip down the night before on the late train—"

She was speechless. She couldn't possibly have said anything, yet distinctly he appeared to listen.

"Ah, you're right," he said, exactly as if she had spoken. "You're right, Lucy. It wouldn't do. The town is too full of gossips. Our little secret would be common property in five minutes. No, we'll have to think of something else." He pondered for a minute. "You



could come up to Dublin and we could be married up there!" But almost at once he shook his head. "No, no. That wouldn't do either. You'd want to be married here, in your own parish. It's quite natural! For sentiment's sake. It's different, perhaps, for me, but I'm able to put myself in your place. There will be enough that will be strange to you." He pondered again. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, and she had only time to notice in passing that the conditional mood had given way to the future positive. "I will come down on the evening train"—and this time he was so confident his solution was right that he winked at her—"but I won't come all the way," he said, and, pleased with his little ruse, he winked again. "I'll get off at a small station somewhere up the line, and in the morning I'll hire a car and come across country just in time for the ceremony. You will only have to walk up the street as if there was nothing at all afoot. And then—before anyone gets wind of it, the deed will be done!"

Lucy was stunned. "Do you mean elope?"

"Elope?" It was a word Sam himself hadn't heard for years, but, seeing how it brought the light into Lucy's eyes, he repeated it. "Elope, that's it!" he said.

"And who'd tell them—my family?" she asked, doubtful in spite of a rising excitement.

"We can tell them ourselves when the deed is done," Sam said. "There's only Louise and Bay in the town, isn't that all? We can walk around and confront them—beard them in their dens!"

Lucy laughed guiltily. "Arm in arm!" she said.

"That's the idea," said Sam. "Let them lump it or like it. And as for the ones in America, well, we needn't think about them. It can't matter to them one way or another. Nor the ones in Dublin, either, although they can be told in the same way as the ones down here. We can walk around and call on them that night if it isn't too late when we get there."

"To Dublin? Is that where we'll go?" She'd given no thought at all to the honeymoon. In the old days, honeymoons were mostly spent in Kilkee or Tramore. "Is it to Dublin we'd go?" she repeated.

Sam had given no thought to the matter, either. He was sobered by his omission. "I've taken a lot of time off lately, I'm afraid," he said, "with one thing and another—when she was ill, I mean, and later for the funeral. I'd find it a bit awkward to ask for more time in so short a space. But wait a minute!" he cried. He really was resourceful. "We're forgetting that it will be all new to you—the house, I mean. The house will be a change, anyway. It's a nice little house, snug and dry."

He made it sound so like a nest Lucy had to smile.

"That's my girl!" he said approvingly. "I knew you'd take the right attitude. And let me tell you something. Honeymoons are overrated. Believe you me! I can give you my solemn assurance on that. What is more, I have yet to meet the married couple that hasn't the same to say. That's one part of the business with which they'd dispense if they had to do it over again. Yes, take it from me—grossly overrated! I have no hesitation at all in asking for your trust on this point, Lucy! None whatever."

"Will I not see it so till, till afterward—the house, I mean?" she asked timidly, trying hard not to sound doubtful.

"Isn't that best, don't you think?" He was very cheerful. "It's in good order. You've nothing to worry about on that score. You'll have nothing to do but walk in the door. Not only is it fully fitted, fully equipped, but as I'll only be one night gone from it, it will be well aired into the bargain." Remembering that in this respect Lucy did not know what she was being spared, he threw up his eyes in token of his own past experience. Then he lowered them to rest gently on her. "I can only say that it's no more than we deserve, Lucy—after our long wait. Our long, long wait," he repeated, and he sighed. "Lucy, you're not going to make it much longer, are you?"

"Oh, Sam!" He made her feel so dilatory that she looked anxiously at the calendar on the wall behind his back. "Lent begins next month," she said. "We'll have to wait till after that, anyway."

But Sam had whisked the calendar off its nail and was examining it. "Unless we hustle and get it over *before* Lent," he said. "I don't see what there is to stop us, do you?"

And so one day in early February, with a bunch of snowdrops pinned to her lapel, Lucy became a bride.

"Let me do that, Lucy. You might strain yourself," admonished Sam, as he took her dressing case and put it up with the other suitcases on the luggage rack of the train. Doing so, he looked tenderly at her. "It wasn't such an ordeal after all, was it?" he asked, and he leaned across and patted her on the knee. "You look bewildered," he said, and he laughed. "Well, cheer up, love, it's all over now."

Bewildered she was. More than the ceremony seemed to have ended. What, for instance, was she to make of her

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SONG FOR MY FIRST CHILD, NOAH

This hole's not made of wool
Nor fine linen fibres—
It's the center of a spool
Or the space between two tigers.

What happens in this hole
Happens when you sigh,
Happens in an empty bowl
And in a windless sky.

I have ten between my toes
And seven in my head,
And two called open windows
Across from my bed.

This mixture of edges
Can only be found
When some color wedges
All the way round.

This hole's not made of wool
Nor fine linen fibres—
It's the center of a spool
Or the space between two tigers.

—Robert David Cohen

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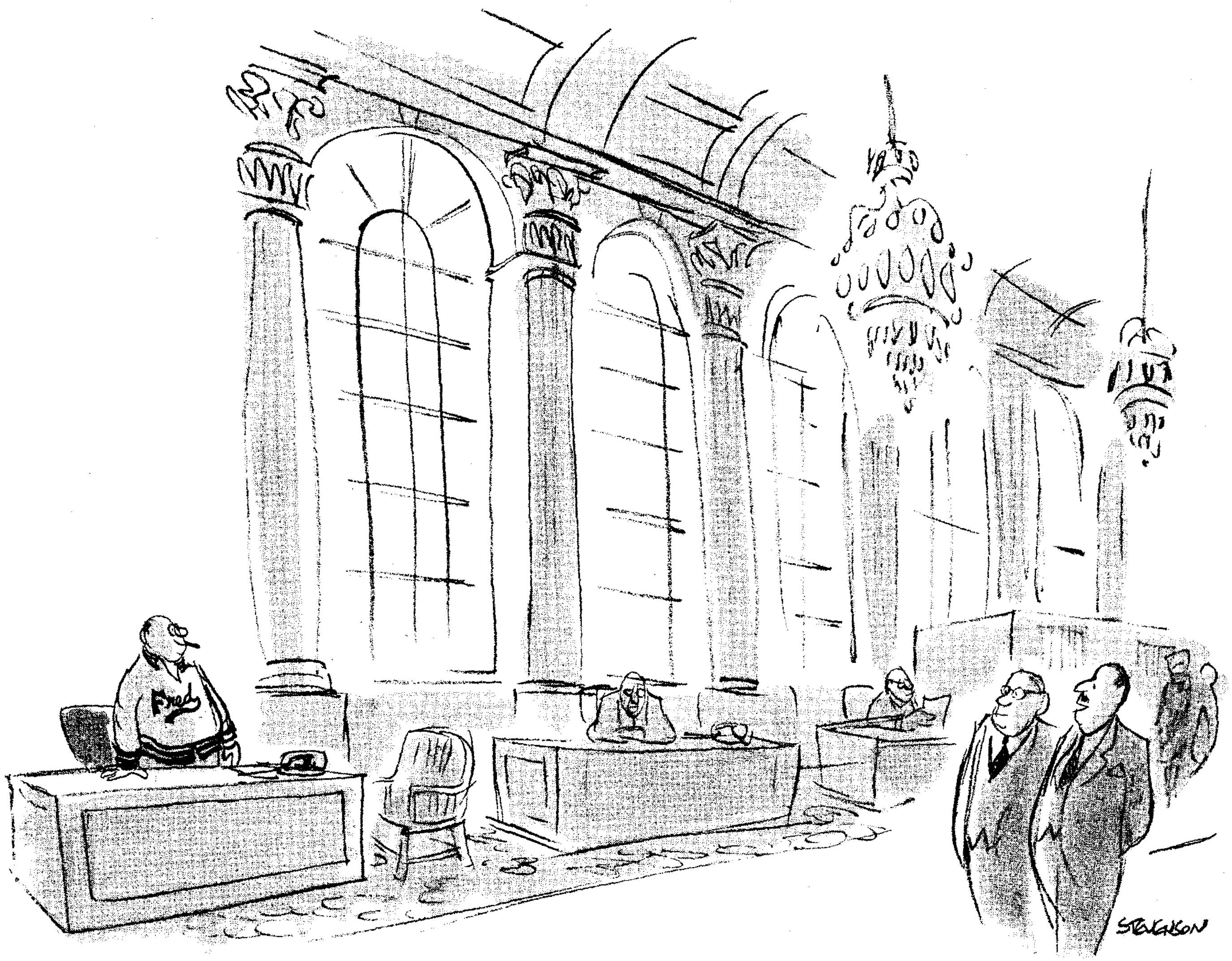


"Our loan department is the friendliest in New York."

family's new attitude toward her? Had they got wind of things in advance, or what, that they should have taken her news so coolly? What had happened to their fears of a scandal? Above all, what had become of their concern for themselves? Now it was only of her they thought.

"Well, it's your own business, Lucy," said Louise, almost as soon as she'd opened the door to them, when they went round, arm in arm, after the wedding. She hadn't given them time to open their mouths. One look and she guessed. Their being together at that hour of the day may have made the telling superfluous, of course. And then there was her bunch of snowdrops. And oh yes, oh yes, Sam had a snowdrop in his buttonhole.

Bay wasn't surprised, either. "It was more or less what I expected," she said when Louise's youngest had been sent up the street to inform her and bring her down. "I hope you'll be happy," she added.

"Oh, naturally we *all* hope that," said Louise.

And later, when Lucy and Sam were in the train and the family was standing on the platform, Bay's parting words were not the most encouraging. "You must make the best of it now!" she called out as the train began to slide away from the platform.

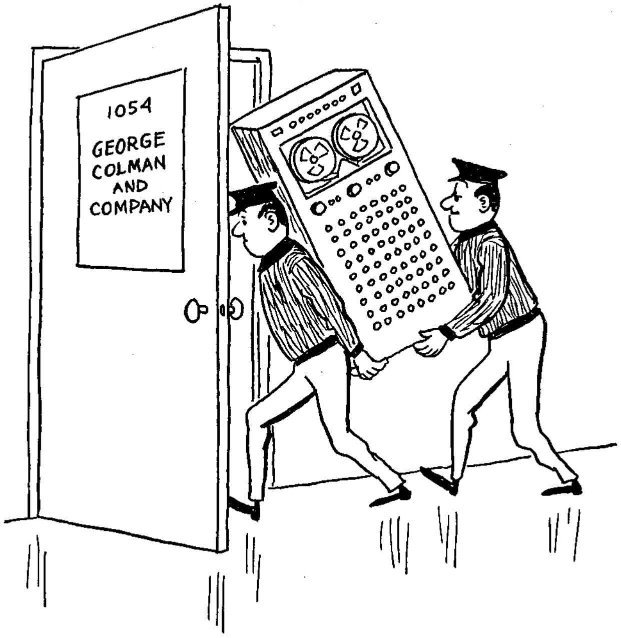
"We're off!" cried Sam, and although he urged her to lean out and wave to them, she had barely time to raise her hand once when the railway bridge snuffed them out. There was nothing to do after that but settle into her seat. Sam remained standing. Closing the window, he turned his attention to the luggage. "I'll fold our coats and put them on top of the cases, out of the way," he said.

His back was to her. But anyway she hardly heard him. Her mind still echoed with her sister's words. *"I hope you know what you're doing."* Did she know what she was doing? What *had* she done? Had she, in her endeavor to hide her intention from others, hidden it in part from herself as well? She stared out the carriage window. The flat fields through which they were travelling were familiar to her still, but field by field they were being flung back to either side as if flung out of existence. "Oh, Sam, did we do right?" she whispered.

Sam's mind, however, was on the overcoats. It was a mistake to have turned them inside out. With their slippy silk linings, they kept sliding off the rack. He had to stand up again and take them down and turn them right side out before he put them back. "That's better," he said contentedly, surveying them once more before he sat down. But he'd heard her. "It's funny you should say that," he said then. "Mona asked me that same question. In the same circumstances, too. But she had cause to ask. Poor Mona! There was a little cloud on *her* happiness!" He sighed.

"A cloud? What was it?" she asked in dismay.

"Because she was very tenderhearted," said Sam. He made a discreet sign of the cross. On the opposite seat, Lucy felt obliged to do the same. "She was never able to enjoy her own happiness



if it cast any shadow over another.”

In the past few weeks, Lucy had heard many references to Mona, but somehow she’d never really thought about her. For that matter, she hadn’t thought about her for years. Sam and Mona were married almost immediately after the bogus episode of the engagement ring, and Lucy had taken care to be away at the time of the wedding; she went to Lisdoonvarna for several weeks, although it wasn’t the best time of year for the spa. And when she came back, people had the grace not to speak about them to her. Then perhaps the fact that they had no children made it seem after a time as if they had passed out of existence. But in the train, when Sam spoke of her, Lucy suddenly pictured Mona again, as she must have been on the morning of her wedding trip. It might have been on this same train that they took their departure. It could have been in this very carriage they travelled! Perhaps on this very seat Mona, too, had sat! Suddenly she leaned forward. “Sam, would you like to change places?” she cried.

“But why?” Sam asked.

“Well, some people say it’s bad to sit with your back to the engine,” she said. “It could make you sick.”

Sam was just about to cross his feet contentedly. “Not me,” he said. “But I’ll change with you all the same if you like.”

“Please, Sam!” she said faintly.

When they’d changed seats, he looked at her with a worried expression. “Do you feel better now?” he asked. “Mind you, Mona liked to face the engine, too, although I always think it’s better to feel sick than to get a cinder in your eye.”

“You mean she sat on this side?”

“Yes, always on that side,” said Sam amiably, “unless the carriage was crowded. In which case—”

But the train roared through a tunnel just then, and Lucy couldn’t hear. What did it matter anyway, she asked herself, and she was prepared to think about something else when they flashed out into the open again. From either side, the green fields rushed toward her, but it was the green fields of life that had rushed toward Mona. It was all very well to say that in the old days Mona couldn’t hold a candle to her, but what figure would she cut now if placed by the side of that green young girl? Fresh apprehensions chilled her, and she forgot that for Sam those early memories of Mona had long been overlaid by others, less exciting. By a strange transference, she began to think of Sam as young and green, too. I must look awful, she thought, putting up her hand nervously to her hair, to her forehead, to her cheek. She hadn’t slept well the night before, and she wasn’t used to early rising. She must be a sight. She didn’t dare look in a mirror.

As if he were a mirror, however, Sam at that moment gave her back her reflection. “You look a bit tired,” he said, and then he sighed. “Mona failed a lot in late years,” he said. “She looked very badly toward the end.”

Lucy looked at him fixedly. To talk about Mona was hardly the best cure for her at that moment, but it might be better than thinking about her. “I never saw her again,” she said. “Not after . . .”

She didn’t need to finish the sentence. He nodded understandingly. “She was strong enough, you know,” he said, easily conversational. “I used to think she wasn’t, but I was wrong. She was able for plenty of hard work. There was no doubt of that. We hadn’t much money in the early days, and she worked hard to save every penny. I often went to bed at night and left her downstairs, and do you know what she’d be at? Glazing my collars, or waxing my shoes. I had no control over her when it came to work. But”—he sighed deeply—“in the end she got pulled down by those pregnancies.”

Lucy started.

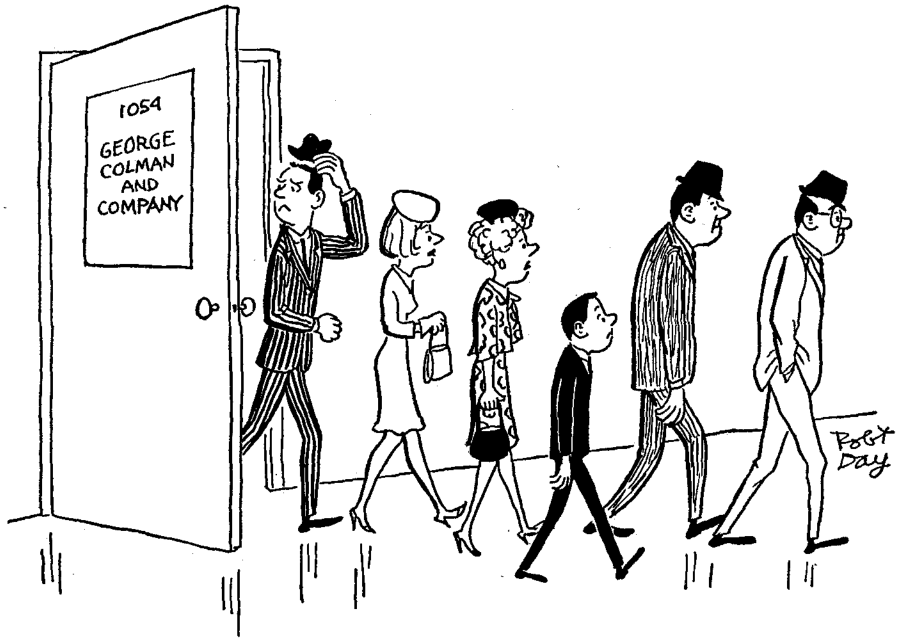
“Didn’t you know?” said Sam, seeing her surprise. “She had four or five miscarriages. She did indeed. And it nearly broke her heart. It was a real cross. She’d have been a good mother, just as she was a good wife, but it was not to be, it seems.” He shook his head. “Many a time, I came home from work and found her sitting in the dark, brooding over it. I used to do my best to console her, but it was no use. I used to tell her that she *was* a mother. Time and again, I’d tell her that. ‘You *are* a mother, Mona,’ I’d say. That her children never came to full term did not deprive her of that title! But she was inconsolable. You see, Lucy, it wasn’t of herself she was thinking but of me.” His voice dropped. “The most unselfish of women. Do you know what she said to me one day? She said that if she’d known that she’d never give me a family, she wouldn’t have married me at all. Can you imagine anything more unselfish! To think that she could bring herself to wish another woman in her place.”

Taken out of herself for a minute, Lucy listened. “Oh, but she couldn’t have meant it, Sam,” she protested.

Sam shook his head. “Indeed she did—you’d no notion of her depth. And what is more, Lucy, it was you she was thinking about at the time.”

That was too much. “Oh, no!” she cried, putting her two hands up to her face. It was one thing to know that she had held her place in his heart. It was another thing altogether for Mona to know it. “She didn’t mention me by name, Sam!”

“Well, maybe not on that occasion,” said Sam piously. “She had great delicacy,” he added. “But I may as well tell you your name was not unmentioned in our home. She often spoke of you, especially in our early days, because”—and here he leaned forward—“you see, she knew she’d only come second with me. Ah, yes, Lucy, your name was a household word with us in the early days of our marriage. Indeed, it became a kind of joke in the end. Ah, don’t be offended. It was a playful little joke; there was no harm in it. Ah, there was a rare quality in Mona, that she could turn the tragic into the comic. In her place, another woman would surely have nourished bitterness against you, especially when she remembered what you were in those days, because—that’s another thing!—she was fully aware of how much better looking you were than her. I often heard her say that beauties like you were no longer to be seen.” He shook his head and sighed deeply this time. For a moment, Lucy thought it was for the passing of that beauty he sighed, but it was not. “Ungrudging!”



he said. "Generous-hearted! That was her!" And to her dismay he took out his handkerchief. But when he unfolded it, it appeared it was only to blow his nose. "Her unselfishness was never more in evidence than at the end," he said then. "When she felt the end was near, again it was not of herself but of me she was thinking. She couldn't bear the thought of me being neglected. Do you know, Lucy, one day when I went into the hospital I had a button missing off my waistcoat, and when she saw it the tears ran down her face. 'You can't say but I always had you well turned out, Sam,' she said. 'I can't bear to think you'd ever be otherwise.' It was on that day she made me promise I wouldn't let any thought of her stand in my way if I saw fit to marry again. But I told you that, didn't I?" he asked, suddenly anxious.

Something of the sort he had undoubtedly said, but she certainly had not understood she had been specifically designated by Mona to take her place. It was one thing to think of Mona's benisons vaguely showering down from Heaven; it was quite another to think of her dispensing them from her deathbed. Acquiescence from above seemed right and proper and in keeping with the supernatural state; from a hospital bed it seemed like a subtle accusation. "She didn't really mean me?" she cried.

She looked at him. Was this the constancy to which she had clung? Like the moon, it had two faces: on one side hers, and on the other Mona's. But which to which was shown? If Mona had to live with anecdotes about her, what would it be like for Lucy in a few hours' time, when she'd be boxed up in Mona's house? Suddenly she felt faint. She'd have to get out in the corridor for some air. But she didn't want him to come with her. She got to her feet. "Will you hand me down my small case, Sam," she said. "I think I'll have a wash." That ought to keep him from following her.

But he hadn't thought of doing so, and after he'd put up a hand to assist her he settled back in his seat. "Remind me to tell you something when you come back," he said patiently. "A nice little thought that came into my head."

Impatiently, she stood in the doorway. "Tell me now!" she said.

But he'd taken out his watch and was looking at it, and then he glanced out of the window. "My little plan would depend on what time we arrived in Dublin," he said, "and on whether or not there was any daylight left."

Suddenly she knew what was in his mind. "Where is she buried?" she asked, and her voice in her own ears sounded like lead.

But his face lit up, and she saw that he marvelled at her intuition and what he took to be another affinity between them. "You had the same thought! That would mean twice as much to her." But there was a draft from the open door. "We'll talk about it when you return," he said affably, "and I'll tell you a little incident that happened six or seven years ago. You'll find it very touching, I know."

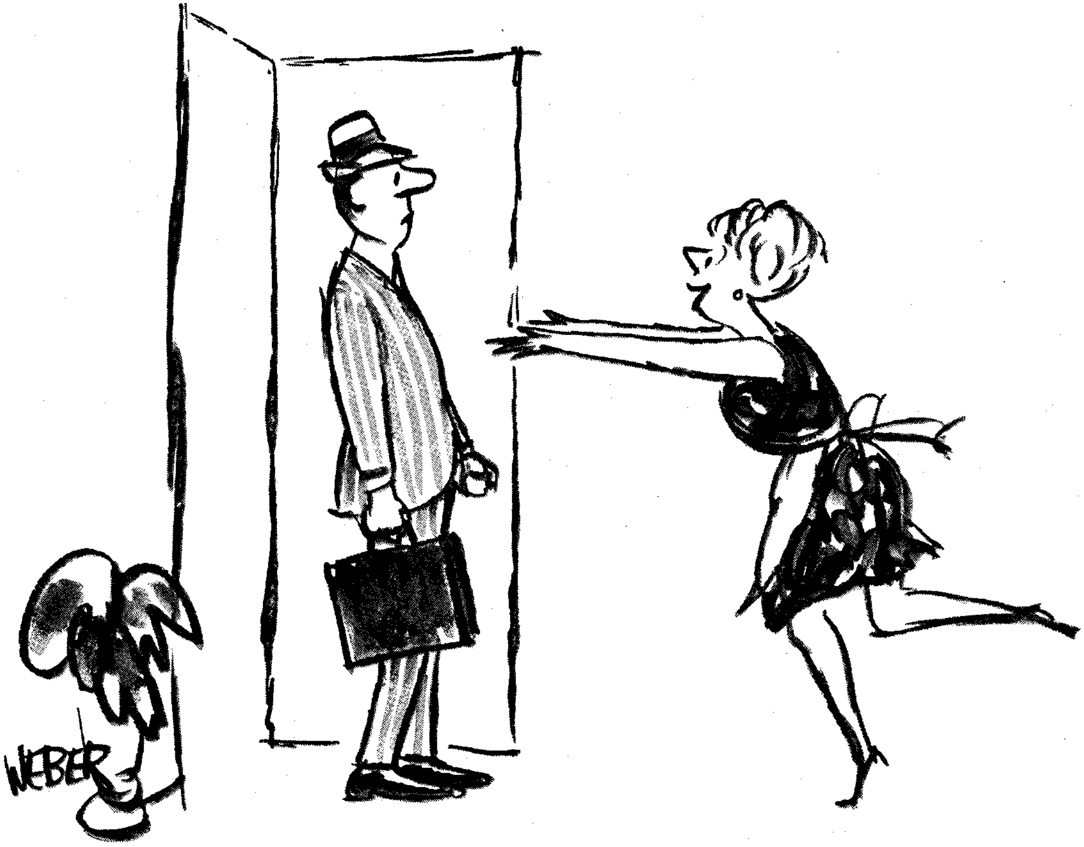
Oh, no! You won't! she thought, as emphatically as if she'd spoken. She got out into the corridor, and almost ran in her anxiety to get far away from him. The train was travelling fast. The noise of the wheels was deafening, and several times she would have been thrown from one side to the other if she hadn't steadied herself against the rattling woodwork, now of a window and now of a door. The train seemed to be crowded, although in their first-class carriage she and Sam had sat in state. But finally she came on a carriage with only one young couple occupying a corner. Not noticing that the floor was strewn with confetti, she was about to take refuge there when, outraged, the man sprang up and slapped the blind down in her face.

Tears rushed into her eyes. But what did it matter where she went? Sam would eventually miss her and come to look for her. If only the train would stop, she could get off! She glanced out of the window. It was getting dark outside, but the fields between the darkening hedges were pale with a thin mist that seeped up from the ground. If the train stopped for even a minute, she could jump down and stumble across the line and lose herself in that bright but concealing mist. She could imagine herself coming to a stand, out of breath, in time to watch the lighted train move forward again without her. She would see the carriages slide past one by one, till in one of them, sitting foolishly waiting, would be Sam. But the train wouldn't stop till it got to its destination. If she wanted to get off, she'd have to throw herself out. Involuntarily, she glanced at the door handle. It was green with verdigris around the stem, but the lever itself shone bright from handling. She'd only have to press it down— Quickly, she clapped her hands into her pockets as if to save them from some act for which they alone would be responsible. She wasn't as unbalanced as all that! But she had begun to tremble, and the thought of continuing on to the end of the journey was unbearable. And that house! To think of facing it cluttered with all its paraphernalia of another woman's life!

"I've left everything as it was, Lucy," he'd said. "You'll know better how to dispose of her little possessions than me."

Her little possessions? What did that mean? Presses full of clothes? Chests of drawers stuffed with every kind of rubbish! Boxes, portmanteaus, little cubbyholes here and there filled with God knows what junk! She'd known enough of Mona to guess she'd been a great one for finery and gewgaws of all kinds!

Gewgaws? A frantic thought came to her. Her wedding ring! Where had he got it? During the ceremony, he had clapped it on her finger so fast it was as if he had handcuffed her to him, but it was very thick—thicker than wed-



"Guess what! I dialled Westbury, Long Island, today, and I didn't make a single mistake!"

• •

ding rings were in the present day—and now, looking closer, she saw it had at the same time a worn look. Was it possible that it was not new? She shuddered. And her engagement ring? She'd known it was not new, and she remembered being surprised at the alacrity with which he'd produced it the moment he'd broken down her scruples. He'd pulled it out of his pocket, where, loose as a pebble, it had rattled around among his keys and his coins. That, she'd supposed, was why there was dust in the crevices of the setting. She hadn't washed it, because the setting looked so insecure. But now, examining it, too, very closely, she saw that it was grime, not dust, that clogged the claw. Feeling sick, she went to drag the rings off her finger. But they were a tight fit and her finger was swollen. It swelled more when she tugged at them, but she went on dragging until the skin broke and it began to bleed. The sight of the blood steadied her for a minute. If she were to pull at them till she bared the bone, what difference would it make? For that matter, what difference would it make if she did get the rings off? If she threw them out the window, it would not alter her situation. It would have been to more purpose to have thrown herself out!

Insidiously, when it came again, this thought was less alien. A strange excitement made a vein in her throat throb, and at the same time it seemed that the train was gathering speed crazily, like a train derailed. The rattling carriages careered after each other, but every now and then they veered slightly as if they would unlock thir couplings and fly asunder. If at that moment she were to press the door handle, she knew exactly what would happen. In an instant, the door would be dragged out of her hand and with a violent clatter let fly back on its hinges, or wrenched from them. Caught in the great current of air that travelled as fast as the train itself, it might be minutes before it fell to the ground—perhaps not until the train had passed and the line was empty and silent again. And what about her? Snatched from her feet, freed from all volition, she, too, would be caught up and sucked out into that rushing current. Like a bit of paper, she'd be blown away. She went nearer to the door. Heaven had never been easily imaginable, but it would be heaven to feel those rushing winds sprout like wings from her shoulder blades to uphold her and bear her through the air. To think that by a single act she might undo her folly and prove herself finally and forever to be what she had always been—a romantic figure.

But in her heart she knew it was too late. She was committed to being real at last. Sam had committed her. It was a long way back, but she'd have to go. She'd have to stumble along the train till she came to the carriage where she'd left him sitting; she'd have to open the door and go in and sit down by his side. That she must do.

She began to go slowly back along the corridors. After a few minutes, she came to the compartment occupied by the lovers. The blind was up, though—it must have snapped up unnoticed by them. Tired of kissing and indifferent to gapers, they sat hand in hand, staring in front of them. And although they didn't care this time, she averted her face and hurried on, looking outward to where on the other side of her the fields should have been. But now against the glass only darkness pressed. Like a backing of mercury, it had made the windows into mirrors. And in one of those windows, sitting patiently waiting for her, she saw Sam—asleep. He was having a little nap, which wasn't to be wondered at, because Sam was tired and Sam was old.

Poor Sam, she thought, and her heart softened. What if he did meander on about Mona! He'd earned the right to it. He had learned a larger love than she knew anything about. "Sam!" she said, stepping into the carriage.

With a start, he jerked his head up. He had been in a sound sleep, but he spoke immediately, as if out of his thoughts. She didn't at once catch what he said. Does he know which of us it is at all, she wondered—Mona or me? And she tried not to mind. But Sam at that moment repeated what he had said.

"Poor fellows"! That was what he'd said. "Poor fellows." And she realized with a start that not only was it of her he was thinking, and of the past, but that, in particular, he was thinking of the swains that had swarmed around her in those days, and whom he had after all bested. Little did he ever think he'd do it, with nothing to recommend him but his heart of gold.

—MARY LAVIN

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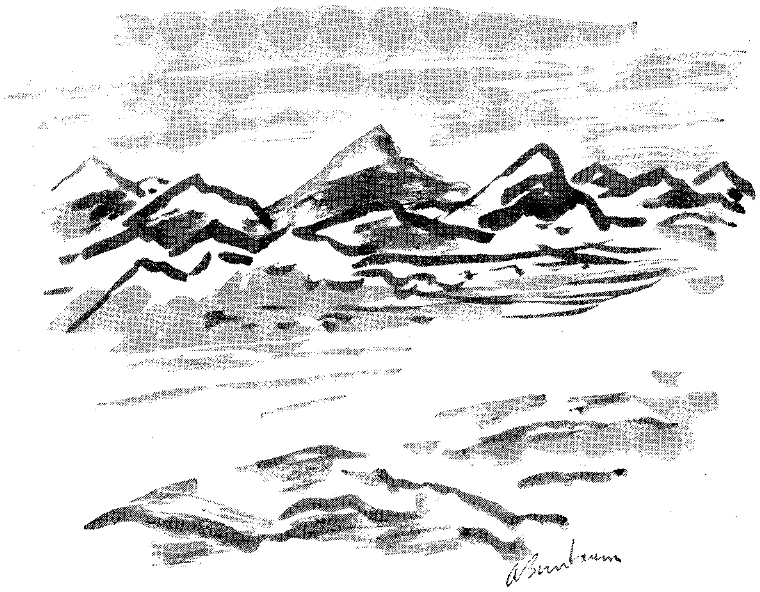
NEW YORK (AP)—A single by pinch-hitter George Altman from second base in the ninth Friday night gave the Mets a 5–4 victory over the Cardinals.—*Boston Globe.*

The Mets have their own way of doing things.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BORROWED LIGHT

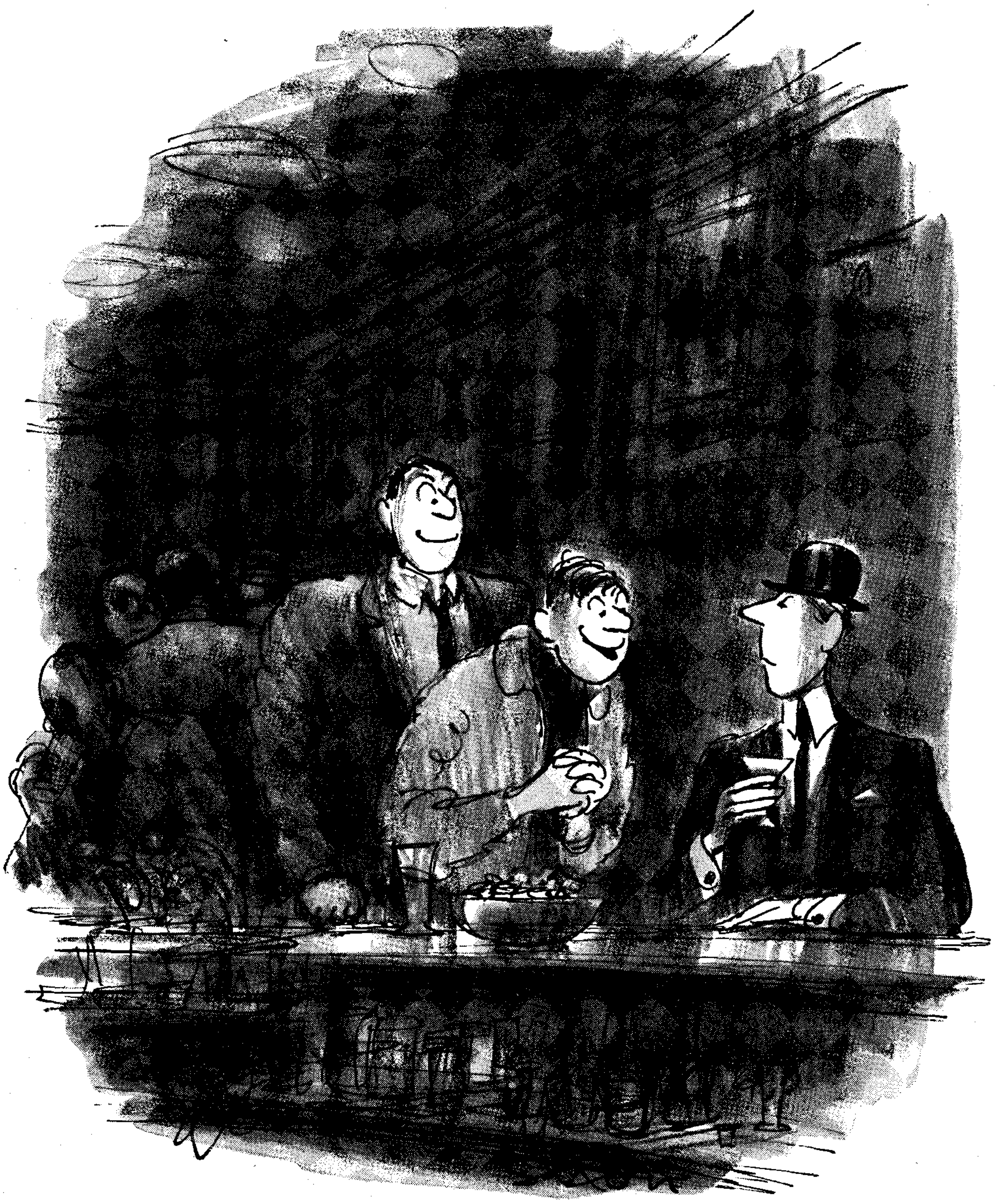


A WONDERFULLY pleasant and exciting moment occurs about midway in the ten-hour flight down to the Antarctic from New Zealand. There, far below in the gray-blue sea, floats a slab of white ice. It may be a chunk just a few yards across or a vast drifting island (and recently one twice the size of Connecticut was found), but either way this friendly raft—this gobbet of solidity in the midst of so much empty and potentially dangerous space—gives you a very definite feeling of security. If our plane *did* have to make a forced landing in the sea, you say to yourself, it is not altogether impossible that we could launch a rubber float and paddle over there and hoist ourselves up onto the ice; then we could drift away, living like Eskimos until the rescue planes came and found us. These fears are ridiculous, since the flight to the South Pole has now become a commonplace and it is unheard of for a plane to be lost, yet in a certain sense one has cut oneself off from civilization in making this journey, and all one's preparations for it have been a reminder of that fact. Not five hours earlier, in sunny New Zealand, the last outpost of the normal world, one abandoned all one's usual clothes and got into enormous white rubber boots and long underpants, with three layers of trousers over that, and all manner of jackets and mittens and scarves and fur hoods, and if one is not actually an explorer about to make his way across the ice cap, at least one looks the part. Moreover, there is the "survival kit"—a huge, booted suit of overalls, into which one is to lace oneself, head and all, like a sack of potatoes, if the call should come—and one remembers from last night's briefing that it is "the will to survive" in the icy sea that is going to save one if one is to be saved at all. And so this first iceberg—the prelude to so many to come—is a most reassuring thing, and one can afford to gaze at it with a detached aesthetic pleasure as it calmly disappears under the wing of the plane. Somewhere about this halfway point, an unseen weather ship wallows endlessly in the heavy seas below, but apart from this and the icebergs there is nothing but sea and sky for many thousands of miles around, and nothing except the ice ahead. One begins to think in terms of continents—South Africa lies over there to the west, South America to the east, the haven of New Zealand far behind to the north, and, to the south, this new continent of Antarctica, which for seven months of the year is cut off from the outside world.

There are as yet no guidebooks to Antarctica, but one picks up the basic facts very readily from the pamphlets that are supplied to travellers by the United States Navy headquarters in Christchurch, and while flying along one reads them in the slightly bemused manner of an actor who has been given his costume and now has to learn his lines before he goes onto the set. Antarctica is a huge white plate of frozen earth and snow clamped to the bottom of the world, and it is over five million square miles in extent, which makes it nearly twice the size of the United States. It is also the highest continent, with an average altitude of almost seven thousand feet, and it is nearly all ice—ice two miles thick in some places, ice so heavy that it has depressed part of the dry land beneath the surface of the sea, enough ice to flood most of the seaports of both hemispheres if it ever melted. Great mountains, sixteen thousand feet high or more, push their black peaks out of the surrounding whiteness. Every summer, from October to March, the edge of the pack ice on the coast breaks off in pieces and floats away to melt in warmer seas, but this is a tiny portion of the whole; the cold binds the continent together forever. The wind can blow at two hundred miles an hour, and at the Vostok II base, eleven thousand four hundred and forty-four feet up in the interior of Antarctica, the Russians have recorded a temperature of –126.9°. The climate is so cold and dry that metal hardly rusts, wood does not rot, no ants or flies can survive (though more primitive insects do exist), and if disease germs are imported they become dormant and can do no harm. The forests that once grew here now lie deep beneath the desert of ice, and until the last few years no men have ever lived in Antarctica. All this, if you haven't heard it before, is very interesting, but it hardly gives you a picture of the place. The newcomer, approaching the coast for the first time, knows that this wilderness is still outside the range of normal experience—that only a minute part of it has as yet been explored by land, and that the determined men who live in bases here all the year round perch in their little heated capsules like men on the moon. They would soon die if ships and planes did not get in to them with supplies during the short summer season.

The casual visitor flying in does not quite know what to expect to find at that onrushing moment when he will step out of the plane at the American base on McMurdo Sound. Will he be blown over by the wind? Will he collapse in the cold? Will he see nothing but flat whiteness? His first sight of the coast, especially if he arrives on a clear day, with no blizzard blowing, is apt to be a surprising revelation—a moment of intense and natural happiness. For one thing, as the plane cruises up the sound, he will have been quite unprepared for the serenity and placidity of the scene that spreads out below. The calmness of the mountain peaks, the band of orange light to the west, the tongues of flat ice reaching into the sea, where they break up into floes, the green sea itself—all this conveys an impression of absolute permanence and detachment. It is not hostile. It is simply there, untouched, undisturbed, and innocent, relating itself to nothing else on this earth, and in an instant one understands how the early Antarctic explorers, though all the odds were against them, wanted to return to this country again and again. One realizes how accustomed we have grown to human interference—how often in looking at any landscape we have to censor out the overhead power lines, the scar made by the road across the mountainside, the smoking factory chimney, the billboards, the plane in the sky, the noise and smell of internal-combustion engines. Here there is nothing but silence and completeness, and in an odd way the very emptiness of the scene—empty, that is, of all human traces—gives you the feeling that you understand it and that you can take your place in it. It may be frightfully cold down there, and frightfully lonely, but you walk in your mind through this valley of the shadow of death and fear no evil. Now, finally, you feel that you are confronted with actual physical truth, and because the scene is so unlike anything you have met before, it tends to fall into abstract patterns—triangles of blue shadows in a field of white; surfaces puckered up like a quilt; the sea, the mountains, and the sky all part of a continuous curve. It is extremely beautiful and would be equally effective upside down.

The landing on the bay ice at McMurdo is no more eventful than any other landing—no skidding or slithering about—and on a normal summer day the cold that meets you as you disembark onto the frozen snow is no more than the cold of any ski resort. It is also a pleasure in this international country not to have to contend with customs or official formalities of any kind. In a few moments, you are whisked away, either by a tracked vehicle or in a helicopter, to the base camp on the shore. And here you are back in familiar surroundings. McMurdo, the home of a thousand men or more, looks like nothing so much as a mining camp. In summer, there is not much snow about. Huts with rounded roofs are built on black volcanic rubble, huge vehicles trundle through the streets in clouds of dust, piles of debris from recently unpacked cargo lie about, and a tangle of radio masts and power lines slices the view. Nevertheless, you are pretty pleased to get into the warm guest hut where you will be staying, to dump your Navy seabag on your bunk, to divest yourself of two or three outer layers of clothing, and to take your place in the chow line in the galley across the way. The food is excellent, and by the time you have had a drink or two at the bar and have sat through the nightly movie, the Antarctic has receded and the warm insulation of human contact is all around you once again. But then, coming out of the dark theatre toward midnight, you are abruptly reminded that this is no ordinary place: instead of the night, you meet the warm, bright sun. It would be the same at three in the morning or at any other hour, and because one expects it to be dark—because, out of habit, one braces oneself to face the night—this blaze in the sky is a thing of purest joy. You have the feeling that this is borrowed time, borrowed light, a forbidden pleasure, tomorrow begun ahead of time, a bonus to which you are not entitled, and although you go on observing regular hours, eating and sleeping at the normal times, the midnight sun dispenses the sort of comfort that a small child must feel on waking in the dark and finding a light beside the bed. And, of course, this light has to be paid for. The short few months of uninterrupted summer sunshine



"My friend and I were wondering if you would do us the honor of stepping outside for a moment. And don't remove your hat."

Have you the type of skin men fall in love with?

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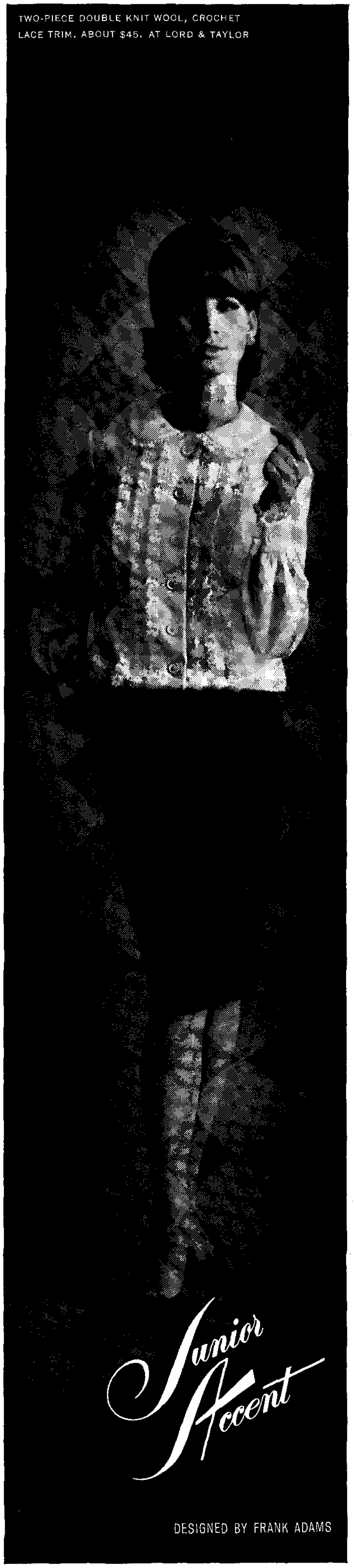
Germaine Monteil has a clear, pungent quick-as-a-wink cleanser called Super-Tone that can do this for you. Cleansing will solve lots of skin problems all by itself—and is always the first step in any sort of skin care.

All beauty starts with a clear skin. No make-up, however good, will cover up a bad skin. But luckily, a poor skin is a problem you can do something about. Why not start today?

SUPER-TONE SKIN CONDITIONER

Germaine Monteil


TWO-PIECE DOUBLE KNIT WOOL, CROCHET LACE TRIM. ABOUT $45. AT LORD & TAYLOR

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are succeeded by the long winter of continuous night, with nothing but the moon and the stars and the lights of the aurora appearing occasionally through the blizzards and the universal blackness. One finds oneself wondering with some admiration how the men face the winter—how it must be in March to see the last ships sail away (the planes have given up a month earlier), knowing that whatever may befall, whatever injury or sickness may be suffered, there is very little hope of relief from the outside world for the next seven months. They have doctors with them, of course, and they can speak to their homes over the radiotelephone and send signals to one another in the isolated outposts, but that is all. Through March and April, the light fades until nothing is left but that orange band in the sky, and soon that, too, goes out. Toward August, the band reappears, and it must be a delight to see it grow a little stronger and wider every day. At the end of September, the first plane comes in from New Zealand, and one can imagine with what a glow of absolute satisfaction these bearded men, who have had no mail for so long, watch the wheels touch down on the runway. Then in December, at last, the icebreakers crush their way through with the supply ships in their wake, the sun resumes its slow circling in the sky above, and the isolation is finally broken.

As a visitor to McMurdo in the summer, you know nothing of all this. The place is like a busy airport, with planes and helicopters constantly on the move, and there is always a vessel of some sort cruising up the sound. From this coastal base, the largest of all the bases in the Antarctic, planes fitted with skis fly out nearly every day to the Pole and Byrd Stations—each about eight hundred and fifty miles away—and there is contact with the depots set up by ten other nations around the continent and with the men who have gone out "on traverse," travelling by tracked vehicles and dog teams into the interior. Everyone is occupied. Everyone seems to be looking forward to something, whether it is some new specimen of marine life brought back by divers from the bottom of the icy sea, or information bounced back from the ionosphere, or the result of an experiment in the passage of radio waves through ice, or mail from home, or the ending of the water shortage. This last will occur soon, when the McMurdo atomic-energy plant—a marvellous gadget to have been set up in these wastes—starts

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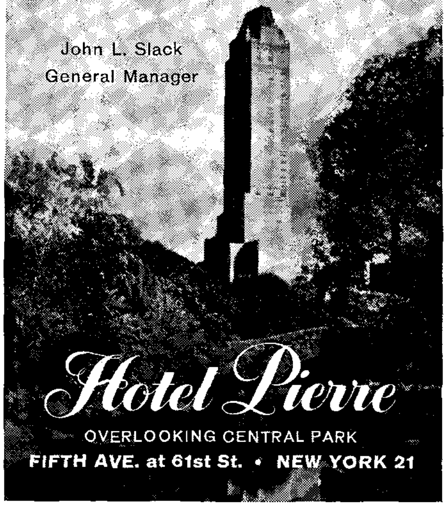

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The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a golden Adoration of the Magi by a Flemish master, flowers by a French Impressionist, a Greek vase painting, a medieval enamel of Saint Michael, musical instruments from a Renaissance castle, a Rembrandt etching, a Colonial embroidery of birds in a cherry tree, and a Victorian skating party by Winslow Homer are among the more than fifty new designs.☆The cards printed by the Metropolitan Museum in limited editions cost from 5 to 75 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

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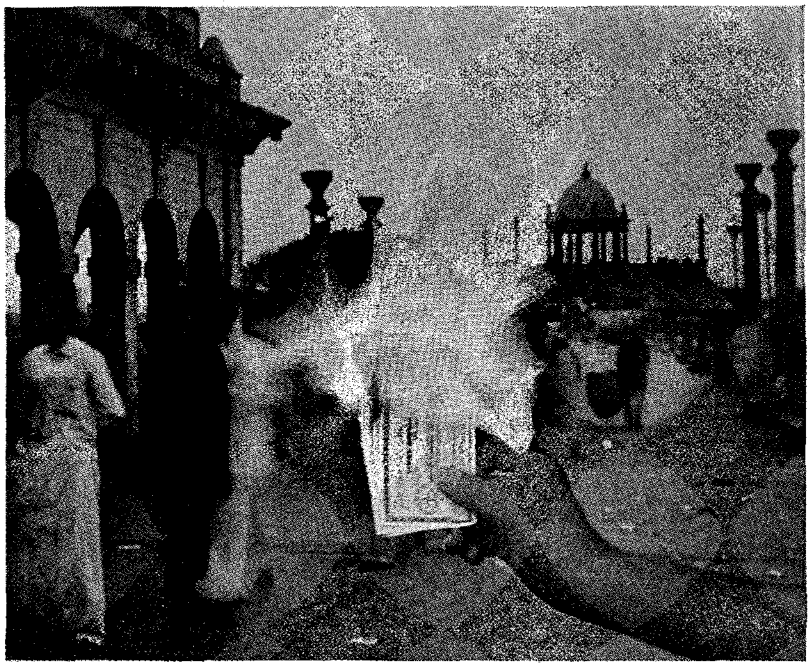

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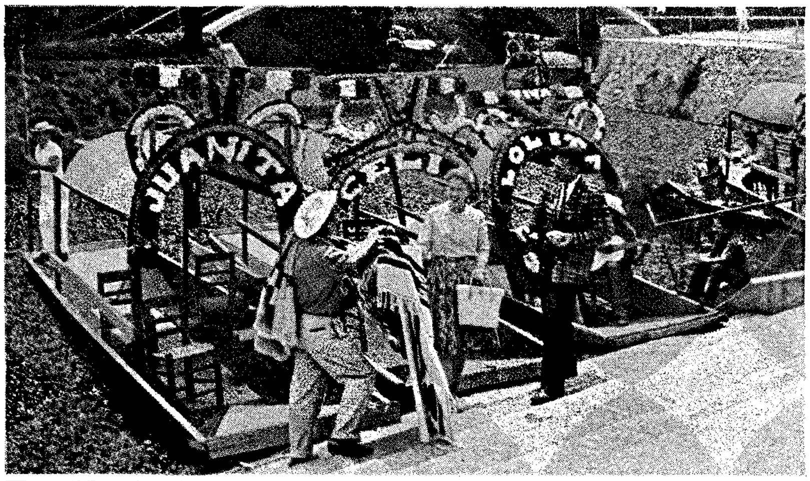

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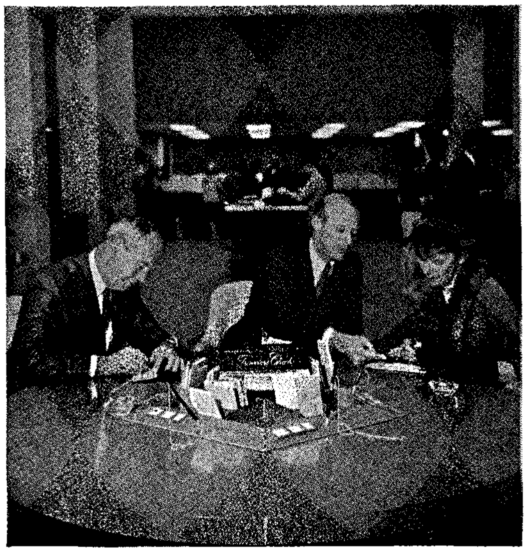

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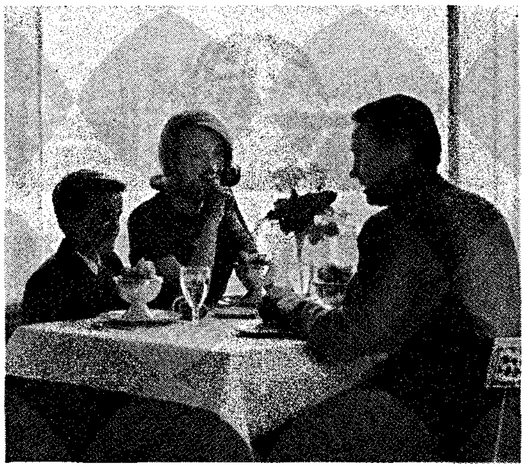

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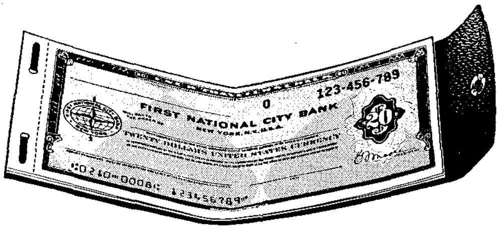

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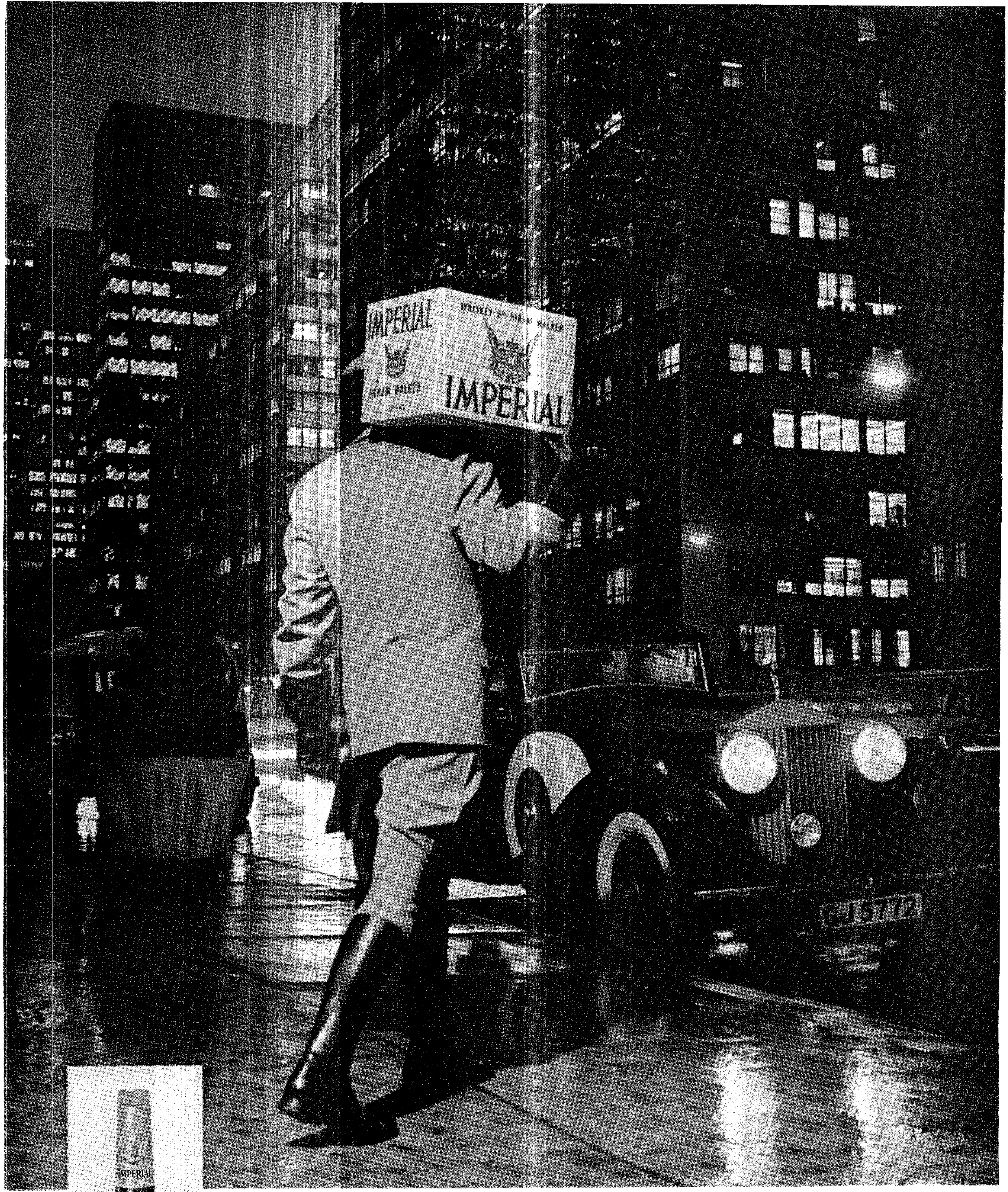
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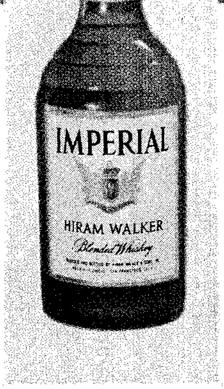
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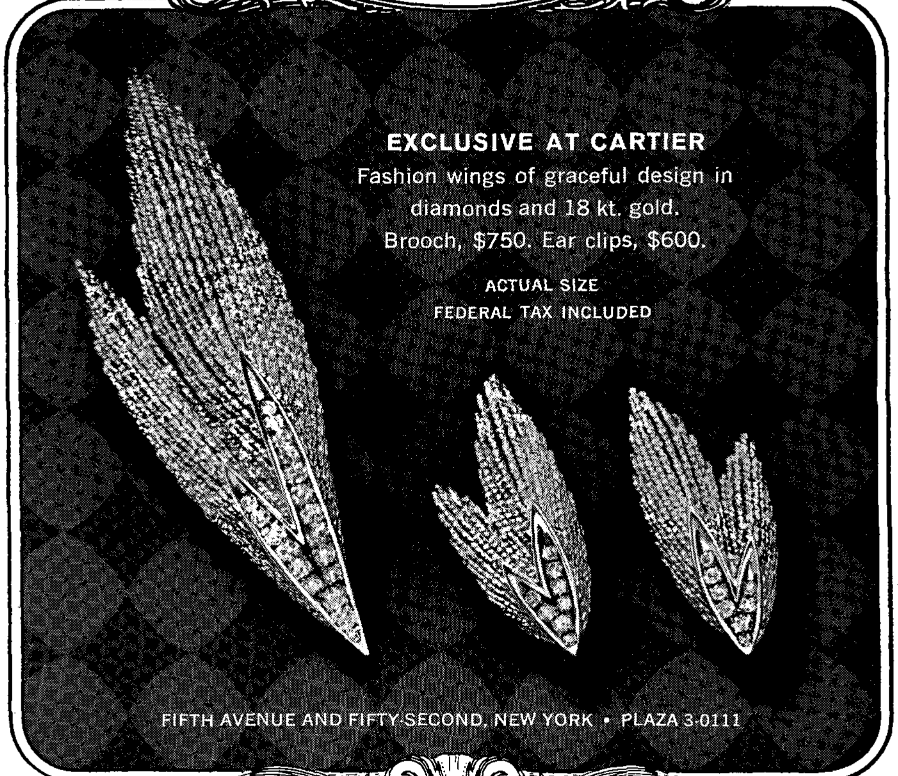
operation. In the Antarctic, practically no rain falls, and hitherto it has never been possible to melt enough snow to give the men more than one shower a week. The new plant, perched on a bare hill above the camp, will suck up sea water from the sound, desalinate it, and pipe fresh water into the huts.

Quite soon, one begins to come to terms with ice, and it is a fascinating thing. In the Antarctic, you not only drink it but use it for houses, wharves, and runways, and the flat-topped icebergs that float by in McMurdo Sound are like aircraft carriers, with skuas and other birds for planes and occasionally a little crew of seals and penguins on their decks. Ice keeps changing shape, and you can never trust it absolutely. One day last summer, a heavy tractor was moving along a well-marked road to the airfield when suddenly the surface of the ice cracked and it vanished into thirty feet of water. The two men on board kept their heads, waiting until the cabin had filled, so that they were able to open the door and escape to the surface. No one noticed the incident at the time, but presently an officer at the base picked up through his glasses the figures of two men trudging across the ice pack, and as he looked, one of them fell and appeared unable to get up. You die very quickly in the Antarctic if your clothes are frozen solid. These two men were able to make their way to a nearby ship and were soon revived with hot showers and stimulants; that night they were on their way home to America. The tractor was hoisted by a heavy winch out of the sea, like the dead body of a frozen whale, and next season it will be put on the road again.

THE seals are great experts in ice, and you go to see them at the New Zealanders' camp, which lies about two miles from McMurdo. At this camp there is a "pressure ridge"—a spot where newly formed ice has come into collision with older formations and has cracked and buckled upward. The seals find their way up the cracks from the water underneath, and bite their way through the top layer of ice to the sunshine. There is nothing on this earth quite as prone as an Antarctic seal. It lies there on the ice, enormous, sluglike, bemused, and helpless—as helpless as an invalid lying in bed. If you go up to one to stroke that gargantuan gray-green back, it can only roll over on its side, flap its flippers indignantly, and, like a clubman disturbed from his nap, utter a feeble bark. One can understand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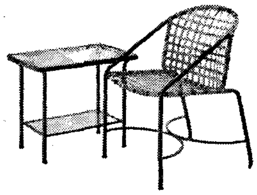

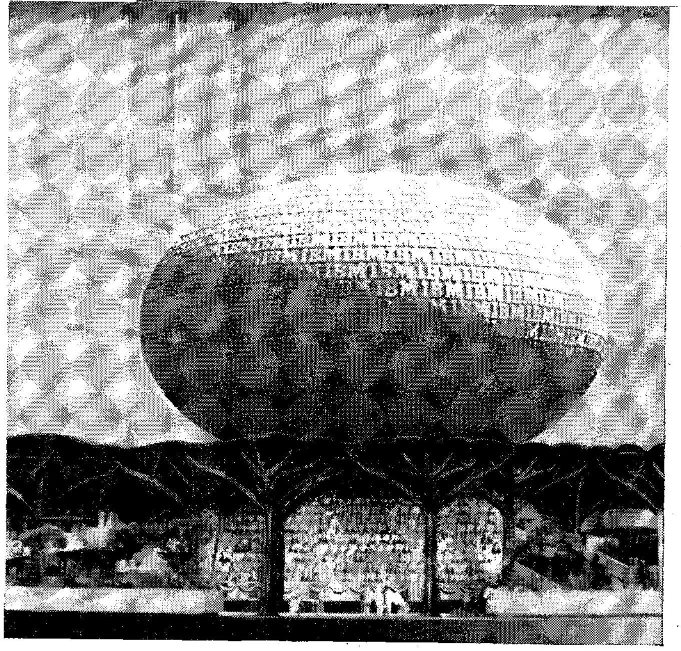

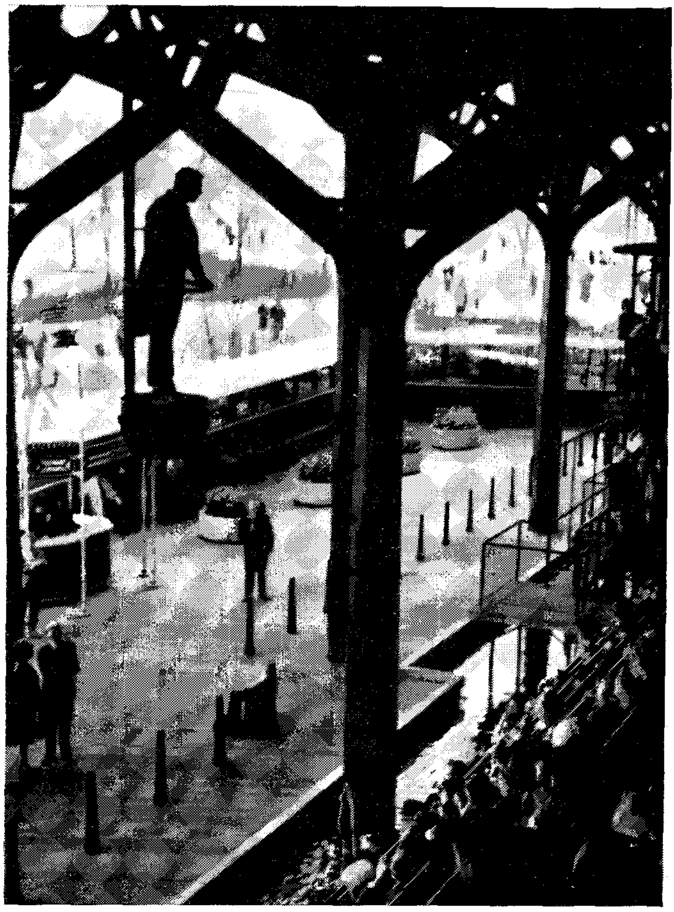

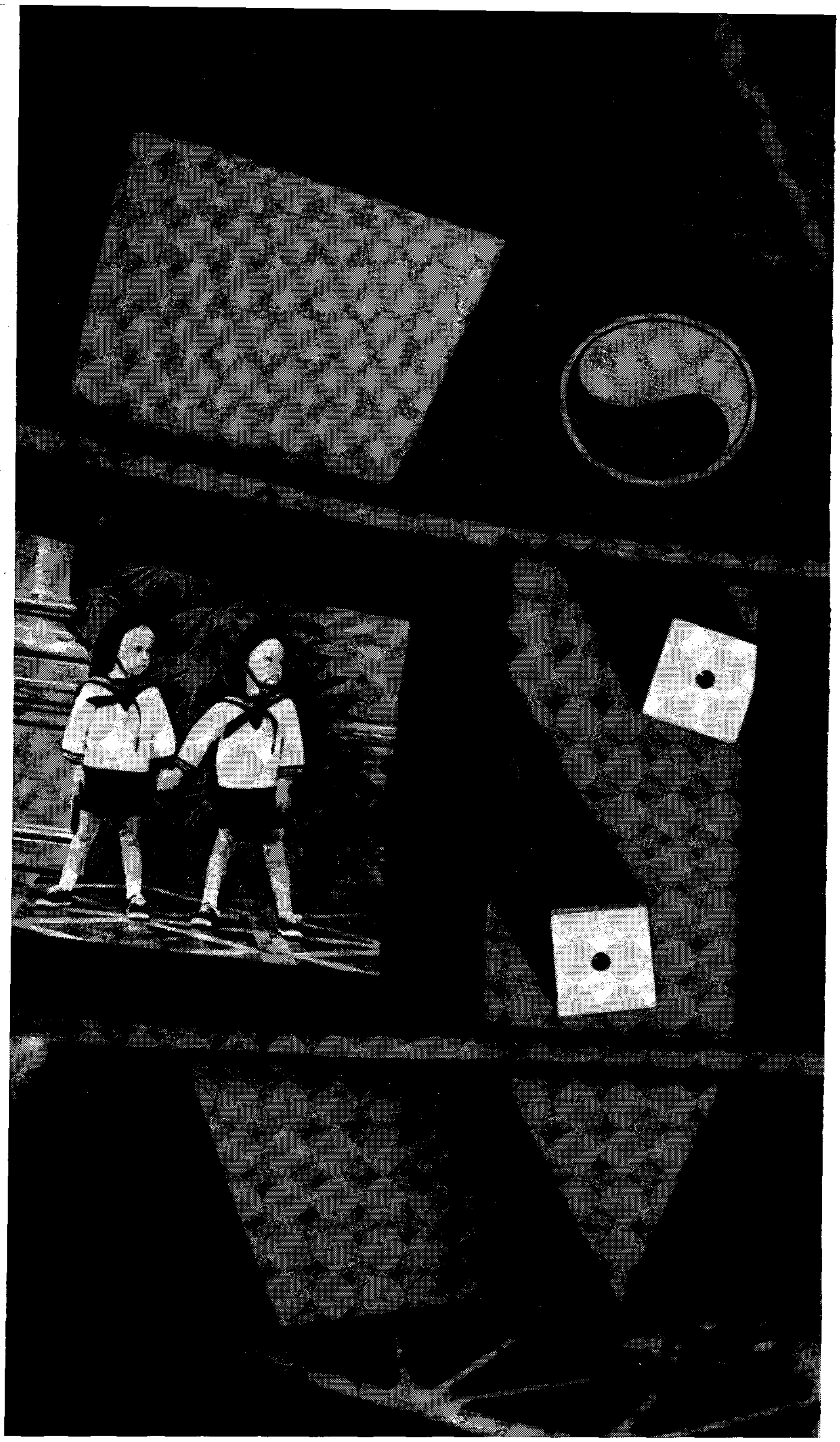

Report from the World's Fair:

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COMING to the New York World's Fair? Don't miss seeing the show inside the dome of the IBM Pavilion. Awaiting you is one of the Fair's most talked-about experiences.

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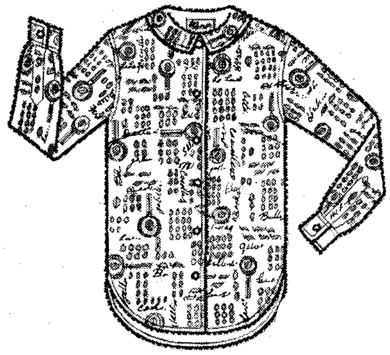
how the sealers with their heavy wooden clubs bashed these animals to death by the million when they came down here in the nineteenth century. The seals' teeth look dangerous when they bark, but the animals are quite without means of self-defense, and, like most other creatures in the Antarctic, they have not yet learned to associate man with danger. If you persist in disturbing one, it will rear up with an old man's querulousness and undulate away across the ice to the round hole from which it emerged. Then, slowly and softly, it will slide into the water and disappear. Sometimes a seal doesn't bother to find a hole but simply slithers over the ice until it finds a soft spot. Then it rolls from side to side until the ice cracks, and the great belly, the tail, and the little whiskered head subside together out of view; except that a seal is the wrong shape, it is not unlike an elevator descending into a basement. Once in the water, of course, seals swim marvellously, all the ungainliness converted into grace and speed, and sometimes as long as half an hour goes by before they surface to breathe. Quite often, you come on colonies of hundreds lying about on the ice, and if you chance to encounter a baby seal, it will not be long before you see the mother emerging from the depths and bearing in her mouth one of the strange, yard-long fish of the Antarctic sea. The killer whales are the seals' enemies. They hunt in packs, surfacing in graceful parabolas, and they will come up under an ice floe where a seal is basking and crack it with their backs. All is over in an instant; the seal is toppled into the water, and presently the surface is stained red with blood. From all sides in the pale sky the gull-like skuas—the vultures of the Antarctic—converge upon the spot. One marvels at the courage of the skin divers in the Navy, looking as they do so like seals. Wearing wet underclothes (which warm up) and black rubber suits, they dive into these impossibly cold seas where the killer whales abound, hunting with searchlights for algae and other forms of Antarctic marine life, of which little is known as yet.

To see the penguins, you go by helicopter forty-five miles across Ross Island from McMurdo to the rookery at Crozier. The penguin, especially the little Adélie (as distinct from the much larger Emperor, who has a splash of yellow on his jowls), has been so often photographed and is so beloved that one would have thought that there was very little to be said about it any-



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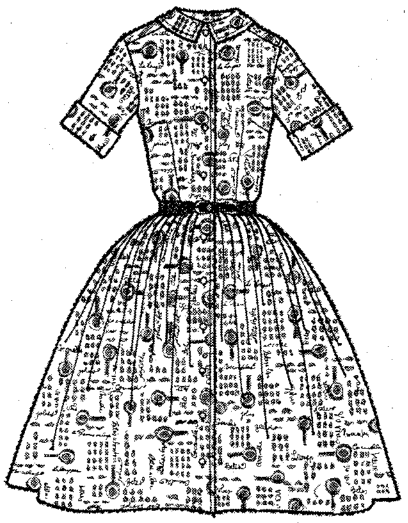

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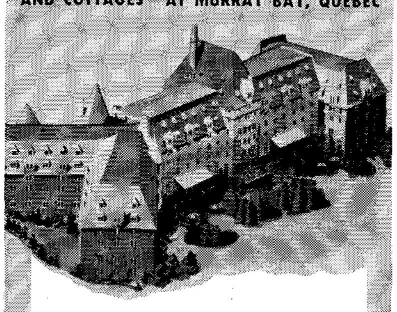

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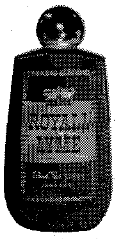

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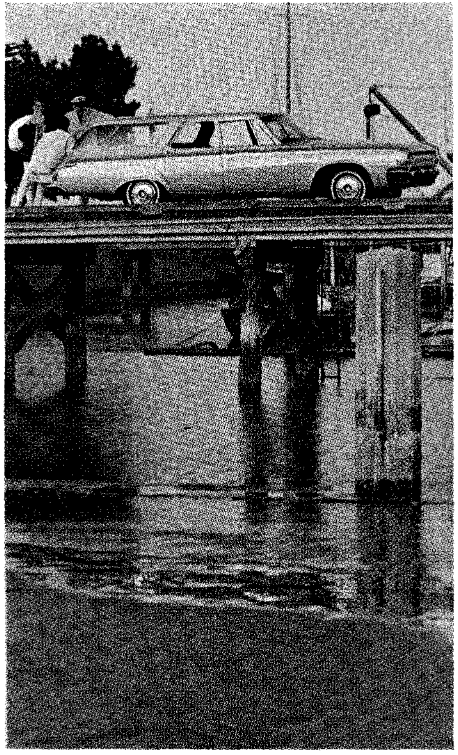
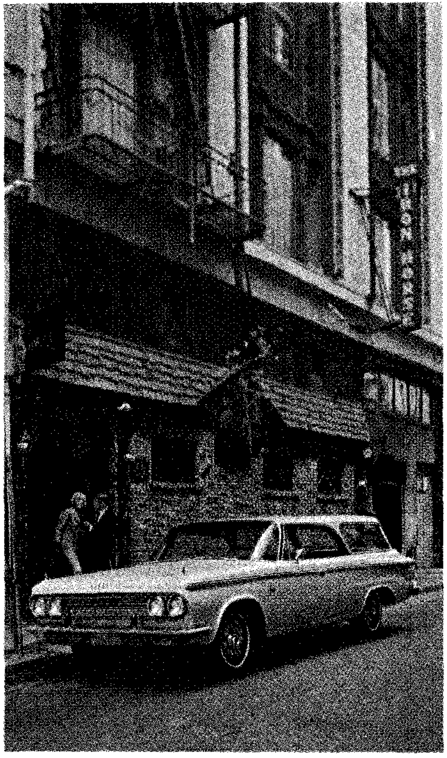

Dodge 440 4-door station wagon


Dodge custom 880 4-door hardtop wagon

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Shown above, Sportsman wagon with optional Appearance Trim Package.

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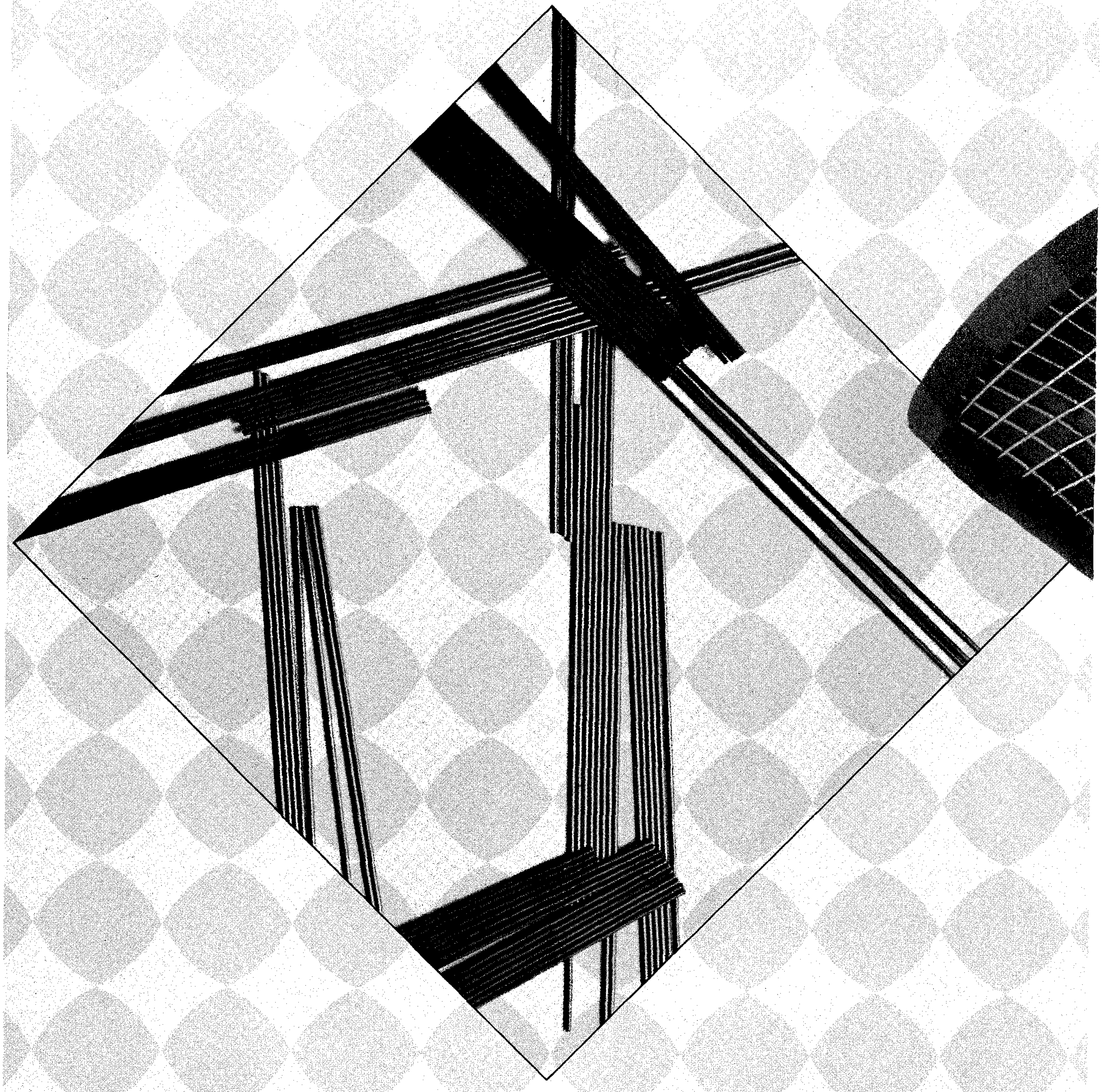

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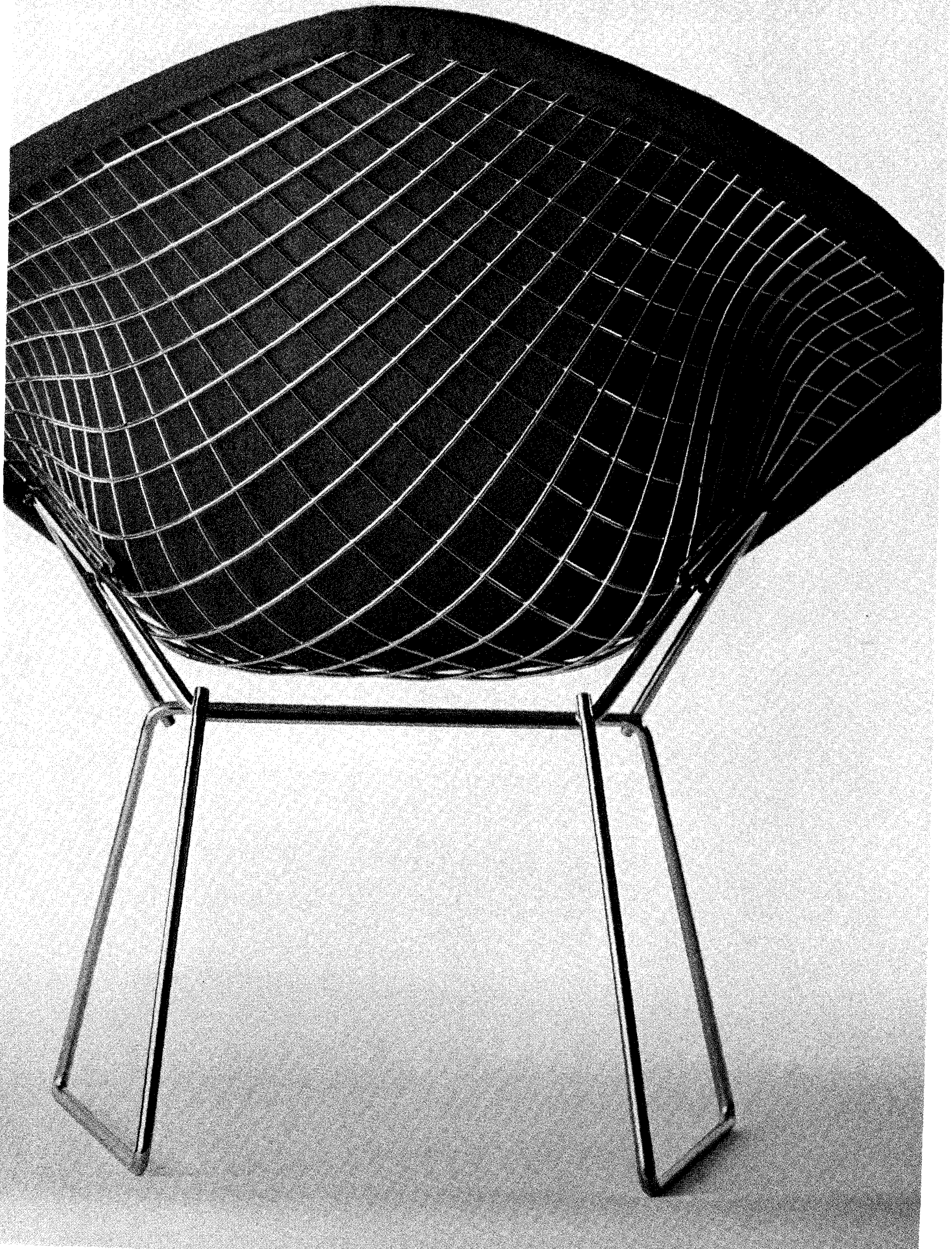

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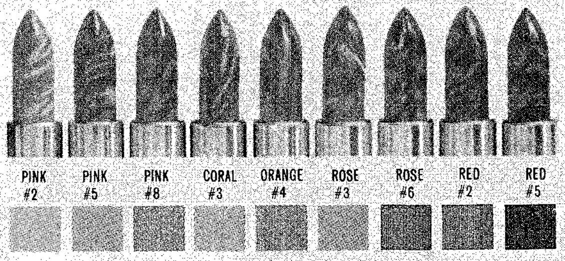

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more. But it is one thing to see penguins in a zoo and quite another to observe them in hundreds of thousands on this wild coast. If the seal on land is the most prone and horizontal of creatures, then surely the penguin is the most active and perpendicular. During the summer, the valleys reaching down to the sea at Crozier are almost denuded of snow, and the landscape appears to be in a state of motion; a myriad little black-and-white skittles are squawking, feeding, running, fighting, arguing, waddling, jumping, hopping, cavorting about, and coming in from the sea. They are alone, in pairs, in groups, and in milling crowds that may cover perhaps a dozen acres. To walk among them is rather like entering a congested Eastern bazaar; some fall back before you, others stand their ground, still others break into a great clamor among themselves, saying as clearly as possible, "Who's this? What's *he* doing here?," and presently one bolder than the rest will waddle up and peck your trouser leg, not really intending to hurt you but merely wanting to give you your comeuppance for being so big, so strange, and so unannounced. For the most part, however, the human intruder is simply ignored. You can single out a bird and walk up to him, and he will do no more than look you over with that white-circled onyx eye and then turn his attention to other things. There the two of you stand together, man and bird, making an *acte de présence* with each other while you both observe the passing scene. The penguin will stare you down any day. And with his sleek, black, shiny feathers, his tough, pink webbed feet, his black, opaque eye, his short, questing beak, and that elegant neck, he is very handsome. He is so neat, so touching, so unafraid, so understandable in all his gestures that it is a little difficult to regard him as a bird at all. He does not sink into anonymity in the crowd; each bird remains a character in the midst of the hullabaloo of squawkings and quackings, and despite all his drollness, he has his dignity, standing there in the tremendous landscape of white mountains and pale-blue sky and icebergs floating silently by. It is sad that death should be so persistent in this cheerful place. The skuas stalk about in the crowd, taking the young chicks, and from hunger and other causes—perhaps just the general confusion—the penguins die in hundreds. And so all the rookery is floored with skeletons, and these, combined with the guano that is deposited year after year, create a very pungent stench, which is all the strong-

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Is to be paisley in. Poplin in. Very top and bottom in. And always with the glorious fit that alone is Evan-Picone. As here, in Fortrel® polyester and Avril® rayon. Paisleys, in a 65/35 blend. Poplins, 50/50. Everything, red, blue or green. Sizes 8 to 18. About $8 to $15 per part. At great stores, everywhere. **Evan-Picone** 1407 B'way, N.Y.C.

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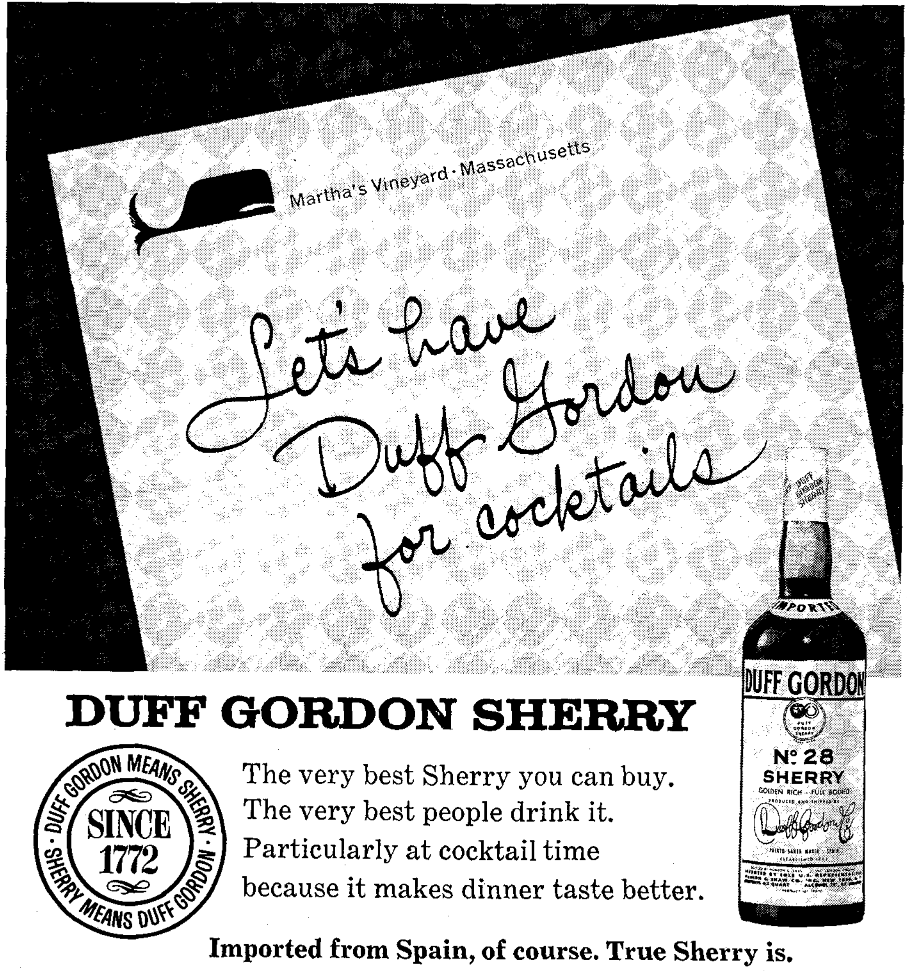
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"Be happy, Linda," he said huskily, "but remember, I'll never stop loving you." She bit her lip. "George and I will always value your friendship," she murmured, a flush mounting above the collar of her shirtdress, a cotton classic in Cos Cob's new Junior Petite line. Sizes 3-13. Look for Cos Cob at fine stores everywhere.

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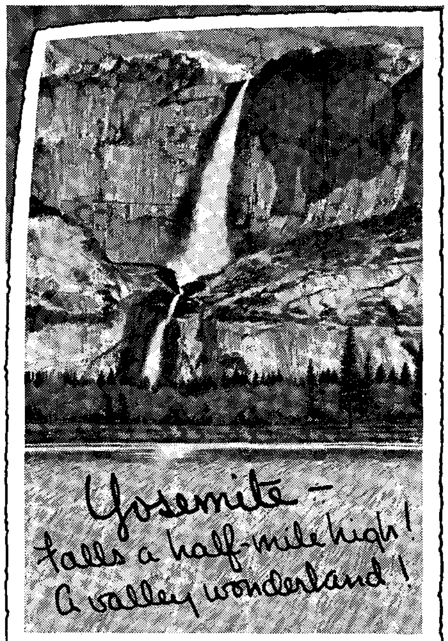
er because it is almost the only smell that you encounter in the Antarctic.

The Adélie is at his best, perhaps, when he stands poised to dive like an arrow from a high rock or a ledge of snow into the sea. Once in the water, he darts away, a flash of white breast feathers in the green, and he is as fast a swimmer as any porpoise, and very like one. He surfaces in a beautiful curve, then knifes on through the depths, twisting quicker than the little shrimp he chases. It is only when he clambers ashore and waddles up the sand that the apparent awkwardness returns and he once again moves as though encumbered by parcels. Dr. William Sladen and several colleagues, of Johns Hopkins University, are making a study of these birds, both here in the field and back in their laboratory in America, and we are beginning to know a good deal more about their life cycle. Every summer, a certain number are caught in a sort of enlarged butterfly net and banded, and through these and other means the story is being pieced together. Adélie penguins are thought to live about twenty years and are migratory, returning to the Antarctic coast each summer to breed at the same rookery and in the same nests. Usually the male birds are the first to reappear at Crozier—in October—and since the pack ice is not yet broken, they have to walk as much as sixty miles before they reach the shore. Even then, their land journey is not done, for many of them clamber inland over the crumbling black fields of lava for half a mile or more before they reach their nests. Here they must live off their fat for about six weeks, or until the pack ice breaks up, since it is too far for them to go back to the sea to feed. As a rule, the female quickly joins her male at the nest—a crude ring of stones on the cold ground—but if the male has to wait more than a day, he takes a mistress. Then, inevitably, the wife turns up, and a skirmish ensues, usually ending in the ejection of the mistress. But it is unwise for the wife to be more than a week late, for by then the interloper is installed and can usually drive her away.

Two eggs are laid, and the parents take turns at hatching them. When the chicks break through their shells, midway through the summer, they are at first very fluffy, very helpless, and very hungry. By the end of January, however, they are almost as large as the adults, though presenting a rather moth-eaten appearance, with the chick down falling off in clumps. The young



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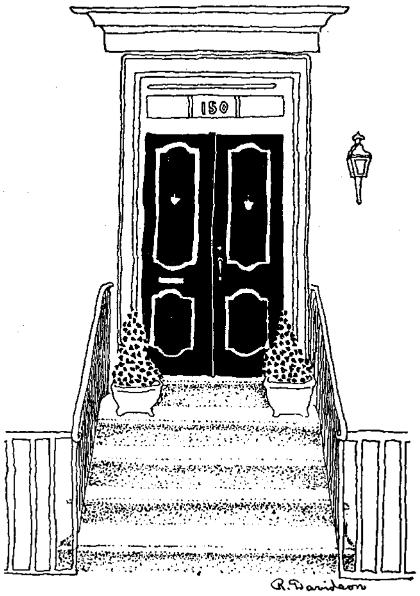
bird as yet knows nothing of the sea and is more clamorous than ever for food, so both parents take to fishing. This is a time of great danger for the parent penguins, since, with so many of them in the sea together, the leopard seals come in for the kill. It is quite an agonizing thing to watch the dramas going on off the coast at Crozier. A hundred feet or so offshore, you can see the sleek head of the spotted seal as he cruises back and forth, and all around him the penguins, heavy with food, come porpoising in toward the beach. They are fairly safe as long as they handle things well—catching a breaking wave, like a surf rider, that washes them up high and dry on the sand, so they can waddle quickly ashore. It happens sometimes, however, that a bird will mistime the wave and be swept back in a tumble of water into the sea. This is the moment for the seal to strike. There is a quick snap, the forlorn and inert little body is flung up exultantly into the air only to be grabbed again, and then, as the circle of blood expands across the waves, the skuas come in for the tidbits.

At the end of January, the chicks are very active and are demanding ever more food. A hectic hue and cry goes on, the parents running away and the young bird hotly and loudly pursuing, and if he presses too close, the parent birds will flop onto their smooth chests and slither rapidly away—a thing the young bird cannot do, because his fluffy feathers will not slide easily on the ice. All this is very bizarre to watch; indeed, if you have not been informed about what is going on and a thousand of these little pursuits are happening all around you, it seems that the birds have taken leave of their senses. However,



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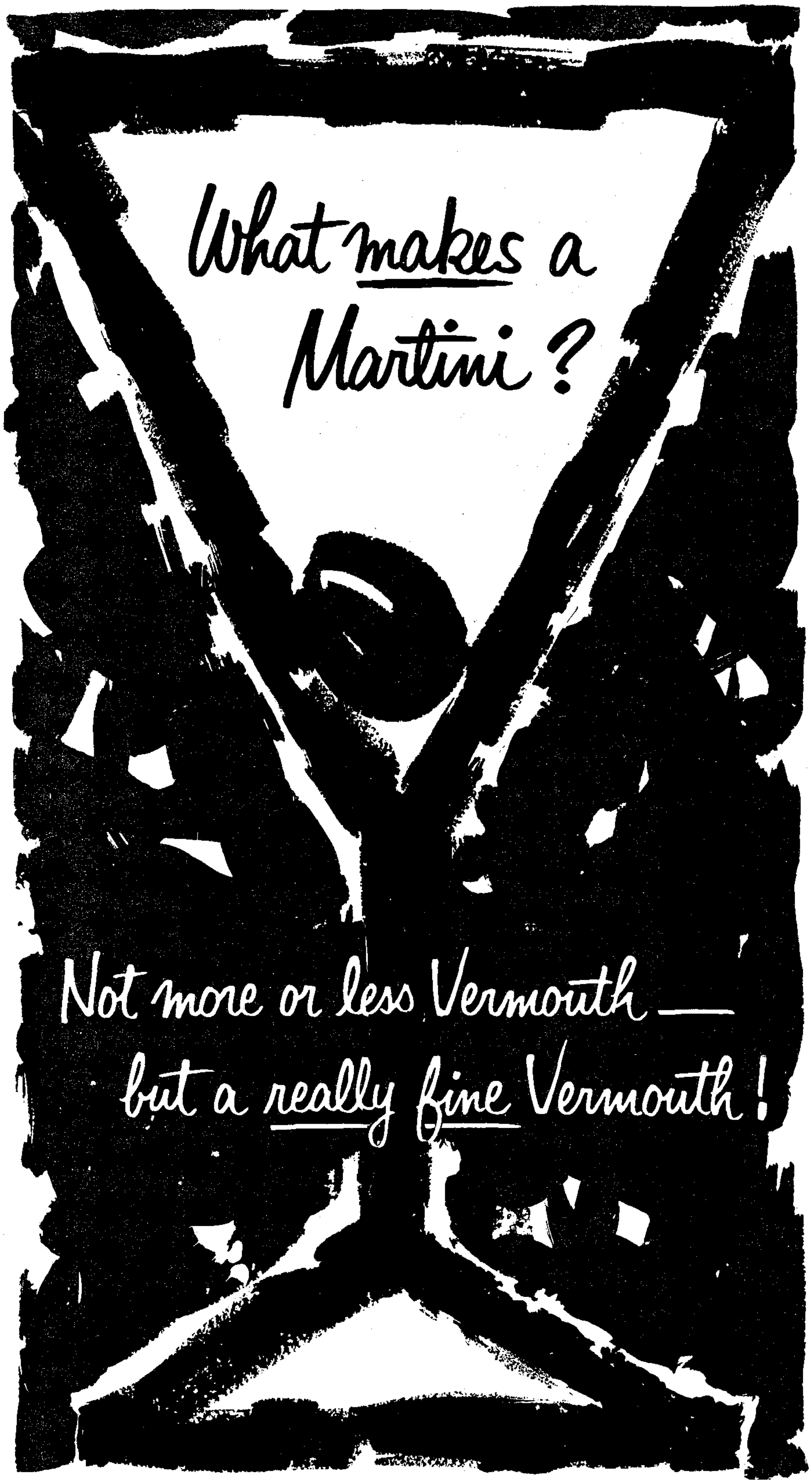
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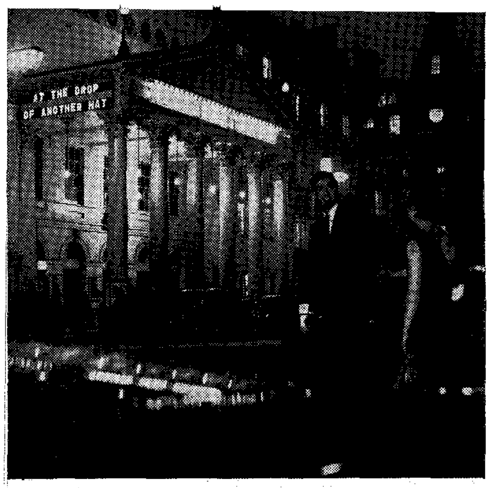
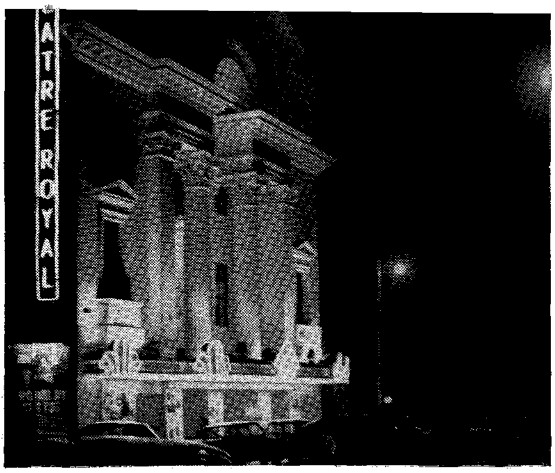


Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London

HER MAJESTY'S

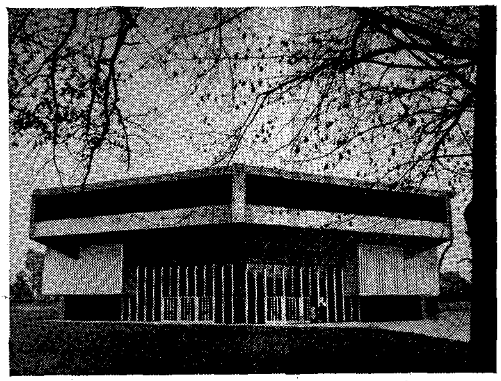
Her Majesty's Theatre, London



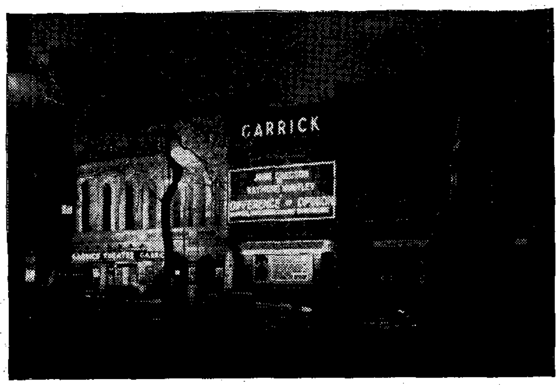
Theatre Royal, Manchester

SUSANNAH YORK
The Wings of the Dove

Lyric and Apollo Theatres, London



Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester



Garrick Theatre, London

How to tour Britain in the fashionable Fall and go to the theatre every evening—for $2 a show

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YOUR FREE "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music in Britain" is not just a travel folder. It's a real acquisition.

The Guide not only *lists* theatres. It gives you their box office telephone numbers, shows you how to book seats, and how much tickets cost.

It even tells you a bit of history about London's theatres, and warns you about several Thespian ghosts.

One fact will probably astonish you: London *alone* has almost twice as many theatres as New York.

This simple statistic packs a whopping promise.

In a single evening, London's 40-odd theatres give you a choice of entertainment you couldn't exhaust in a month. Beg, borrow or steal a London newspaper and you'll see for yourself.

The theatre column will list revues and musicals, farces and mysteries, Shakespeare and Shaw, Beckett and Brecht. Your only problem is to choose from an embarrassment of riches.

Olivier leads new National Theatre Company

This Fall, London offers one opportunity no serious playgoer should miss. It's the chance to see Britain's new National Theatre Company.

Sir Laurence Olivier is the company's artistic director. If your timing is right, you can see him play Othello, the first time Sir Laurence has tackled this role.

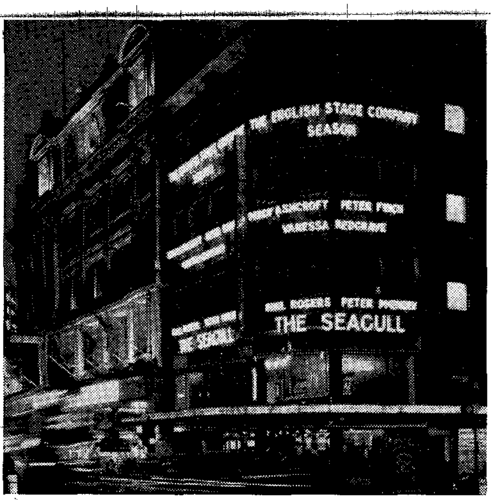
What to see outside London

When you leave London, you don't leave good theatre behind. "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music" tells you where to find 46 major theatres in other parts of Britain. Mark these theatre towns on your free road map. Then plan your trip accordingly.

Take Canterbury. Where else in Europe can you explore a mediaeval cathedral in the afternoon, dine at a 14th-century inn, then stroll to a theatre and see the Marlowe Players in *A Midsummer Night's Dream?*

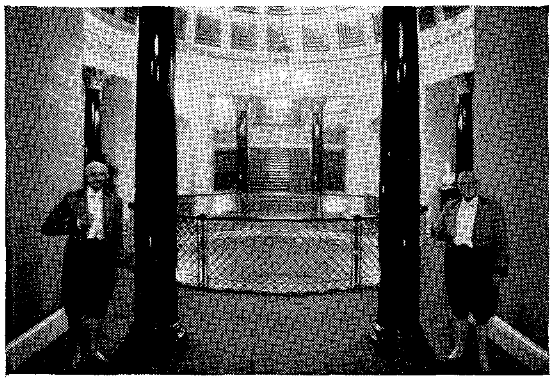
You can enjoy similar experiences in Nottingham, Bristol and Birmingham—

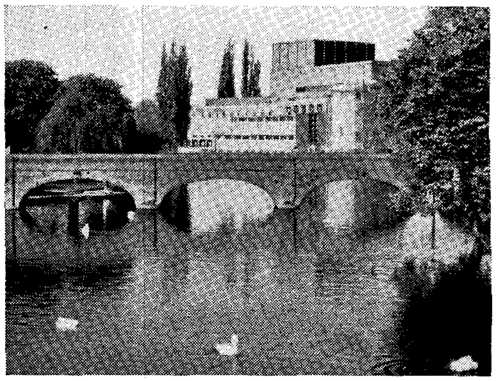
Belgrade Theatre, Coventry

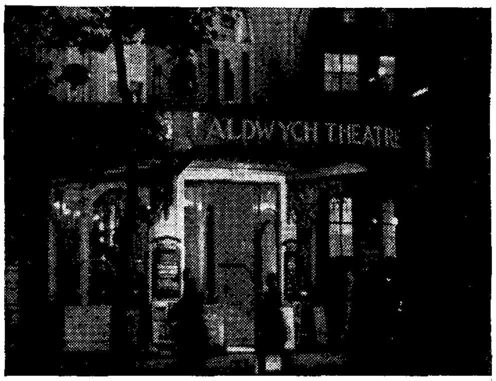


Queen's Theatre, London

MADDERMARKET THEATRE
Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich


Circle Rotunda and Royal Waiters, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London


Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon



Aldwych Theatre, London

and a score of other cities.

You'll never be more thankful that Americans and Englishmen speak the same language.

Festivals galore

When you plan your trip, include at least one of Britain's festivals on your itinerary. You'll find 23 major festivals listed in "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music." Here are a few you can visit this Fall:

Edinburgh International Festival (August 16 through September 5) This is a three-week spree of drama, symphony, opera, ballet, a military tattoo. Marlene Dietrich will star in a cabaret.

Three Choirs Festival (September 6 through 11) This is the world's oldest music festival. It began in 1714. This Fall, the Festival will be held in Hereford Cathedral.

The cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester will join with a London symphony orchestra in evenings of jubilant oratorio.

Pitlochry Drama Festival (All Summer—through October 3) The tiny town of Pitlochry nestles among the peaceful glens and lochs of Scotland. Its festival program includes plays by Chekhov, Shakespeare and Anouilh.

Stratford-upon-Avon (All Summer—through early December) This year, the Shakespeare Season of Plays presents seven of the great historical dramas, including *Richard II*, *Henry IV* (Parts One and Two) and *Henry V.*

Shakespeare's Year in full cry

This is a joyful year for theatres in Britain. They are celebrating Shakespeare's 400th birthday. Most festival and theatre towns are presenting special quatercentenary productions. These are once-in-a-lifetime events. Many will run through the fashionable Fall. *Put them at the top of your list.*

How to get tickets

You can get tickets at many theatres on the day of performance—even in London. However, to be certain of seats for the new National Theatre Company or the great festivals, ask your travel agent to book them in advance.

The more time you give him, the better your seats will be.

How much does it cost?

One of the great surprises of theatre-going in Britain is the low cost of tickets.

Even in London, seat prices start at only 45 cents. The *grandest* seats cost about $4.

Outside London, prices are even less, except for some major festivals.

You can easily see ten shows for twenty dollars if you sit in the orchestra one evening and in the "gallery" the next.

The "gallery," or top balcony, of a London theatre is known as *the gods.* This is where you get your 45-cent seats. Some people say it's the *friendliest* place to see a show.

To learn more about *the gods,* ticket prices and festivals, clip coupon below for your 32-page "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music."

Then ask your travel agent to reserve your seats, hotels and passage to Britain.

Clip coupon for free guide

THEATRE FESTIVALS AND MUSIC IN BRITAIN

British Travel Association, Dept. 672
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Please send me my free Playgoer's Travel Kit, with 32-page "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music in Britain," road map, and a booklet on Shakespeare's Year celebrations.

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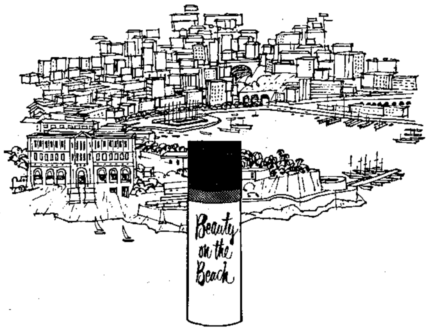
A LETTER FROM THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO



[WITH 4 OUNCES OF A MOST AMAZING BEAUTY PREPARATION]

There's a time in the life of every company president when he is so excited about a new product he wants to make a public statement. Last season I introduced such a product along the French Riviera.

It's Beauty on the Beach.

And it "broke the bank" at Monte Carlo—not at the casino, but at the beach. And it became the rage of every beach from Cannes to St. Tropez. I can't say I was surprised. Our chemists and cosmetologists were asked to develop the finest suntan lotion in the world. They created a double sun filter that lets in the rays that give the deepest, most golden tan. It blocks out the aging, burning rays, so harmful to a woman's sensitive skin.

Besides its fabulous double filter, Beauty on the Beach has seven of the finest emollients and moisturizers found in the most expensive facial cremes. The special fragrance that so charmingly scents is ours alone. If you could buy it at your perfume shop, it would be $25 the ounce.

Now Beauty on the Beach is on sale in America.

I feel sure it will "break the bank" here too! In fact, I'm staking everything on your liking it so much that I'll refund your $2.75 (that's the price) if you are at all disappointed. And if you like it—you know I'd like to hear about that, too!

Sincerely,
William B. Randall
President, Renauld of France
1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York

the desired result is achieved. The chicks grow strong, and the last of their baby down molts away. By the beginning of February, they are ready to take part in the mass exodus to the sea. They receive no training in swimming or fishing. Starting off from the shore rather clumsily, they soon get the hang of the thing, and dart away as though they had known the sea from the moment of birth. From this time onward, as far as we know, they are on their own, and may not meet their parents ever again as they range the seas away to the north. Meanwhile, the long winter night folds over Crozier, and for six or seven months a great silence descends on the rookery. The leopard seals presumably follow the penguins out to sea.

ONE feels very close to the early explorers in these surroundings. Nothing has changed since James Cook first crossed the Antarctic Circle, two centuries ago. Men still remain midgets on these vast deserts of ice, and it is not difficult to imagine what the first polar expeditions, with their dog teams and ponies, endured in the days when there were no planes and no radio. As with the climbing of Mount Everest, one has the uneasy feeling that too much heroism was committed here for a thing that was basically meaningless, yet it is impossible not to be moved by Shackleton's battling up the Beardmore glacier, by Amundsen's and Scott's great marches to the Pole, by the terrible death of Scott and his men, by Byrd's wintering-over alone in his fume-filled hut, and by so many other stubborn exploits of barely fifty years ago. Their cry seems to have been "*Ecce homo!* I am a man—I will conquer even if I do not survive."

Byrd's camp at Little America was built on the Ross ice shelf and most of the buildings have drifted out to sea, but three of Scott's and Shackleton's wooden huts still stand on the coastline close to McMurdo, and have recently been disinterred from the ice that had preserved them for the last half century. You enter these huts now rather in the manner of an archeologist breaking into an Egyptian tomb, and since nothing has been destroyed by either ants or the raging blizzard, and nothing has decomposed, you peer directly into the past, and it is like an old photograph come to life. The huts, measuring some twenty feet square, were very solidly built, with double windows and deep eaves, and inside them you discover bales of chaff (for the ponies), stacks of seal blubber (for heating the stoves

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Name another car that comes on like the Barracuda, seats 5, and costs less than $2500

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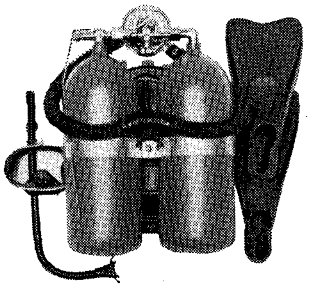
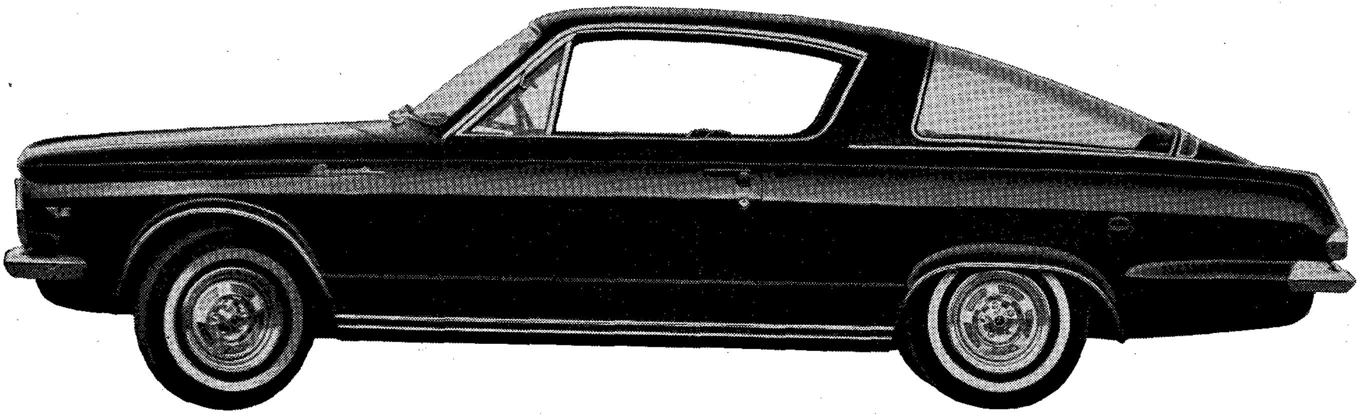
A fastback is one thing. A fastback that converts into the world's most exciting cargo ship is another.

The point is, the Barracuda is more than wild-looking. It's got a full back seat that folds down, creating 7 feet of fully carpeted "anything" space. (Anything from luggage to ladders!) Other standard equipment: front bucket seats and tinted glass in rear window.



Optional teasers include a 273-cubic-inch V-8; a floor-mounted 4-speed shift; a racing-type, wood-grained steering wheel; and wheel covers with exposed chrome-plated lugs. (It's a kick just to go down the street with those lugs spinning!)

*"Less than $2500" is based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for lowest-price 6-cylinder model, exclusive of destination charges, state and local taxes, if any, and optional equipment.



Barracuda the spectacular new fastback by **Plymouth**

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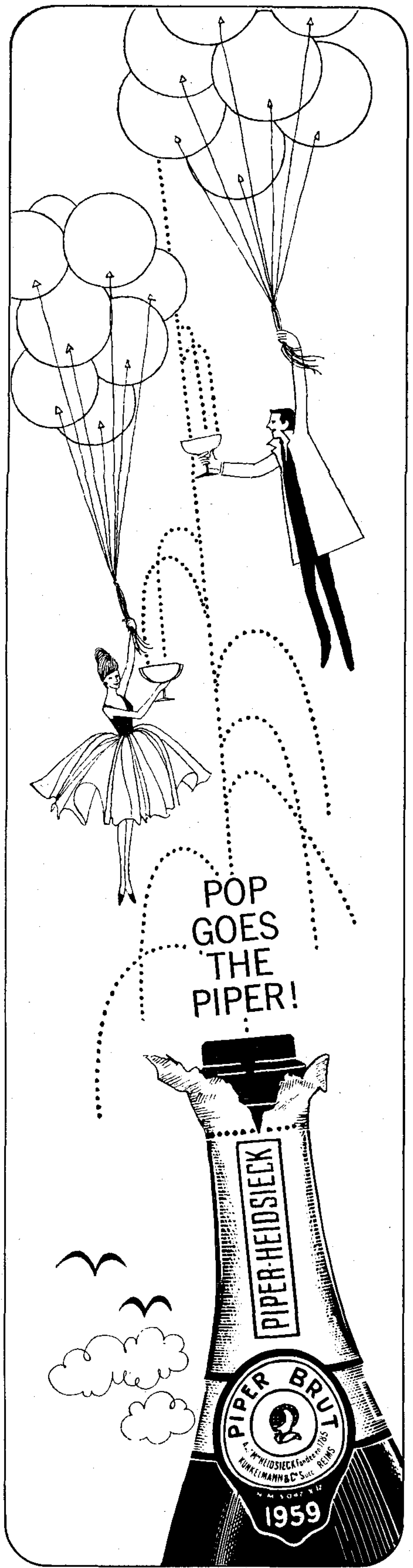

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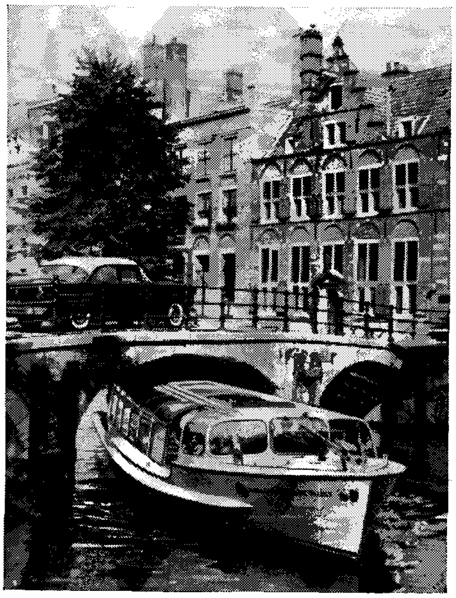
and feeding the dogs), boxes of Spratt's biscuits (still edible), tins of wax vestas and cigarettes, legs of mutton and sides of beef, many cans of soup and meat and vegetables and tripe and onions, and cooking stoves, photographic equipment, blankets, woollen gloves and mittens and canvas boots, candles and mousetraps (did mice then escape from their ships to the warm huts?), wooden sledges, and a great deal of harness. There are many English magazines of fifty years ago, such as the *Illustrated London News*, and a catholic selection of books—"The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Man They Could Not Hang," the Bible, and a life of Mary Queen of Scots, upon the flyleaf of which some exasperated explorer wrote, "This book should be described by someone rather than read by oneself, for it is unreadable." Scott's pipe rack stands on the wall above his desk; others in the party tacked up photographs of their homes and friends and families; and the bunk of Captain Oates, the man who walked alone out into the blizzard rather than impede his comrades with his dying body, is easily recognizable, for he was a great lover of animals, and all his pin-ups were of horses and dogs. Outside one hut, the petrified skeleton of a husky is still chained to a post (Who left it there? Was it shot, or was it simply forgotten and left to starve?), and it is not unusual to pick up all sorts of oddments in the snow—a broken ski, a tobacco pouch, a coin, a pocketbook that was thrown away. These men wrote letters that were never posted, and the ink is unfaded. They related the minutiae of their lives through the interminable winter night, and spoke of what they had done and still hoped to do, and although what has actually been achieved now in the Antarctic is certainly beyond their wildest dreams, it is perhaps not altogether fanciful to suppose that they played a part in the building of the nuclear station at McMurdo and in the safe arrival of the helicopters and the giant air transports. Looking at their photographs, one does not see any marked difference between these firstcomers and the young men who now volunteer to spend yet another winter on the ice. Indeed, it is only fair to make the point here that this present enterprise of the United States Navy in the Antarctic is as resourceful, imaginative, and daring as anything that has gone before. Because it is on so vast a scale, and is so technical, and functions so smoothly and reliably, one tends to lose sight of the



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8 facts you should know about the careful, punctual Dutch and KLM reliability

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3. A KLM jet has *seven* navigation systems to help your jet captain get you to Europe *on time.*

4. It takes longer to become a KLM jet captain than a doctor. A pilot must fly 12 years with KLM before he can command a KLM jet.

5. A KLM jet carries one-third more fuel than it needs to fly the Atlantic. Just to be sure.

6. *Over thirty percent of KLM's maintenance work is done for other airlines. A nice vote of confidence in the careful, punctual Dutch.*

7. Every time a KLM jet flies a round trip between Amsterdam and the United States, KLM technicians double-check 166 points *in detail.*

8. KLM's total route network is 168,000 miles—the world's second longest air network. You can fly with the careful, punctual Dutch to more than 100 cities.

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

Amsterdam [left], Rome [center], and Athens [right]. For details of new low KLM fares to all three, clip coupon.

Fly to Rome, Athens or 32 other European cities with reliable KLM—and visit Amsterdam on the way for no extra jet fare

If you're planning a European vacation this year, reliable KLM can fly you to almost any city you want. Even Moscow, if you'd like to go.

But, before you make any final decisions, KLM has a suggestion:

Begin your vacation in Amsterdam. It will surprise you in many ways.

Start with the very practical matter of cost. Amsterdam is one of the least expensive cities in Europe. And now your *jet fare* to Amsterdam is a remarkable bargain, too. KLM's 21-day jet economy excursion fare to Amsterdam is only $341.80. That's almost $200 less than last summer's economy fares.

Extra cities, no extra air fare

Another surprise: with a KLM "bonus city" ticket to any of 34 European cities, you can stop off in Amsterdam *for no extra air fare.*

Stay there a few days—then be on your way again to Rome or Athens. Here are just a few reasons that Amsterdam is an ideal "first stop."

▶ Amsterdam is a remarkably friendly place. It eases you into Europe—gently. There's no language problem. Almost everybody speaks English. Even the cab drivers and porters.

▶ If you're planning a Grand Tour, there's no better place to start than Amsterdam. It sits right on the edge of the continent. You can circle Europe from Amsterdam without backtracking.

▶ Should you prefer to drive through Europe, you can buy a car at Amsterdam Airport—save enough to pay for *two* round-trip KLM jet tickets. Example: a Jaguar Mark X sedan costs $1,750 *less* than the list price in the U. S. You have a choice of 16 makes.

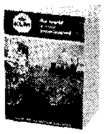
If you want to *rent* a car, rental rates are lower in Amsterdam than in most other cities in Europe.

Tax-free bargains

Amsterdam also has one of the biggest tax-free centers in Europe. And it's right at the airport. You can save almost 50 percent on liquor, watches, cameras, perfumes. Tip: stop off here to buy gifts—on the way home.

Come be surprised in Amsterdam. Tell your travel agent you want to begin and end your tour there.

For more facts about Amsterdam, KLM's new fares and "bonus city" bargains, clip the coupon below.



For a free copy of KLM's brochure, "The World Is Your Vacationland," simply clip this coupon. KLM's colorful new vacation catalog is chockful of KLM travel bargains in Europe, the Mediterranean, the Caribbean and around the world. You'll learn how to visit up to 25 extra cities for no extra air fare, even how to earn a free tour as a tour conductor.

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Please rush me KLM's new 20-page vacation catalog called "The World Is Your Vacationland."

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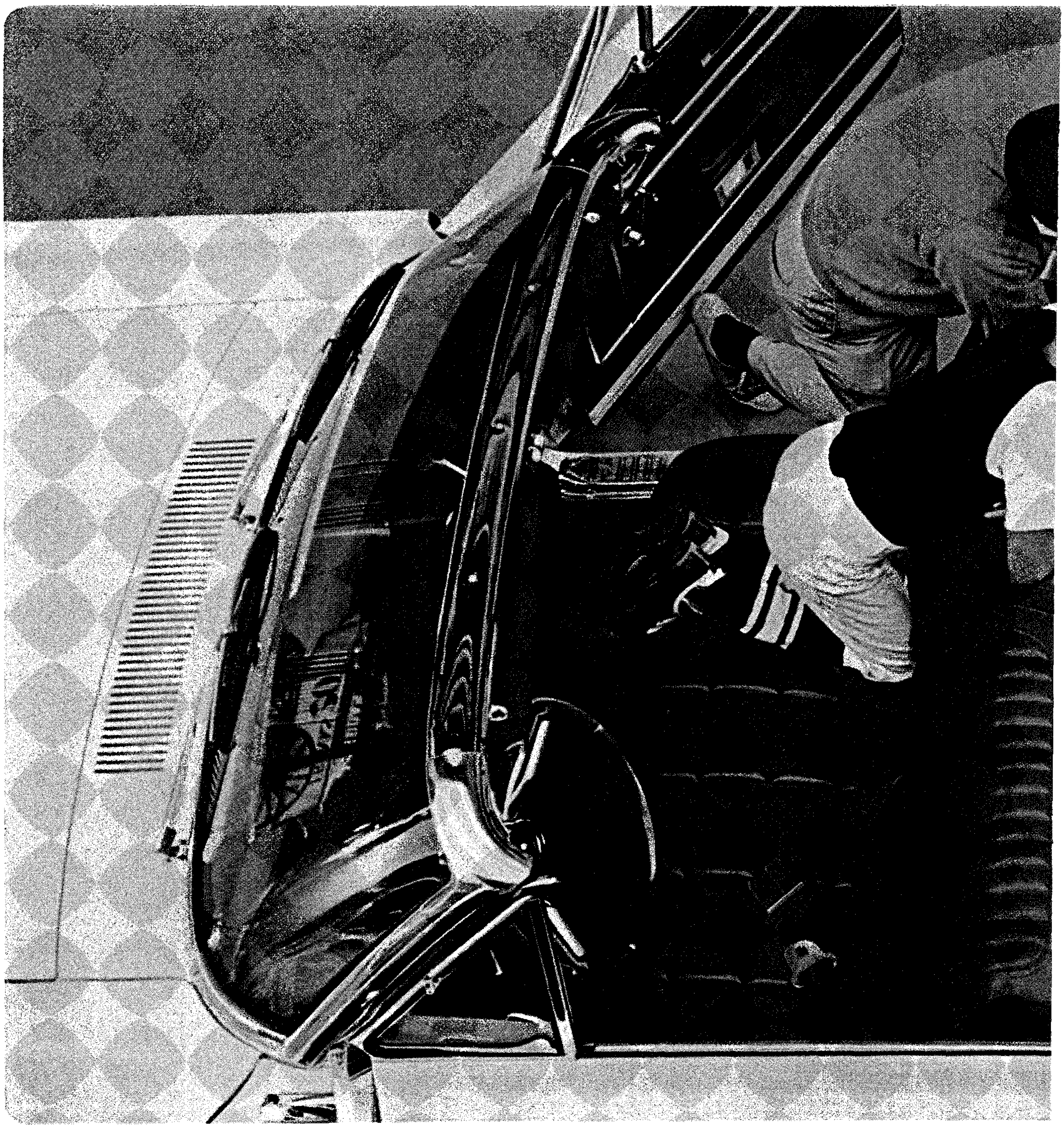
KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

B-16

Ford-built quality interiors take hot dogs and mustard—with relish.



Comet Caliente interiors love kids and "dogs." Extra heavy vinyl resists scuffs, wipes clean. Thick carpet is rugged nylon and rayon.

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY WONDER ROTUNDA, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Richer, longer-lasting upholstery and carpeting is another reason why Ford-built means better built.

Young sluggers don't faze the rugged beauty of today's Ford-built interiors.

Those leather-like new vinyls have a 20% thicker face over a 40% heavier backing. Developed by Ford Motor Company research, they resist sun, tearing and soiling better and clean easier than any in the industry.

Ford Motor Company is so particular about vinyls it makes most of its own. Its plant is the third largest in the world. The vinyls are so superior, top furniture makers buy them!

Or take the fabrics. Even in the least expensive Ford-built car, seats have a 100% nylon face.

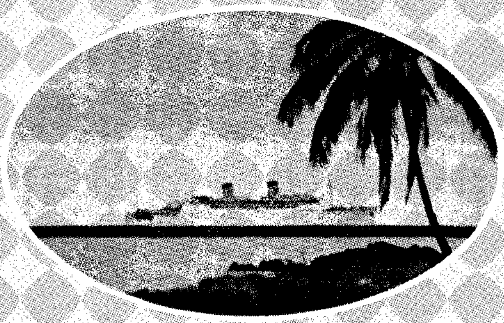
Carpeting, too, is amazingly long-wearing. For example, in the Comet Caliente, you get a thick loop pile nylon and rayon weave you'd be proud to have in your home.

Wherever you look inside a Ford Motor Company car, you'll find beauty made durable. Further proof that today Ford-built means better built... be it cars, trucks, tractors or farm implements.

Ford-built means better built Ford MOTOR COMPANY

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD • THUNDERBIRD
COMET • MERCURY • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Enjoy The Grand Manner of Matson to Hawaii



A cruise on Matson's Pacific is much more than travel to and from Hawaii's lovely islands. It is an incomparable vacation in itself. For here, aboard luxurious SS Lurline, charms and graces that have all but disappeared from life on land attend your every moment for 4½ days and 5 nights each way. No other means of transportation—no land-bound resort—surrounds you with such sumptuous comforts or so many lavish considerations and regal pleasures. It's the one experience that makes your Hawaiian holiday truly complete.

Yet the Grand Manner of Matson is not costly. Economy staterooms with bath nearby are priced from $414 round trip. Staterooms with private bath from $567 round trip. And the price of your ticket includes all of the countless niceties for which Matson's exclusively First Class liners are renowned. To select your stateroom and sailing date, see your travel agent or write Matson Lines, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

Matson Lines®

THE VACATION WAY TO AND FROM HAWAII

difficulties and dangers of the whole operation, and of the skill and determination that make it work.

In the summer of 1911-12, it took Amundsen, with his dog teams, three months to get from the coast to the Pole and back. In recent years, his steps have been retraced in tracked vehicles in a matter of weeks. For the casual visitor today, things are still easier; he makes the round-trip journey to the Pole in a single day. He receives instructions of this sort:

PLAN OF THE DAY FOR VISITOR GROUP

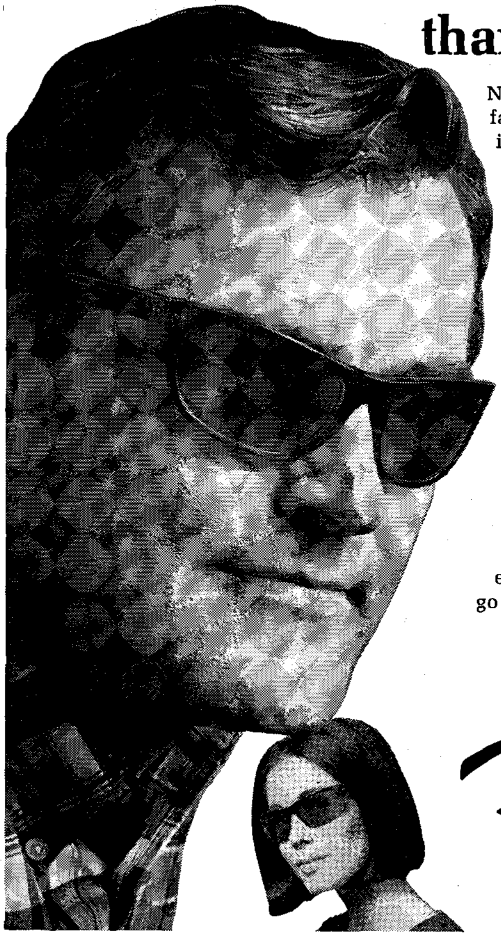
0800: GROUND TRANSPORTATION TO THE STRIP: Visitors report to "City Square" for ground transportation to the Strip.

0900: DEPART FOR SOUTH POLE STATION: It is expected that visitors will remain at Pole Station approximately 1½ hours. All visitors will, in addition to regular clothing, wear thermo boots, heavy trousers with liners, and carry fur-backed mittens and face masks. Visitors are urged to insure that hoods are properly affixed to parkas. These requirements are necessary because the temperatures at Pole Station averaged −25 to −35 degrees F for the past week. Visitors will return to McMurdo Station at approximately 1700.

Evening: MOVIE IN THE WARDROOM: "On the Beach." Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.

During the flight, there is not much to be seen—the cliffs of the central tableland, an occasional mountain in the distance, the ribbed glaciers below, the universal whiteness—but one would have to be spectacularly obtuse not to be excited. The great Navy plane skids to a standstill on the ice, and as the passenger clutches his fur hood around his ears and steps out into a cold that smites him in the face, he is only human if he says to himself, "Well, here I am, I've done it." All around him is a vast circular plain of frozen snow, with not so much as a hummock to break the perfect symmetry of the horizon. When the sun shines, as it can, brightly out of a cloudless sky, you see it all at a glance, and the Pole itself, marked by a couple of posts stuck in the ice, is, you realize, nothing more than a mathematical calculation on a map. As far as the scenery goes, it could be here or there or anywhere for hundreds of miles around. And apart from one or two tracked vehicles crunching about, a tall metal pylon with the Stars and Stripes on top, and a couple of storage dumps, there is nothing of the camp to be seen; it lies underground, for the good reason that in every blizzard the blown snow builds up a very great weight upon any protuberance above the surface. Because

There's more to good sun glasses than meets the eye!



Naturally, you'd expect fine sun glasses like famous Ray-Bans to have the most flattering styles. And they do...dozens of them for both men and women! However, style is the *second* reason for buying sun glasses. *First* is complete protection from the glare that brings on eye fatigue. Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are scientifically designed to filter out potentially harmful rays while letting cool light in, keeping your eyes comfortable all day long. ☐ Matched, optically corrected lenses are free from the objectionable imperfections and distortions so common in so many sun glasses. This advantage is a direct result of Bausch & Lomb's unequalled experience in the manufacture of quality eye wear. When you buy sun glasses again, put a realistic value on your eyes. Give them exclusive Ray-Ban comfort whenever you go outdoors. See Ray-Ban Sun Glasses at optical offices, fine stores and sport shops. For free style folder, write Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, N.Y. 14602.

Ray-Ban®
SUN GLASSES
By BAUSCH & LOMB

Wear glasses? You can have Ray-Ban lenses ground to your prescription.

LOTION EXTRAORDINAIRE
TILLEUL
D'ORSAY

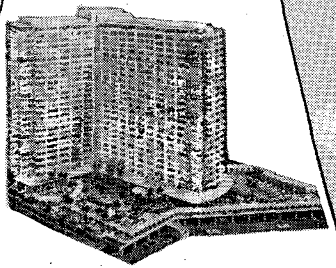
**This week,
ask your masseuse to use Tilleul instead of the usual.**

Tilleul is a new body lotion distilled from the blossom and leaf of the linden tree of the Middle East. It has amazing capacities for toning your skin, relaxing your spirit. D'Orsay imports it from France and purveys it at I. Magnin & Co. and other fine establishments everywhere. Say "Tee-yul"—that's Tilleul. 7.50 plus tax.

ILIKAI

Hawaii's Newest Resort

Rising a spectacular thirty stories above Waikiki Yacht Harbor, the ultra modern new Ilikai offers deluxe accommodations. All rooms have electric kitchens, executive bars, private lanais and television. There are four restaurants which cater to the thrifty traveler as well as to the Gourmet Globetrotter. See your travel agent. Let him tell you how delightfully different we are.



CHINN HO
President

HOWARD C. DONNELLY
Executive Vice-President and General Manager

ILIKAI, 1777 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii
A Capital Investment Company Project.

one is so high—nine thousand feet—and so cold, one's heart thumps violently with any sort of exertion, and at first it is a little difficult to get one's breath. So when one has had oneself photographed ("Me at the South Pole"), one clutches the letters that one intends to get cancelled with the South Pole postmark and proceeds down a ramp into the warm depths of the base below.

However much of a cliché it has become to speak about this place, it is still an astonishing thing that it could ever have been built at all—that here, in the most savage of all climates and probably more remote from civilization than any other point on earth, these girders, these massive wooden huts, these engines and scientific instruments, and these tons of food and fuel could have been lifted from McMurdo by air and set up so precisely and securely. If men can do this, then surely they can establish a similar installation on the moon. The element of time has no normal relevance at the inland depots. At Byrd, for instance, they keep San Francisco time, and the traveller who leaves McMurdo—which keeps New Zealand time—on, say, a Wednesday finds that a few hours later he arrives at Byrd on Tuesday. No submariner could be more indifferent to the weather than these men are, and the dimmed, colored lights in the sleeping quarters are the only indication that there is such a thing as night. It is rather like being on a ship—an anchored spaceship that never moves—and one walks through the bathrooms and the bedrooms (two men to a room), the bar and the wardroom and the storage cellars, and past a hundred clicking machines in the scientific laboratories, with a slightly tranced feeling, not because these things are unfamiliar or because one did not expect to find them but because it is so difficult to relate this cheerful, heated, calculating box to the utter barbarity of the wilderness outside. For two miles below you there is ice, and ice again on every side. This is the troglodytic existence carried to the last extreme, and nature is absolutely defied. A couple of young scientists are growing a little bed of tomatoes and other vegetables in a chemical mixture in a tank—probably the only green growing things for a thousand miles around—but the plants are not thriving sufficiently to fruit. Well, it doesn't matter; preserved food is here in abundance, with an avuncular-looking chef in charge of it. One eats one's luncheon steak with a good appetite.

But it is at Byrd Station (which re-

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Just buy KODAK Prepaid Processing Mailers at your dealer's. (Price covers processing cost.) Mail your exposed Kodak color still or movie film direct to Kodak in the prepaid mailer envelope. Get your slides, movies or prints returned directly by mail, processed with the same care Kodak puts into making film. Sure sign of quality processing is "Processed by Kodak" on your color slides and movie film, and "Made by Kodak" on the back of your color prints.

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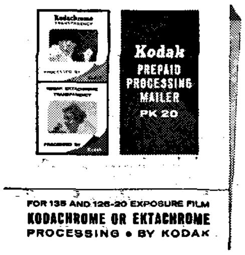

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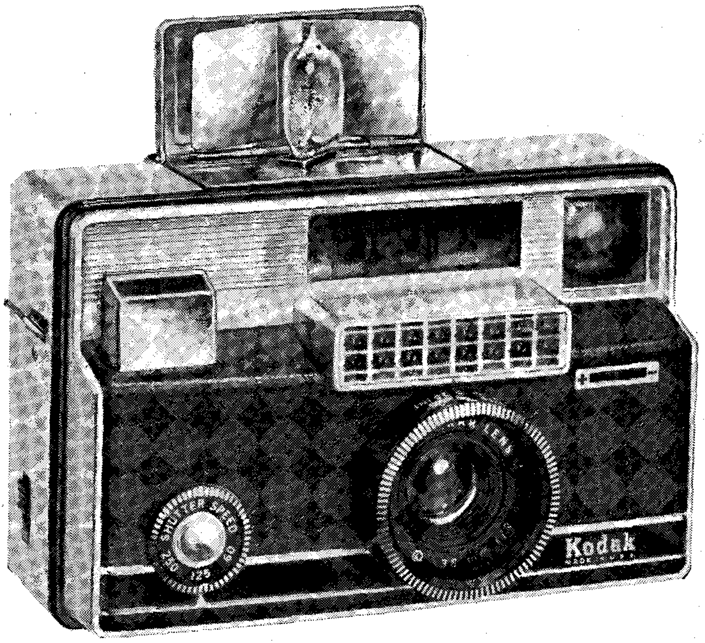
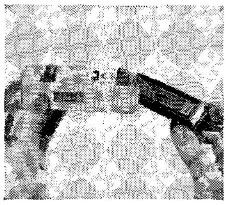
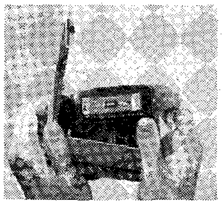


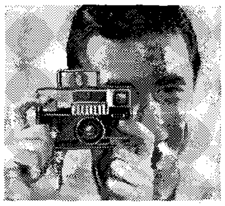
KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera does practically everything for you . . . automatically



OPEN . . .



DROP IN . . .



SHOOT . . .

automatically loads and is instantly ready for action . . .

automatically advances film by powerful spring motor; always ready for the next shot . . .

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automatically adjusts the fast *f*/2.8 lens for correct exposure . . .

automatically slows down the shutter when light is dim . . .

automatically warns you when to use flash; you won't waste film . . .

automatically adjusts for film speed when you load the camera . . .

automatically switches to flash speed when you pop up the flash holder . . .

automatically sets itself for correct flash exposure as you focus . . .

automatically compensates for daylight when using flash outdoors . . .

automatically indicates, by rangefinder, when focus is correct . . .

The KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera costs less than $130. For other models and prices, see your Kodak dealer.

Price subject to change without notice.

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Kodak
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Why
do we
age
Grey Poupon
Mustard
in wood?

GREY
POUPON
PREPARED DIJON
MUSTARD
MADE WITH WHITE WINE

It takes longer, to be sure. And a knowing taste can tell the difference. Aging in wood gives Grey Poupon a character, a flavor all its own. It's bold but not biting. It's a richer, truer mustard with more real mustard flavor. The authentic Dijon recipe also requires mellow white wine. We include that, too. And a dozen or more rich seasonings and spices. Try it just once and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary mustard again. Understandably, Grey Poupon costs a bit more, but it's well worth it.

GREY
POUPON
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

quires a similar journey on another day) that one is really on the moon. For some reason, though it is seven hundred miles from the Pole, it seems even more remote than the Pole Station, so it is all the more wonderful to find here a complete township of underground streets that run on in a maze for three-quarters of a mile. The houses of this town are square wooden buildings erected in the middle of the street, with footpaths on either side and an arched metal roof over all. There is more to be seen aboveground here; khaki-colored cupolas and domes burgeon out of the icy plain, antennas with stay wires are dotted about, and a weather balloon rises casually into the pale sky. It is a scene that reminds one strongly of science fiction, and, indeed, unless you are an expert, it is not really possible to comprehend what is going on. In the laboratories, you are told, this man, with his eye intent upon a panel of dials, is studying the currents of the upper air, and this other man is an expert on cosmic rays, while these men over here are investigating the movement of the ice cap or the aurora, which trails bright curtains of colored light in the winter sky, or the behavior of sunspots, or one of a dozen other phenomena. One understands perhaps in a general way that a great deal can be done here in predicting weather, in discovering minerals beneath the ice, and in investigating space, but the layman tends to relate the whole thing to the miraculous and to think in terms of the imagination rather than of practical science; he feels that he is already halfway to the moon—and if the moon, then why not Mars and all the other planets?

There is, of course, a disconcerting sterility in these places. Apart from those few tomato plants, nothing grows, nothing is reproduced. The men have no pets, whether dogs or cats or birds, no cockroach is on the floor, no rat among the stores, no flower anywhere; nor are there any women. What, then, keeps them going? The answer appears to be that they have their preoccupation with their work and, perhaps, a sense of adventure about living in so strange and remote a place. Then, too, there is the reassurance of a definite routine, the sort of comradeship that springs up on any outlandish expedition, and the usual distractions—the good food; the nightly movies; books, chess, and music; the news that comes over the radio; the network of esoteric little experiences that build up a pattern of life in any outpost. Finally, there is a

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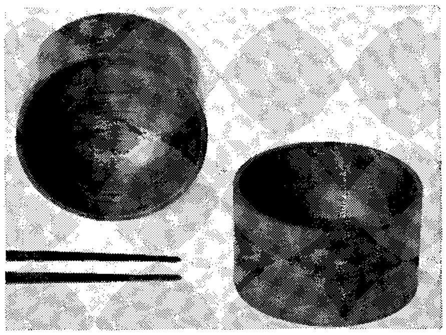
stacking teak from Denmark designed by Torsten Johansson
salad serving bowl 8″ diam. x 4¾″ high $28.50 ppd.
individual salad bowls 5¾″ diam. $7.75 ea. ppd.
nut dishes 5¾″ diam. $5.00 ea. ppd.



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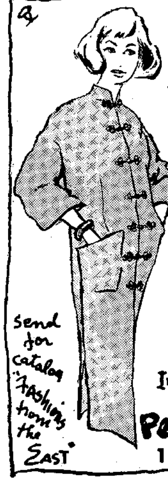

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How to be dressed
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S-M-L $6.95
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MILK
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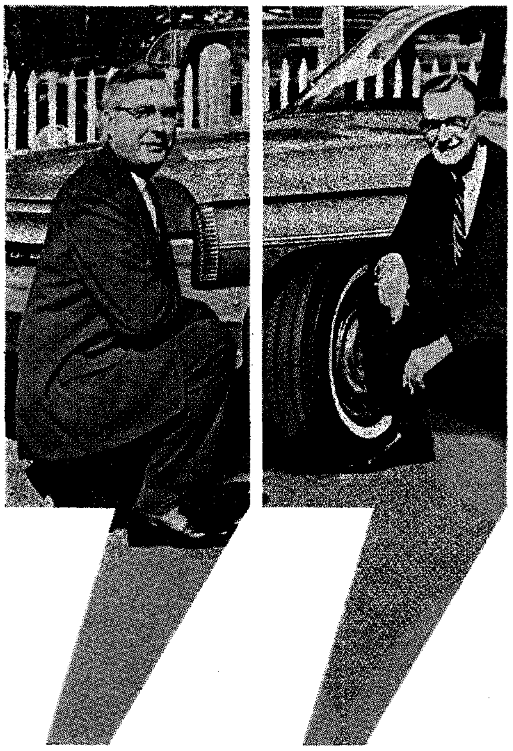
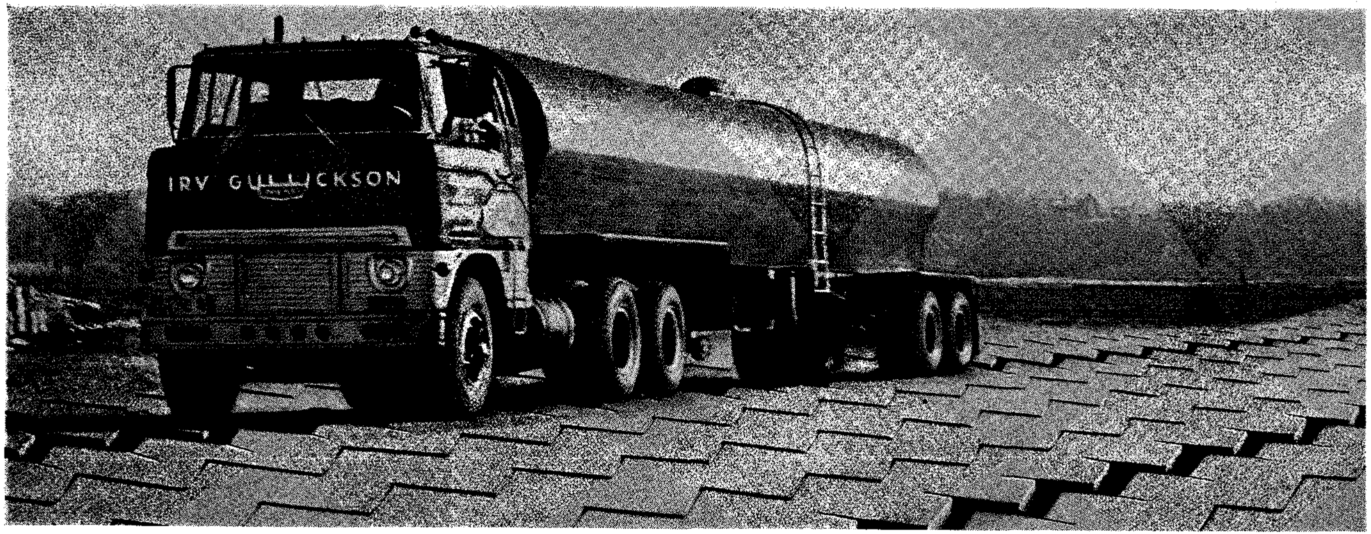
My records prove Kelly truck tires give me lower costs per mile—so I put Kelly tires on my family car, too



...says truck company owner Irv Gullickson of Deerfield, Wisconsin



Mr. Gullickson has tried many tire brands. He now uses Kelly tires exclusively on his fleet of twenty milk-carrying tank trucks—and his family car, too.

He gives one simple reason for this preference: "Kelly tires outperform other tire brands. On my car, I get outstanding dependability and tread life. On my trucks, Kelly tires lower my costs per mile. For example, one set of tractor rib nylons gave me over 202,000 miles of wear. Performance like this convinced me Kellys were my best tire buy."

Is your brand of tires measuring up to performance like this? Truck tires or passenger tires, Kelly builds them tougher. See your Kelly dealer soon. He'll show you how you save when you ride the Kelly Road.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, Cumberland, Md., U.S.A.; in Canada, Rexdale, Ontario.

PROVED & IMPROVED FOR 70 YEARS

KELLY
Springfield
TIRES

RIDE THE SAFER KELLY ROAD

PHOTO UPPER RIGHT: IRV GULLICKSON AND KELLY DEALER AL STEEN.

The Red Coach Chef spot-checks his chowder

The Red Coach Chef, that painstaking magician, never hesitates to visit any remote location if it promises to improve his Big Red Menu. The man's determination to serve you the finest clams, lobsters, and Cape Cod scallops in season has become legendary. Come in soon and discover why particular people come back to the Red Coach . . . often.

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New York: New York City, Yonkers, Westbury, L. I. • **Connecticut:** Darien, Wethersfield
Florida: Miami, Fort Lauderdale

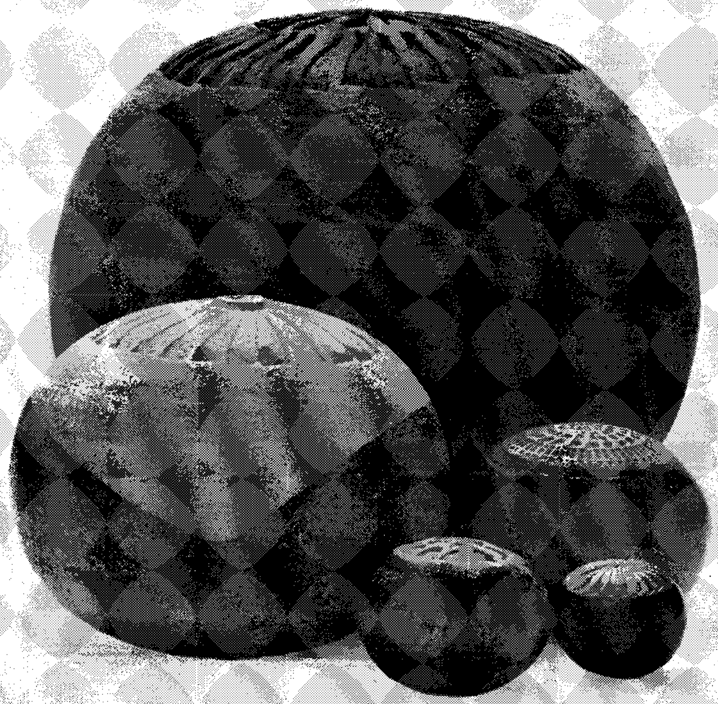
RED COACH GRILLS
a division of Howard Johnson Company

more subtle thing—the sense of gathering merit in simply living out each succeeding day. There does not appear to be excessive smoking or drinking. The few pinups on the walls are, however, noticeable for a certain giantism. They are enormous, ballooning women, not the sort of women, probably, that the men would ever marry but, instead, almost fertility figures—notions of the idea of woman rather than the real woman herself. If there is any mental strain in these camps, it is not apparent; indeed, there is marked friendliness everywhere, and morale seems to be exceptionally high. It is not unlike the front line in the last war; risk—or, at any rate, a sense of potential danger—evidently creates a feeling of well-being and companionship, and men behave rather better toward one another than they normally do. The men at Byrd have the outpost sense of humor. I asked one of the officers if psychiatrists visited the station. "Yes," he said. "They do come, but not often. They can't stand the nervous strain."

Seen from the Pole and Byrd Stations, the McMurdo camp looks like home; in fact, it *is* like home when you get back in the evening and sit down to watch, with comfortable detachment, the horrors endured by Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck in "On the Beach." Being at sea level, McMurdo is much warmer than the inland stations, and the sea itself is a kind of reassurance, however coated over with ice it may be. In the summer, there is always an icebreaker shuttling back and forth in the sound, nudging the icebergs out of the way and keeping a channel clear to the open ocean. These ships have round bottoms, and the Southern Ocean is the stormiest of seas, so they have an uncomfortable passage down from New Zealand at the end of the winter. Sometimes they have as much as sixty miles of ice, six feet thick or more, to break through before they reach the Antarctic coast. It is a matter of crash and bump as the reinforced hull hits the pack, sticks fast, and then hauls off to come crashing in again—a monotonous business for the crew but a lively experience for the visitor. Each time the ship strikes the pack, a thin fracture streaks away across the ice like a writhing snake for a hundred yards or so. This crack remains apparently stationary for an instant and then suddenly widens into a chasm, with the green sea coming up from below. A moment later, the whole mass ahead splits into fragments. Great wafers of broken ice—white above, sea-green below, or occa-

EXHIBITION

Ceramics by Karin Bjorquist of Gustavsberg, Sweden through July 10th.



Make a visit to this exhibition a part of your World's Fair plan.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
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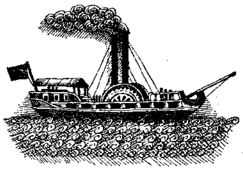
Of all the Englishmen who drink gin... how many drink Gordon's?

Most of them. And it's been that way for years. To be blunt about it, Gordon's is England's biggest selling gin—as it is America's and the world's. Why? Probably because we have always refused to tamper with a good thing. Gordon's still harks back to Alexander Gordon's original formula—conceived in London 195 years ago—so its distinctive dryness and delicate flavour remain unchanged and unchallenged to this day. Ask for Gordon's by name.

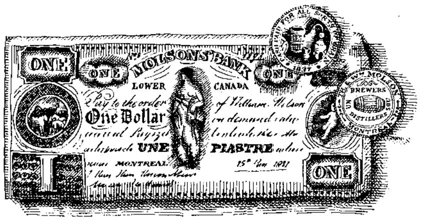
GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

PRODUCT OF U. S. A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

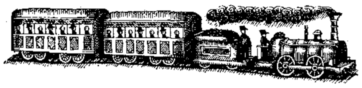
What a Molson is



Canada's first steamboat, the "Accommodation," churned up and down the St. Lawrence in 1809. It started the Molson Steamship Line.

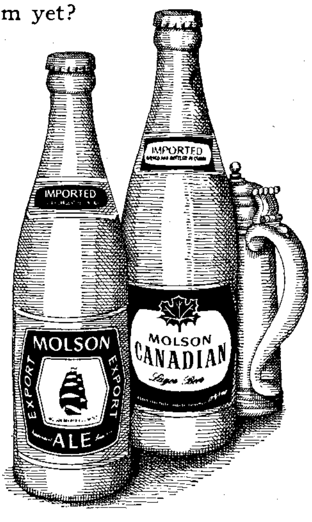


Ale-making barley bought in Montreal, 1837, was paid for with money issued by the Molson bank and called Molson dollars.



After 1836, another first for Molson clickety clacked south from Montreal... *The Molson Railroad.*

But the first *Molson* of all goes back to 1786, John Molson's Ale. Today, not only in Canada, but in all of North America, Molson's is the largest selling ale. This good ale and Molson Canadian Lager Beer are what a *Molson* is. Have you tasted them yet?



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sionally stained with yellow algae—come slithering past the ship, never really bumping it but jostling one another and turning over as the sea washes them away. There is no noise—just the intermittent groan of the collision, and the swish of the icy spray coming up from the point of contact. A river of smashed ice streams out behind. With so much easy destruction going on, one has a childish and unreasoning sense of power. It happens sometimes that a basking seal or a couple of Emperor penguins stand in the path of the ship. They eye its approach with a kind of dull alarm until the cracks in the ice streak out toward them, and then, with one quick movement, they dive into the safety of the sea. The killer whales—and you see many of them—do not appear to fear the ship very greatly. They come cruising by in groups of three or four, rising to the surface together with perfect grace and timing. You have a glimpse of a rakish fin on each broad black back, and of a puff of spray from each blowhole, and then, with an upward flick of the tail, they curve down into the depths again. Killer whales are ferocious beasts, and it is a little unexpected to find them behaving so elegantly, so much like a corps de ballet. Of the mild, ninety-foot blue whale, the largest animal in creation, you see nothing now. It has been pretty well wiped out by the deep-seagoing whaleships, with their helicopters and high-explosive guns.

TOWARD March, the sun begins growing fainter day by day, and the packing up for the winter gets under way. Every outgoing plane or ship is filled with men returning to civilization. Those who have had the toughest time of all—the parties that have been out on traverse in the far interior—make for the base camps, and it is a pleasant thing to see them come in. Last summer, the New Zealanders had a party of six men and four dog teams out in the wilderness for three and a half months, making a geological survey. They walked almost as far as Scott and Amundsen did when they made their journeys to the Pole, and except for the radio, and occasional supplies brought to them by air, they were entirely isolated. They lived in small tents warmed only by Primus cooking stoves, they fed their dogs on frozen seal meat, and when their work was done they marked out an airfield on the ice and radioed to the Americans (all nations help one another in the Antarc-

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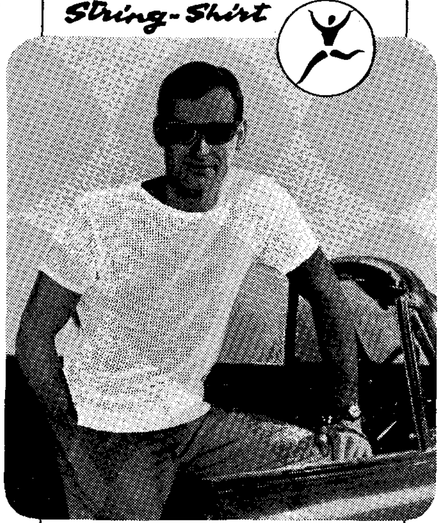

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"can you climb
a hill?"

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"go off the road?"

"anywhere! and
with a load too."

"go in snow?"

"up to my bumpers!"

"got
4-wheel drive?"

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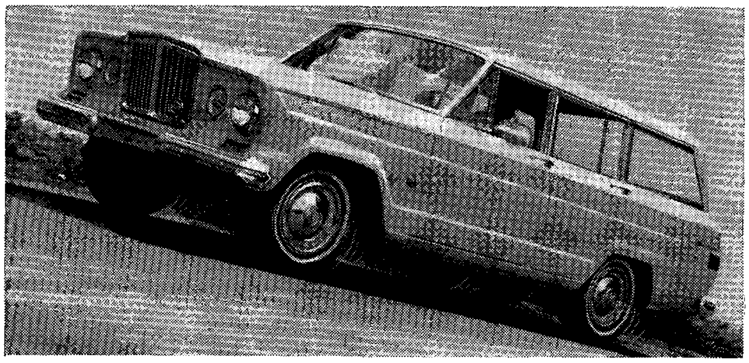
"oh"



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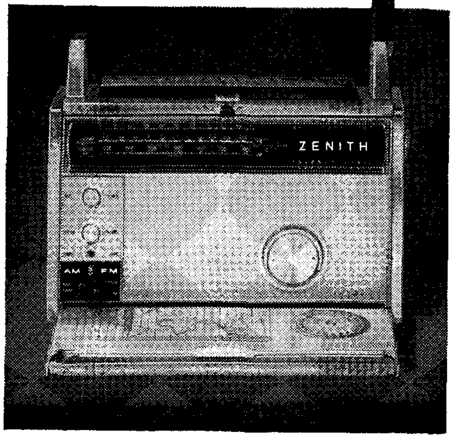

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tic) for a plane to come and pick them up, dogs and all. The huskies, originally brought from Greenland, are becoming an anachronism now, since it is usually more practical to use tracked vehicles on the ice, but everyone will regret seeing them go, since they are such a nostalgic link with the exploring past and are so much more lively and spirited than any vehicle can ever be. Indeed, it will be hard to think of the Antarctic without them. This lot—about forty of them—were in excellent shape, yapping and barking excitedly as they tumbled out of the plane at McMurdo. You need the Antarctic to make an animal's coat as thick and gleaming as this—thick enough for him to weather out any blizzard in the open, summer or winter. As for the six men with the dogs, they looked like Vikings, with their spade-shaped beards, their laced canvas boots, and their conical fur hoods. Three and a half months of living out in the open in temperatures well below zero and marching from ten to twenty miles a day seems to be the recipe for rude health. After so long afield, the understanding between man and dog was complete. Within a few minutes, the sledges were loaded and each dog, yelping with eagerness to be away, was harnessed in his accustomed place, and off they all went at a smart clip across the ice to the New Zealand camp, three miles away. In all the Antarctic, there is no prettier sight than this—the dogs pulling together, the sledge swishing behind them, and the bearded men skiing alongside. No whip is used, and there are no reins; the leading dog sets the pace, and the men keep calling to the team in a sort of pidgin Eskimo language—"Now right, now left, now hold, now on you get again," with a lot of non-Eskimo adjectives in between. There is something very gay and natural about all this—a feeling of space and freedom that one rather misses when travelling in a tractor or in a heated plane. Riding as a passenger on the sledge, you feel the lift and pull of the dogs' muscles; the motion is both exhilarating and soothing, and although the wind whips sharply around your ears, you do not feel cold—or, rather, you cease to worry about your fear of feeling cold. Even the dogs appear to enjoy the run, and when they reach camp and are tethered to long steel ropes laid out in the snow, they rear up around you, barking and wagging their tails, wanting to be patted and made much of.

One comes away from these scenes with much regret, and it is hardly to

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still
of the
night...

we roam through the halls shining the shoes you've left outside your door. It's just another one of the extra conveniences at the Manger Hay-Adams Hotel, where *everything's* been thought of for your comfort . . . from oversized towels to individual terry cloth bathrobes. 200 rooms of sheer luxury.

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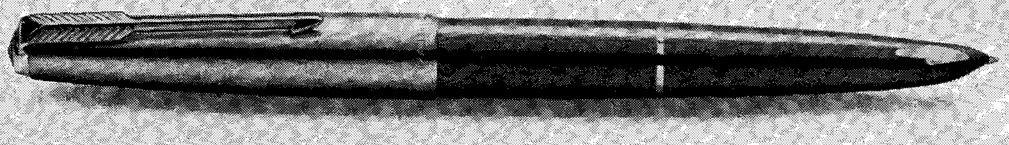

choice

When Smith, Barney & Co. works with corporate clients in planning a new issue of securities, we are often faced with alternatives much more complex than Portia's caskets of gold, lead, and silver in *The Merchant of Venice.* We try to choose, like Bassanio, "not by the view" alone.

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be wondered at that so many men volunteer for a second tour of duty in the Antarctic. Despite all the continent's hardships and deprivations, one's blood flows faster in that dry thin air, and normal civilization, though greatly yearned for and thought about, begins to seem a little tame. In the plane coming back to New Zealand, I sat beside a man who had been for eighteen months on the ice, and I was interested to see what his reactions would be on returning to the surroundings of ordinary life. Would it be the green grass and the trees that attracted him most? Or the girls? Or the shops and the traffic on the streets? We landed, and he observed all these things, but he made no comment. Then suddenly he lifted his hand and swiped the air in front of him. "My God!" he said. "A fly!"

We were out of the deep freeze, out of the antiseptic purity of the ice, and back in the contaminated world again. And that, too, was very pleasant.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE, AND THERE ALWAYS WAS, AN AD MAN

[*Adv. in the Boston Daily Advertiser, June 20, 1887*]

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

is coming, and we must remind our readers of what happened to "Little Johnny" last season.
Listen:

Little Johnny rose at five,
(The Glorious Fourth the story's dated)
Little Johnny rose at five,
As has already been stated.

At six he placed some crackers damp
Within the stove to make them dryer.
At half-past six the engines came,
But failed to quell the kitchen fire.

At eight he lightly issued forth
To purchase powder, squibs and rockets;
At nine he gaily brought them home,
With matches in his infant pockets.

At twelve he climbed a fence and fell,
And then—the Fourth scarce celebrated—
At merely nominal expense,
Little Johnny was cremated.

At five he rose, at twelve he fell;
The relic that his parents cherish—
A simple suit of clothes (intact)
Purchased from us; they *could* not perish.

MORAL

Select Boys' Clothing where you can depend on the character of the work and strength of material. We have some bargains for *today* in the cheap and strong kind, such as *Sailor Suits* at 95 CTS. and *Children's All-Wool Suits* at $2.97.

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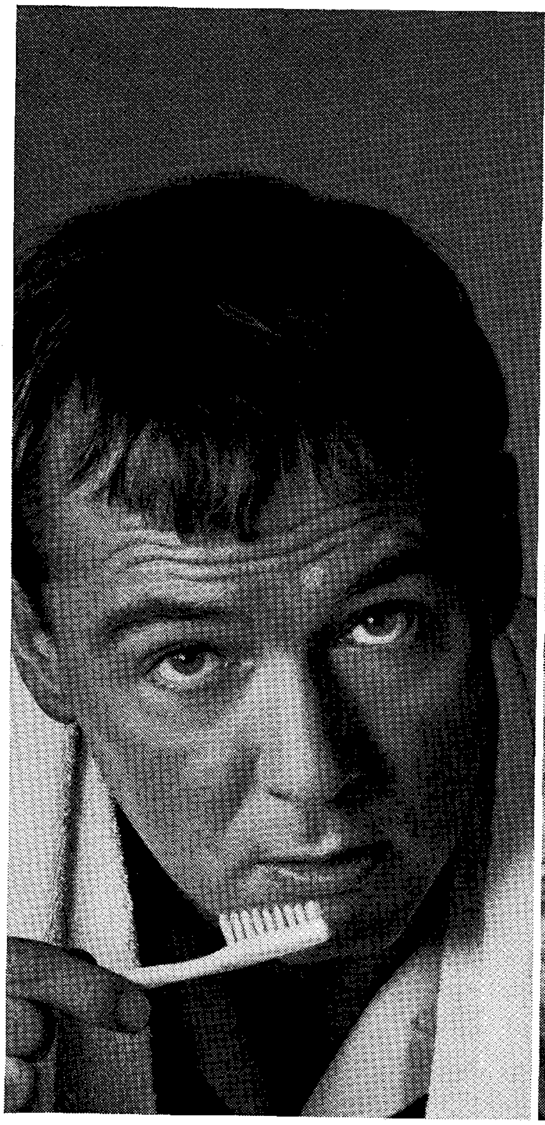
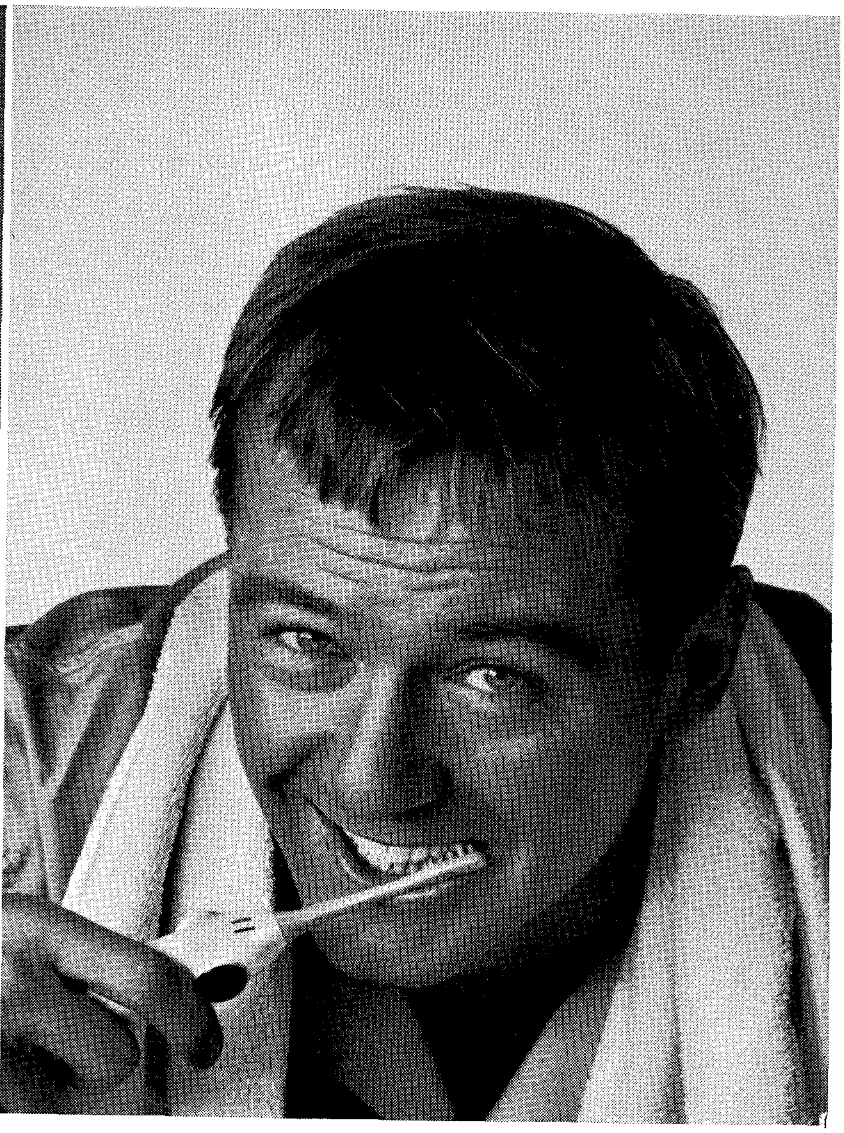


Any toothbrush helps clean your teeth...



Broxodent helps clean your teeth better and stop the #1 cause of tooth loss

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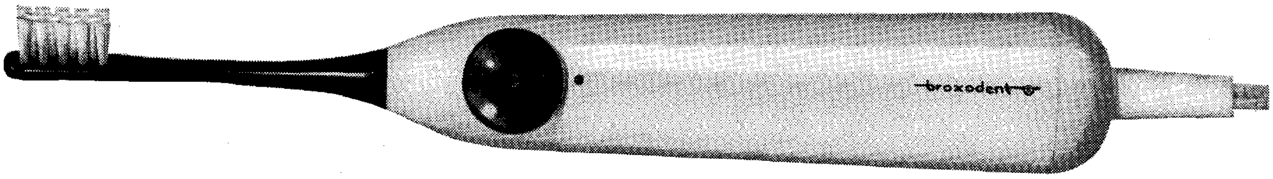
Only your dentist can get rid of tartar once it's formed. But BROXODENT helps prevent *tartar from ever forming in the first place!* BROXODENT does this vital tooth-saving job better and more thoroughly, because BROXODENT delivers 120 up-and-down brushing strokes per second. BROXODENT sweeps away even tiny food particles, refreshes your gums, leaves your whole mouth feeling tinglingly clean.

BROXODENT was tested and developed in dental clincs. Most people are buying BROXODENT on their dentist's recommendation. There are some 20 other automatic toothbrushes available. None is quite like BROXODENT. You will find that BROXODENT has constant, unfailing power. No batteries, no plug-in converters.

Each BROXODENT comes with four individually colored snap-on brushes. At your druggist's.

Ask your dentist about **Broxodent**® *the automatic toothbrush from* **SQUIBB**



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They're called Acrylite* Skydomes, and they're as different from old-fashioned skylights as can be.

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THE RACE TRACK

A Plate for the Dancer

NORTHERN DANCER won the Queen's Plate at Toronto's Woodbine last weekend as easily as he was generally expected to, but before he did, there were moments of anxiety such as nobody had dreamed of. Starting closest to the rail, he came out of the stall gate less nimbly than he had in any previous race this season, and in a twinkling he was surrounded by the seven other runners. As he passed the stand the first time, he was lengths behind the leaders, and going around the first turn he got completely boxed in. Here he was really in a tight spot, for if any of the closely bunched colts in front of him had swerved or stumbled there's no telling what might have happened. (A racing man I know confessed, "I almost said a prayer.") A bit farther on, Hartack, who was riding Northern Dancer, began easing him back until he was dead last, and then, in the backstretch, he steered his mount to the outside. There was a roar from the stand as Northern Dancer began to move up, and a louder one when he took the lead three furlongs from home and kept on going, to win by seven lengths or so from Langcrest, who was four lengths in front of Grand Garcon. It was the ninth Plate for the Winfields Farm racers of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Taylor. Going up!

Needless to say, Northern Dancer was the pick of the lot on Saturday. In fact, I thought he looked better than he had for the Belmont Stakes a fortnight before. It's easy to account for the ecstatic reception that greeted him as he went to the post and again after the finish. To the crowd, he was something more than a topnotch race horse. For the moment, he was Canada. Now Northern Dancer, who has been in training since the first of the year and has won seven of his nine starts, is going to have a bit of a rest. He'll return to Belmont some time this week, but he won't be seen under colors until the Travers Stakes at Saratoga in August. In this famous old race for three-year-olds at a mile and a quarter, it is expected that he will meet Quadrangle, who beat him in the Belmont—and meet him with *revanche* in his eye, as Horatio Luro, who trains him, calls it. By

A&F

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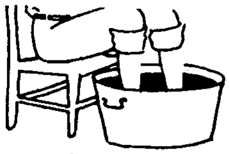

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the way, at Woodbine the Señor discarded the tan gabardine "lucky suit" he'd worn at the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes in favor of a blue serge number.

By his victory, Northern Dancer became the leading money-winner in North America this season. First money of $49,075 in the Plate brought his total to $490,012, plus, of course, the fifty guineas given by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. Counting his takings as a two-year-old, he has earned $580,647 altogether, a great deal more than any other Canadian-bred horse. Incidentally, in the Queen's Plate he paid $2.30 straight, $2.40 to place, and $2.10 to show in the two-dollar mutuels. The reason for the out-of-line price to place was that the crowd bet on Northern Dancer either to win or to show and only a few place tickets were sold on Langcrest, a long shot. With Northern Dancer such an outstanding favorite—he was 1–9 in the early betting—some visitors were surprised that they could buy place and show tickets on him at all. There are a number of major tracks I could name (but I won't) that would have had only betting to win, avoiding what is called a minus pool, which is what happens when so much is bet on one horse that the payoff on him comes to less than $2.10—the legal minimum—and the management has to make up the difference out of its own pocket. They do things better at Woodbine, if I may say so, giving the show player a break. And while I'm in the mood I'd like to give full marks to the foresighted fellow who got out and sold souvenir Queen's Plate highball glasses at the track Saturday afternoon, each glass bearing a chronological list of all the winners since the race began, in 1860. Who do

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OLD BOURBON HOUSE?

She remembers when it was for men only. But now, look out. Some of the most beautiful women in the world can be found dining there. The Old Bourbon House is that New Orleans restaurant on the Rue des Gourmets in The New York Hilton. Luncheon specialties from $1.90. Dinner from $3.30. 53rd at Ave. of the Americas. JU 6-7000. (Cocktails served on Rue des Gourmets Promenade.)

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BE KISSED with a rich, deep, long-lasting tan. There's no tan like a BAIN de SOLEIL tan ...no protection like BAIN de SOLEIL's rich oils or moisturizing formula. Have a love affair with the sun everywhere.

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ANTOINE

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you suppose was down for 1964? Right!

The hundred-and-fifth running of the Queen's Plate had all the dignity and charm of its predecessors. This year, the Queen's representative was the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Honorable W. Earl Rowe, an old trotting-horse man, who took the traditional ride down the stretch in a landau, escorted by the Governor-General's Horse Guard. The temperature was in the eighties and the crowd was around thirty thousand, which is also high for Toronto. Of course, Northern Dancer was the big attraction. Indeed, he has become a public hero. I'm told that after he won the Kentucky Derby, the Woodbine management was deluged with requests for the telephone numbers of bookmakers who would take bets on him for the Preakness and the Belmont. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Mr. E. F. Ahrens, Agent at Dallas Union Terminal forwarded the passenger's check of Pullman Form B-2-B No. 107181 with advice that the bedroom *suite originally reserved from St. Louis to* Dallas was cancelled and a double bedroom used on that portion of the trip. The through rate applicable for the service furnished on the complete trip from New York to Dallas is less than the sum of the local fares to and from St. Louis and the ticket as originally issued was sold at the through rate for a bedroom suite, New York to Dallas.

The through rate to apply for a bedroom suite used New York to St. Louis and a double bedroom St. Louis to Dallas when trip is made without stopover en route is $67.61 and as the bedroom suite rate of $76.15 was collected for the ticket the difference for refund is $8.54 as covered by our draft which we are returning to you.

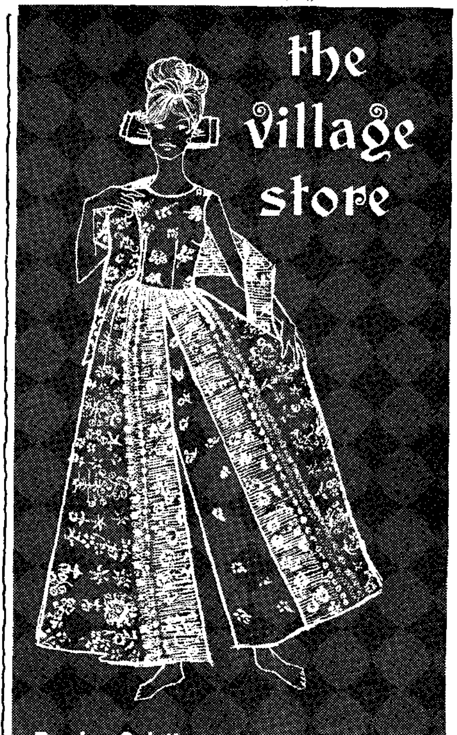
If you had purchased a Pullman ticket sold at the local rate for a bedroom suite St. Louis to Dallas and used, a double occupancy bedroom, instead the adjustment would have been the difference between the local bedroom suite rate paid and the rate to apply for the bedroom used. I trust this explanation is satisfactory to you.—*Letter received from the Pullman Company by a man in Dallas.*

Perfectly. Couldn't be happier about the whole thing.

•

The "Cowhouse Five" have concerted their plan for forcing the Seth of Sonamitti to disgorge his stock of cornered cloth and are pressing his wife, Lakshmi, to prove her solidarity with them, when Nago, her son falls into the well. Meera is lowered to rescue the boy. As they massage her, on her successful return to the surface with him, she is discovered to be ticklish.—*Synopsis of a story in the Illustrated Weekly of India.*

That's our kind of story.



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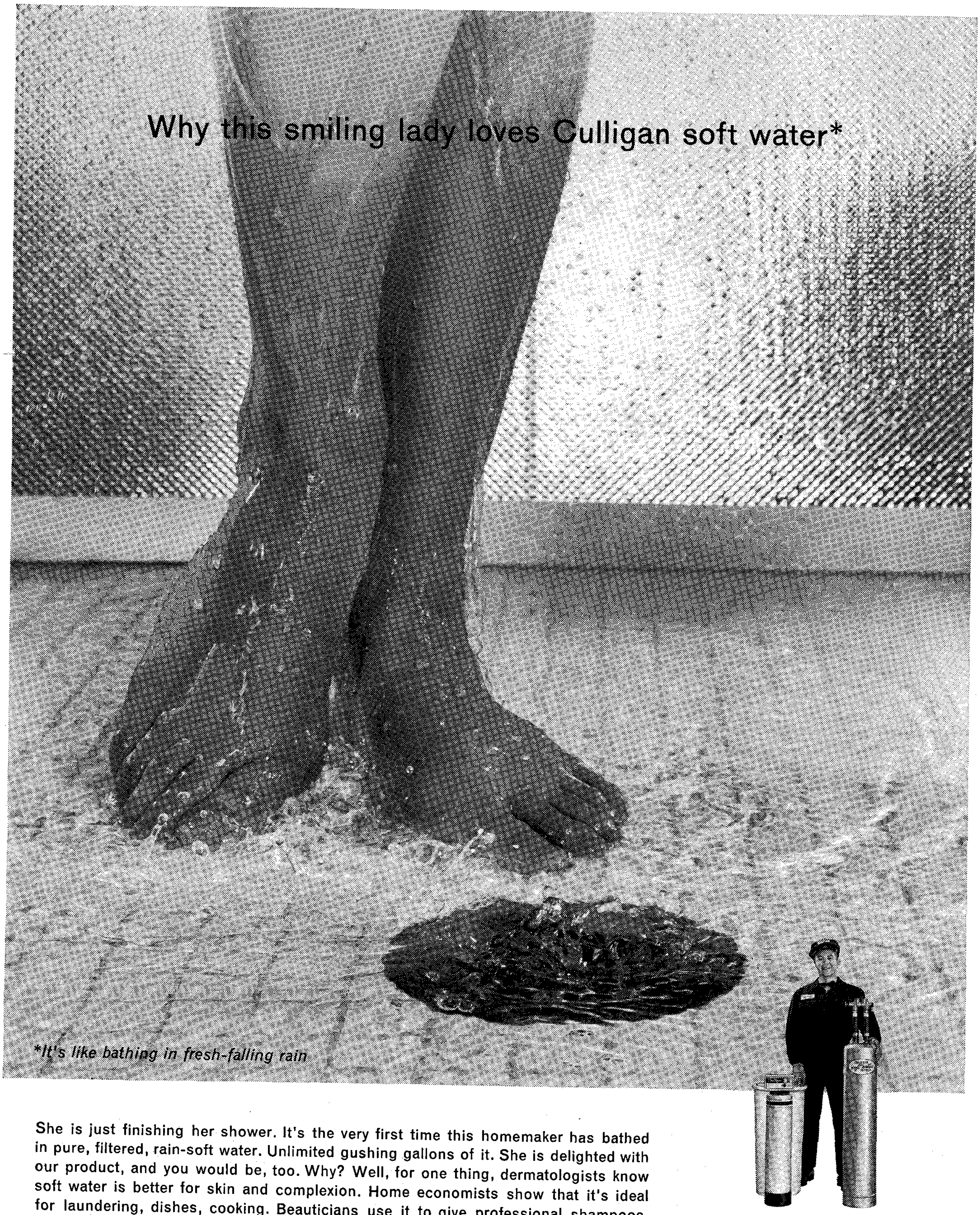
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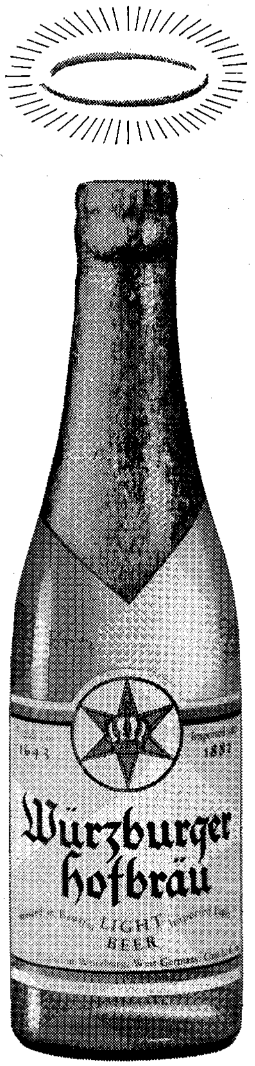

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 17

IT seems safe to state that Senator Barry Goldwater's victory in the California primary was a surprise to the French generally and a worry to Paris liberals. Even the bourgeois *Figaro*, in an effort to explain his unexpected California triumph to its readers, said that "Goldwater's charm—and shrewdness—has always consisted in his expressing simple ideas." It tried to explain the Californians who voted for him as "having instinctively turned to the candidate who brought them a little human warmth, a little limpid freshness in his way of evoking today's problems"—and here *Figaro* politely ignored his suggestion that the Vietnamese forests be defoliated with a light atomic bombing, mentioning only his "nostalgic evocation of an America in its pure state, with its good and bad men, *comme dans les Westerns*."

The intelligentsia liberal-left weekly *Express*, with typical outraged *élan*, carried a cover photograph of Goldwater with the Capitol dome as his background and the warning caption "*Cet Homme Est Dangereux*"—a phrase usually applied here to armed criminals. It opened its text on him by saying that his winning in California had "sown panic in the bosom of his Party and consternation throughout the world," adding as a special California morsel that Richard Nixon's mother had had to be restrained from voting for Goldwater, too. *L'Express* said that he was not only "the rallying point for all backward-looking forces, for all racists and opposers of pacific coexistence" but also "a demagogue, complicated by his being a man of charm as well as of a sort of honesty." It added, "He does not smell of brimstone. Instead, he breathes out unintelligence, even stupidity, and a confused mind. He is the most dangerous American political product since McCarthy." The paper's attack on him was illustrated by a wicked Tim caricature of Stalin as a smiling, pipe-smoking ghost carrying a placard reading "*Votez Goldwater*."

The report that in October *L'Express* is going to change itself, at least physically, into a French version of *Time* (or maybe it will be merely a French version of Hamburg's *Der Spiegel*, the only successful European *Time* imitation so far) has been received as depressing news by *L'Express's* past devotees. The first tabloid in France, founded eleven years ago, it had an unfamiliar format that looked attractive, up to date, and even faintly Anglo-Saxon, which was then no insult—not to speak of what, by trial and error, it learned to contain inside. It became chic to be seen reading it. A new kind of intellectually fashionable leftist weekly informant, aimed at intelligent readers both old and, especially, young, it was a weekly eclectic stimulant on current affairs and what was going on about town, and, above all, a reliably harrowing critic of government, politics, and politicians. With its special crew of gifted, bold, youngish reporters, *L'Express* created a dynamic new writing, reading, and thinking French gazetteer style, strictly mid-twentieth-century. Today, French tabloids are commonplaces. Maybe the new *Time* formula for *L'Express* will once again prove an eye-catcher. French newspapers and periodicals (even those for women) sagged in readership when the Algerian war finally ended and the French lost the habit of wanting to read the latest news.

It is supposed, and is certainly hoped, that the new *Express* will have the services of the original founding editor, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, one of the three or four most discussed editorial personalities here, who is now, astonishingly, only forty years old. He is worldly-looking, rather handsome, not tall, speaks English (not American) as his second language, is a good talker of alternating aggressiveness and charm, is attractive to women and authoritative in manner toward both sexes, was educated at the Polytechnique—the stiffest, most disciplined education in all France—and was born in Paris. He was the scion of a big Alsatian family in the grand old liberal-radical provincial tradition, which owned the prosperous Paris financial daily *Les Echos*, which did not interest him. Instead, he joined *Le Monde* and for several years precociously wrote on Western foreign affairs. At twenty-nine, he ambitiously founded *L'Express*, with Malraux, Camus, and François Mauriac as his galaxy of writing stars, "in the tradition" (or so it was caustically remarked) "of the major French bour-

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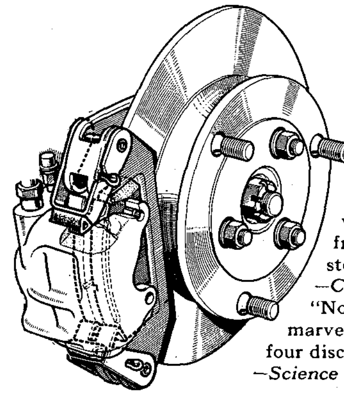

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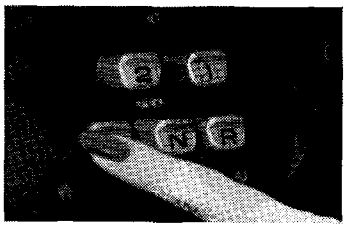

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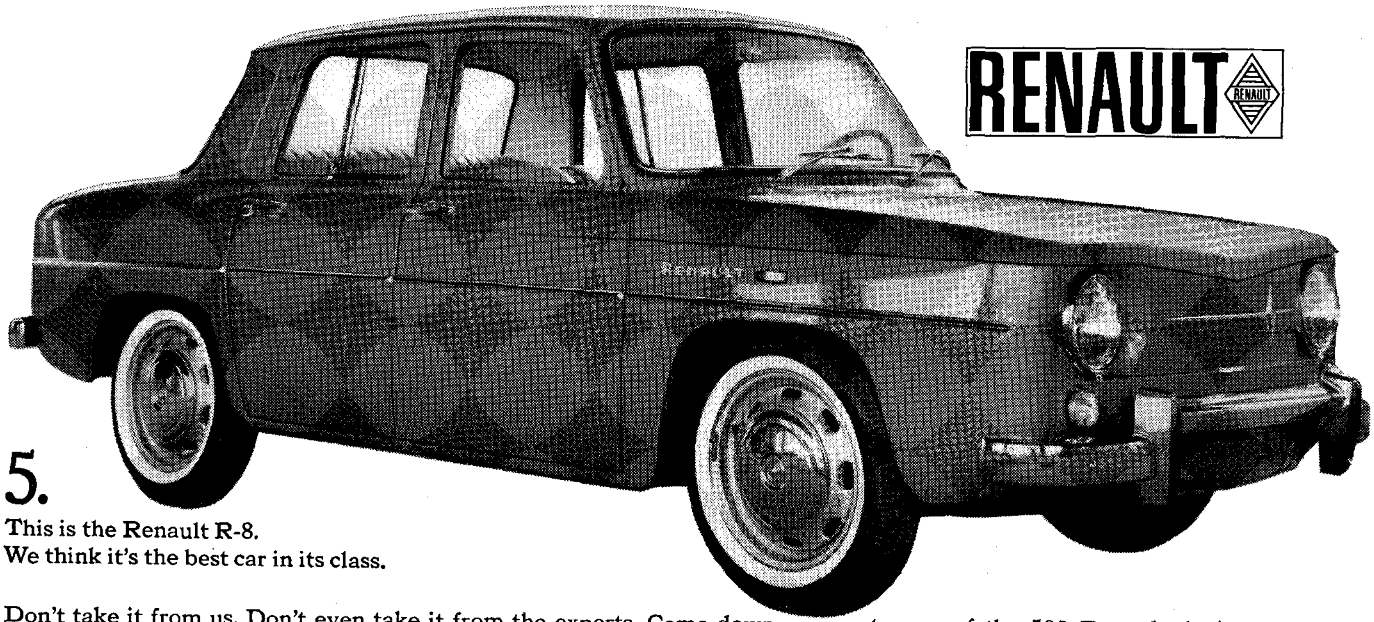

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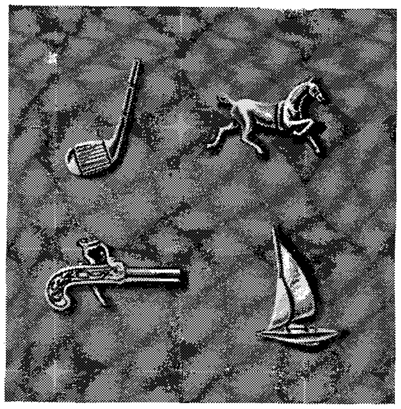
geois vice in political matters—that of treating politics like literary affairs." Early in the Fifth Republic, during the Algerian war, *L'Express* was at the zenith of its influence, popularity, and interest. Servan-Schreiber always opened the front of the magazine with his own editorial as a violent anti-Gaullist, as a fighter for Algerian independence, as a trenchant modern libertarian and anticlerical. On the outside back page of *L'Express*, ardently Catholic old Mauriac always contributed his soon famous "Bloc-Notes," written in an Elysian perfection of literary French journalism on whatever topics had made up his week or had come to his rich mind. He frequently mentioned God as if He were a familiar august office presence, wrote elegies on his friends as they died, or wrote reviews of their books as they were published—a combination gossip, Gallic Christian, genius diarist, and passionate worshipper of General de Gaulle as the salvation of France. The only major faith he and Servan-Schreiber shared was a fighting belief in the independence of Algeria. In a way, *L'Express* passed its crest when Mauriac resigned (and went with his "Bloc-Notes" to *Le Figaro Littéraire*, where he still functions) because he said he felt that his pro-Deity and pro-de Gaulle views generally constrained the staff of *L'Express*—a paper where he certainly did not properly belong and which he unquestionably helped make distinguished and famous.

Early this year, it was rumored that Servan-Schreiber wanted to change the *Express* format in order to back Monsieur X, the title that *L'Express* had invented for whoever the mysterious first candidate might turn out to be to run against General de Gaulle in the Presidential elections next year, and who turned out to be the rather parochial Socialist Mayor Gaston Defferre, of Marseille. Now it is rumored that Servan-Schreiber (who himself ran as an independent candidate in the legislative elections of 1962, standing at Yvetot, in Normandy, and was beaten by a Gaullist) perhaps aspires to run for President of France in the 1972 elections, to fight whatever might remain of Gaullism at that remote date. If elected, he would be only forty-eight—certainly a political rarity as a government chief for France, which likes its leaders to be old, old men.

THE well-known and, it could have been supposed, well-off modern-art merchant Daniel Cordier not long ago gave a big cocktail party to



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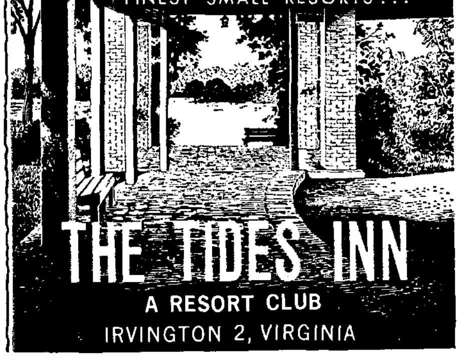

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Combines the
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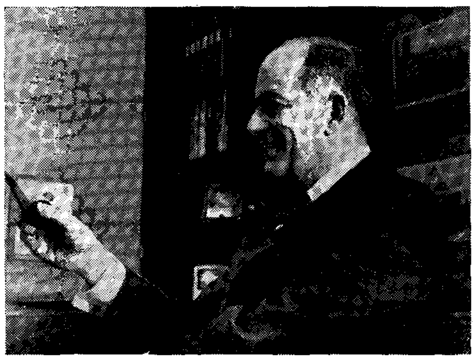

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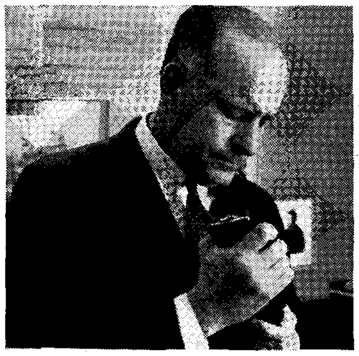

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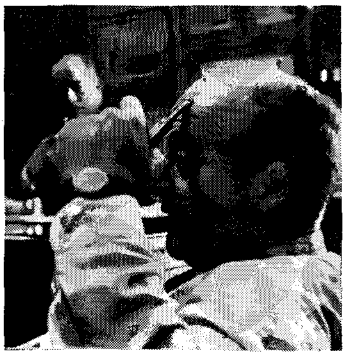

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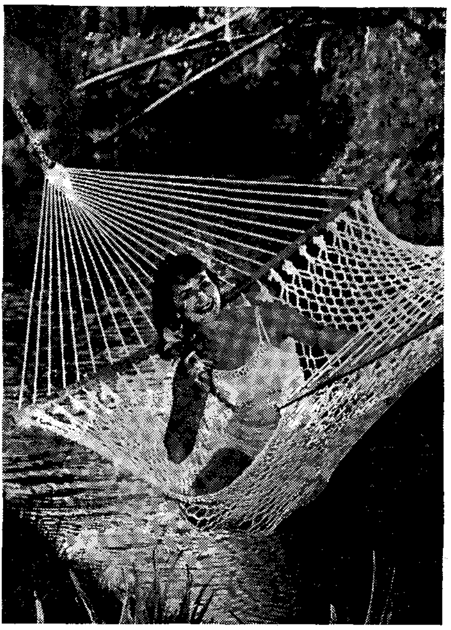
mark the closing of his Rue de Miromesnil gallery, and also sent out a semi-public letter explaining why he has chosen to shut up shop. It is a singularly interesting document on what has (according to him) gradually but finally hit the Paris contemporary-art market, talents, and prices, and the reasons why, all calmly detailed by an art man who *until recently* handled the canvases of many high-priced, high-ranking French painters and thus certainly knows the art game. He realistically starts at the money end of what he calls the present art crisis here, connecting it with the past several years of obstinate Fifth Republic prosperity and inflation—contemporary art being, he notes, "particularly, even disastrously, sensitive to fluctuations in French politics and the Bourse." He also connects the crisis with some two dozen financial speculators who, once "the sensational price rises since Pollock and de Staël had shown the possibilities of rapid riches," began plunging on the art market instead of the stock market. "The art fever rose to a paroxysm," he writes. "It was euphoria for the painter, the art merchants, the collectors. '*Le forcing*' [the Franglais term he uses for the overproduction of art works] took on the speed and desperation of a sports competition, but pictures that are not bought for love of them do not stay long with their possessors." The speculators' profit taking when prices became satisfyingly astronomical began clogging the market and dealers' back rooms with pictures whose prices had no place to go except down. "This is where we are now," Cordier states in his letter. "This financial perturbation arrived just when the public had begun doubting the aesthetic seriousness of modern art as developed over the last few years"—the poverty of inspiration and the hasty workmanship making people think that there was little connection between the lofty prices and the minimum aesthetic values. Even some of the artists, he says, had "a disdain for what they were turning out," while presumably salting away the proceeds as their only satisfaction.

Cordier then brings up what he calls "one more truth." He writes, "In France, there have been no collectors of the art of their own time since the nineteenth century"—when all they collected was Bouguereau. "Where are the French collections of the Impressionists, the Cubists, the Surrealists, the Abstractionists—the sort of collections that are the pride of Swiss, German, and American collectors? The for-



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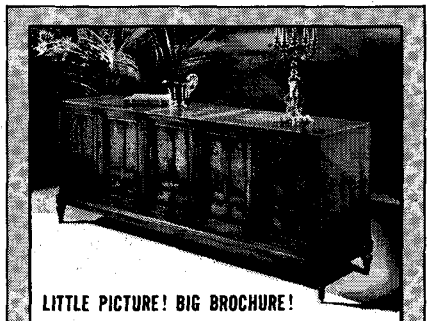

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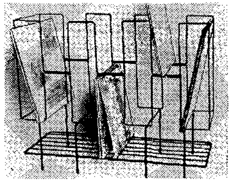

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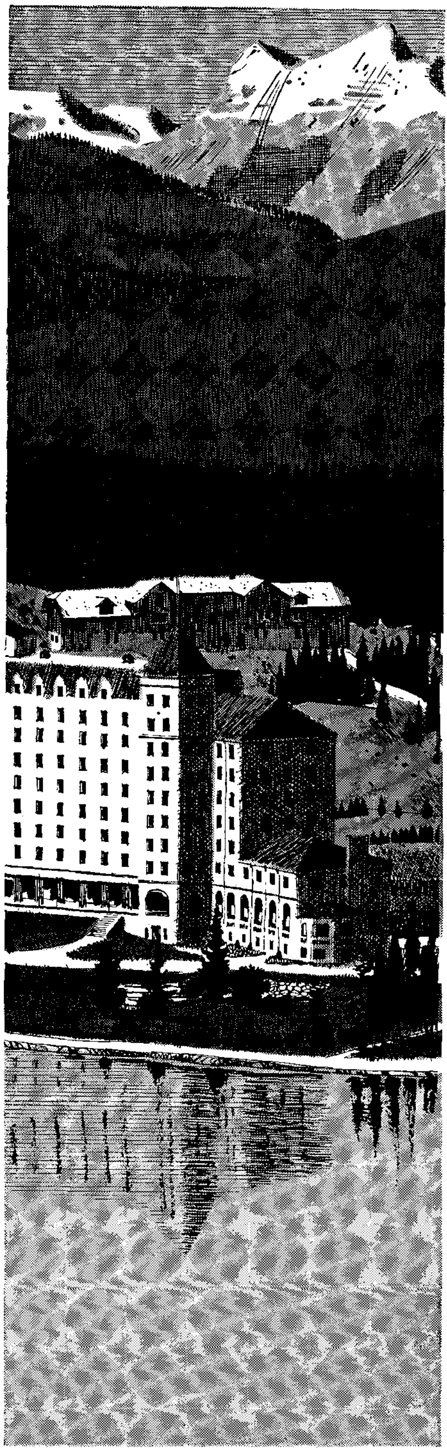

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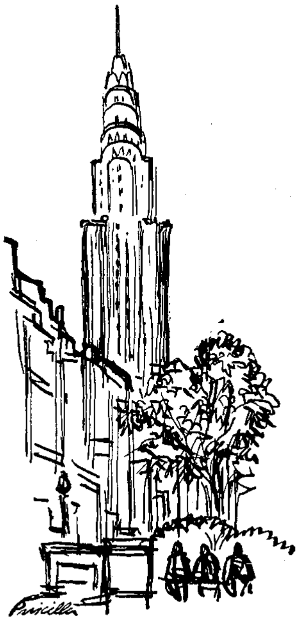
eigners are the ones who have kept the École de Paris going; it has been powerfully supported by everyone except Parisians." In conclusion, he says, "To interpret his epoch, an artist must experience reality and have sensibility. Are these felt more, quantitatively, in New York? America has curiosity, taste, and means. These explain why New York, after having become an art market and a gigantic art buyer, may soon become, in its turn, a preponderant cultural center"—presumably for creating art itself. Cordier's letter has interested but not necessarily pleased other Paris art merchants, who have not given farewell cocktail parties in their galleries.

THE June art season is now coming to its close, and a pleasant relief it is, too. Whoever collects it or buys it or fails to, modern French art has been exhibited here this past month in quantities such as we have never seen before—exhausting to the eyes, the feet, and even to the brain. Here and there, an exhibition niched itself in one's memory. For us, this was the case with the "Tableaux Rares"—exactly seven of them, and really rare in quality—shown by Alex Maguy in his small Galerie de L'Élysée, on the Faubourg St. Honoré. What a joy to see so few, and those so fine! The work that first caught and held the eye was, *mirabile dictu*, "Danseuses au Bord de l'Eau," a 1905 Fauve watercolor by Derain, who diminished much in reputation as he aged but who here, "in the freshness of a new century, in the dawn of his work" (as the poetically written catalogue says), depicted nude white-skinned girls like naiads, voluptuous but traced as light as foam against the



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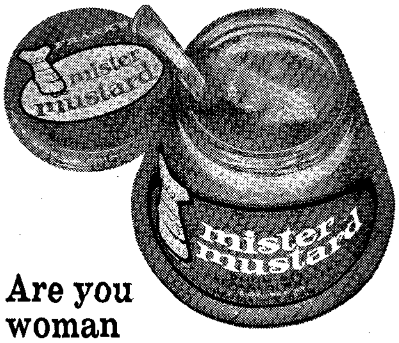

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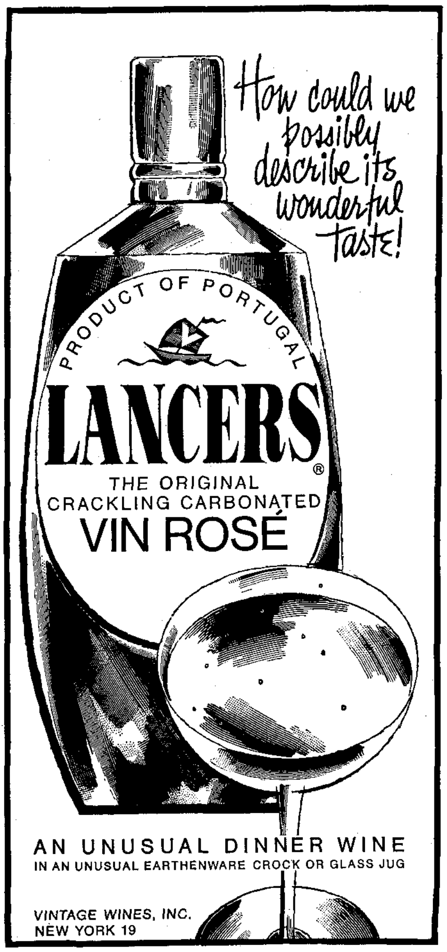
orange-colored sands of some blue-watered beach. This glorious aquarelle has been purchased by the museum of Brandeis University. Another canvas in the show is to go to the National Gallery in Washington. This is a Bonnard interior ("I feel feeble in the face of the outdoors," he once said modestly)—one of those dining rooms of his where the furniture and even the maid in the pink apron seem suspended in the atmosphere of recollection, as if recalled from boyhood luncheons by Proust. The show also had a Cézanne, "Auvers Seen Through the Trees"—the village where van Gogh died of his gunshot wound. A vision of green-and-yellow foliage probably painted around 1876, before Cézanne had fixed his final style, it is a superb painting, "magisterial in its hesitation," as the catalogue remarked. There was a 1906 Fauve Vlaminck of "Fisherman at Argenteuil," in young, strong colors already guided toward that genius of the Fauves' Matisse, and Gauguin's Brittany cloisonné period of the winter of 1889-90 was represented by two peasant girls in white bonnets beneath a tree. There was also a typical, if unfamiliar, Soutine, of a wretched, crooked-faced "Girl in Blue." On its back was the label "*Zu Verbrennen*" ("To Be Burned"), testifying to its seizure by and escape from the Nazis during the war. Finally, there was one of those immortal London sketches by Toulouse-Lautrec, of a barmaid and a British soldier, with a drooping blond mustache, drawn only in chalk but somehow implied to live forever.

DURING General de Gaulle's recent whistle-stop popularity tour through Picardy, Parisians, who hardly ever lay eyes on him in Paris, had the opportunity of at least seeing him on television, the sight being of almost acute family interest since his recent operation. You could hear the TV watchers in a café saying something like "*Pas mal.* Looks pretty good. He's lost some of his *bedon*"—slang for "stomach." Though his operation, curiously, seemed not to stir up any bedside tenderness among the French at the time, their interest in his superb staying power as a convalescent has aroused in them a renewed political concern for his and their future, and a preoccupation with the circles under his eyes and whether or not they mean liver trouble. His opening bold, healthy-sounding statement in the town of Laon—"I am resolved more than ever to serve my country as long as I shall



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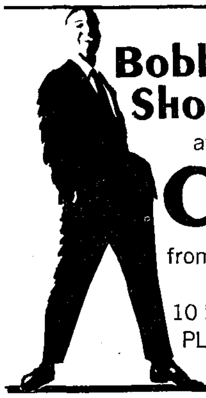

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have the strength"—encouraged the French to believe that he will have the strength, *Deo volente*, to run and win at least in 1965, shortly after which he can resign and hand on his role to the Vice-President he must have by then, and should have created last year, presumably Premier Pompidou. The Gaullist Presidency will thus assume a temporary dynastic form. Some time ago, de Gaulle said, "France permits itself to be governed only periodically, and then only for periods of seven years." He recently said, "I have a year and a half left." A fluctuating majority of the French believe—and hope—this to be true. It is enough to carry the nation through the summer holidays.

—Genêt

•

FX 6143 The Sounds of the Junk Yard—Recorded by Michael Siegel, acetylene torch, cutting apart an automobile engine, loading pick-up truck by hand with 400 lb. bales of aluminum scrap. Hear them slide along the truck, removing two bales at a time from truck with forklift, inside warehouse, loading empty fiber drums on pick-up truck. (Only 15 lbs. each, but noisier than above because of metal rims and resonance.) Aluminum clips being dumped from dump truck, paper baler, hand truck brings in cartons tossing cartons into baler breaking down large empty cartons sound of baler starting, upstairs. Note crunch of cartons crushing. Note creak of cartons after baler pressure stops, bringing up baler to load in more baler again, now downstairs at motor opening doors, front and back, putting stop on door, sliding wires through, to tie bale together, taking up baler press, dumping out 1700 lb. bale onto hand truck, rolling away hard truck, magnetic crane, dumping a load, squealing as it turns, steel saw cutting channel iron in two pieces, alligator shear, acetylene torch cuts through wires holding metal sheets together, one of the wires pops, shear starts. Clicks are cuts, crashes tossing cut sheets into piles of cut scrap, starts cutting heavy pipe, heavier pipe, heavy channel iron, burning out an old car, windows crack out, metal crackling, fresh draft, sizzles, baling aluminum chips in metal baler, metal drums of chips dropped onto metal stand next to baler. (This continues all through this.) First of many hisses as chips are poured into baler, baler started. Drums, baler and hisses repeat, whistle as baler is completed baling, bale ejected, dump truck unloading sheet metal scrap, lifting up dump carriage, move truck to start sheets sliding out, removing what is left by hand, magnetic crane loading baler with metal sheets, drop into baler, pick up more sheets, start baling. Note metal squeals under pressure, hand loading metal baler with automobile doors, fenders, steel drums, etc., and baling.

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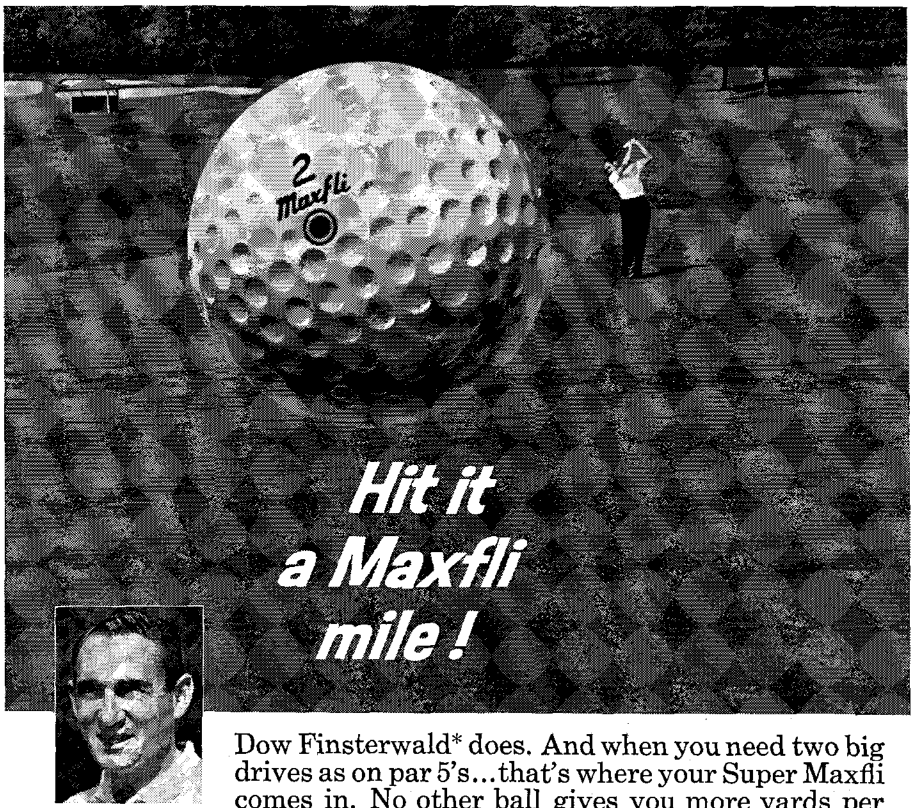

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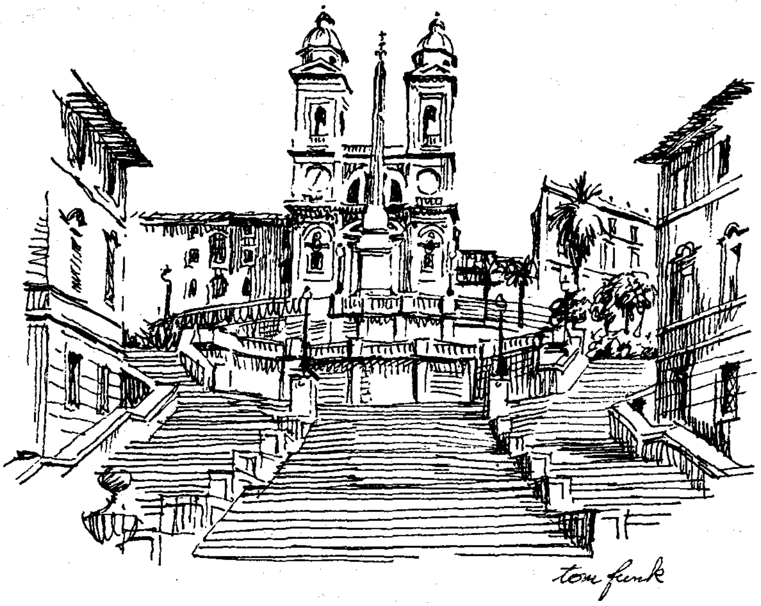
LETTER FROM ROME

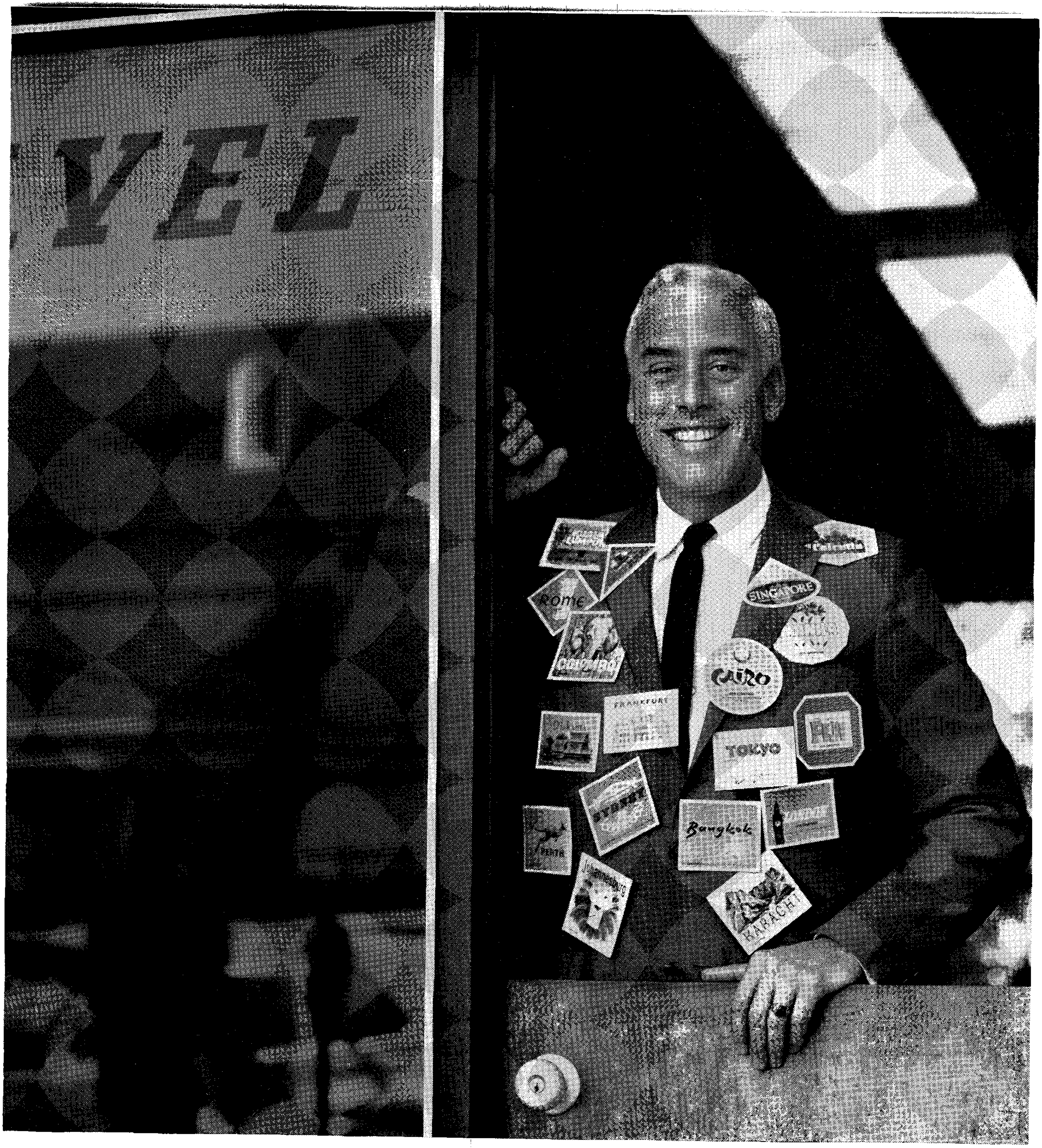


THE swallows are still coming back to Rome every spring, but, according to some Roman pessimists, in fewer and fewer numbers. It is certainly true that at sunset the sky is no longer alive with the darting, swooping shapes of huge flocks that until recent years swarmed over the rooftops and around the cupolas of the city's churches; now the birds are more likely to appear in groups of ten or twelve, skimming unevenly over the Seven Hills in ceaseless pursuit of the insects on which they feed. Complaints are being heard that this shortage of swallows represents the sacrifice of another of the city's wonders to the pell-mell onrush of progress and industrialization that has characterized Italian life for the past ten years, and one indignant citizen, in a letter published the other day in a local newspaper, urged the formation of a special committee to see to it that the architects designing the slablike office and apartment buildings that have been mushrooming everywhere include in their plans enough nooks and crannies to shelter nesting birds. "Where are the swallows to live?" the writer asks. "Alas, they slide down the sides of these new buildings and crash to a melancholy death in the street below!" Actually, it seems unlikely that the swallows are perishing for lack of a place to live; what is much more probable is that too many of them, on their annual migrations, are falling into the nets spread over the hillsides by peasants with an appetite for thrushes and other small birds, or are being gunned down by bird hunters. Swallows are inedible, but, once snared, they die as readily as other birds, and Italian hunters have the reputation of shooting at anything that flutters. In any event, if the city's disappearing flocks afford cause for concern, it is only one of many such causes in what is turning out to be a difficult year here.

The austerity measures imposed in February by Premier Aldo Moro, of the majority Christian Democrat Party, have had a less drastic effect on Rome than on the more industrialized cities of the north, where production has been slowed down and some factory workers have been laid off, but nobody here likes them, and for the past few months the city has been plagued by a succession of one-day protest strikes—in key private industries, in the hospital and transport services, in the national television and radio network, in the Civil Service. Even the coffee bars and restaurants, harassed by multitudinous taxes and increasingly stringent work laws, shut down for a whole day a few weeks ago, confining foreigners to their hotel dining rooms and trapping white-collar workers, who usually descend at least twice a day to the corner bar for a quick *espresso*, in their offices. Pickets wearing sandwich boards paced the sidewalks to explain, in English as well as Italian, the reasons for this most unpopular of all the recent demonstrations, and few Romans blamed the restaurant and bar owners; as usual, the abuse was showered on the government authorities. But if many Italians give the impression of regarding the austerity measures and the consequent business slump as an attempt by the government to hit at each citizen personally, seemingly out of pure gratuitous maliciousness, a good many responsible persons admit, grudgingly, that something had to be done. Italy's largely laissez-faire economy, which was so successful in the early years of *il boom*, when Italians joyfully embraced the delights of American-style free-spending capitalism, has lately been afflicted by a runaway inflation (prices here are now comparable to those in Paris and New York), and the steady increase in wages, with the inevitable rising demand for consumer goods, has put an intolerable strain on it. Reckless spending has also slowed down the growth of investments and is reported to have caused the flight of private capital into foreign banks, mainly in Switzerland. In adopting his unpopular measures, Signor Moro made it clear that the situation was worse than anyone had imagined and that, in effect, he had no choice. "We have had to bow to the necessities of the hour," he wrote in his party's newspaper, *Il Popolo*.

At first glance, the government's program hardly looks ruinous. Basically, it is designed to curb rising prices without seriously jarring the present uneasy alliance between the Christian Democrats and the non-Communist left—mostly represented by the Socialists, under the leadership of Pietro Nenni. A new tax on gasoline, from which foreign tourists are happily exempted, will bring the price to nearly eighty cents a gallon, and restrictions are finally going to be imposed on installment buying. Twenty-five-per-cent down payments are to be required for the purchase of cars, television sets, phonographs, and most domestic appliances, and the remaining installments will have to be paid within two years. In addition, harsher penalties are being proposed for tax evasion, though no one has yet had the temerity to suggest that tax swindlers ought to go to jail. All in all, then, Signor Moro's program seems quite sensible and moderate. "It is to all citizens that the government appeals for understanding and an absolutely indispensable collaboration in this difficult hour, which must be survived, not in the interests of the government but in those of the general welfare," Signor Moro announced in a television address to the nation.

As it happens, the crisis has come at a particularly bad time. Signor Moro's government represents the second attempt in the past two years to form an effective working partnership between the Christian Democrats and the Socialists—the so-called "opening to the left"—and it seems doubtful whether this shaky coalition, already under fierce attack within Signor Nenni's own party, can survive a prolonged economic slump. Only in the past two or three years has the Italian working class begun to cash in on higher wages and increased purchasing power—the daz-



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zling possibility, suddenly open to everyone, of being able to afford a car, a television set, and a washing machine—and the government's austerity measures are regarded by the left as blows aimed directly at the workers by the big industrialists and the privilege-conscious bourgeoisie. In Rome, the government's announced intention of protecting the city's annual crop of tourists from the rise in prices by urging hotel owners to charge less for rooms and to offer meals at fixed rates has been sarcastically commented upon in the press, and a mild suggestion by the municipal authorities that arriving foreigners be greeted cheerfully is being referred to here as an attempt to cope with reality by the absurd expedient of a smile. The general attitude seems to be that, in the long run, nothing will change, and that Signor Moro will have to repeal his unpopular measures. Even the credit of a billion and a quarter dollars lately extended to Italy by the International Monetary Fund and the American Treasury has failed to reassure anyone. A current joke has Emilio Colombo, the Minister of the Treasury, presenting himself at the United States Mint to pick up the money, whereupon the guard indicates a huge pile of dollar bills and asks blandly, "Do you want them wrapped or will you eat them here?"

To make matters worse, public confidence has been shaken by a series of scandals in various branches of the Civil Service. Two years ago, there was one involving a maladministration of public funds for the construction of Rome's new airport, at Fiumicino, and there have since been several equally lurid ones, most recently in the customs service, the Health Department, and the state banana monopoly. The attention of the country has thus been angrily focussed again on the antiquated, self-perpetuating bureaucracies that for decades have functioned, for all practical purposes, independently of the public interest and all political institutions. Anyone who has ever entered a Roman Ministry in an attempt to carry out the simplest civic chore—requesting a passport, say, or seeking out the proper authority to deal with some humdrum business problem—can testify to the atmosphere of confusion, sloth, and sheer ignorance that prevails in the Kafkaesque corridors of the handsome old *palazzi* in which the institutions of the state have proliferated. In an article in the weekly *L'Europeo*, Luigi Barzini, a writer who is also a Member of Parliament, compares the structure of the Civil Service to the skin of a very

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old donkey, covered with wrinkles, bumps, and half-healed sores. He points out that more than a million persons depend directly upon this decrepit organism for their living, and that the cost of maintaining it amounts to nearly half the country's entire budget. Yet its employees are badly selected, badly used, and badly paid. There is an almost total absence of discipline, and this, according to Barzini, is partly due to the fact that no one who doesn't steal at least a billion lire or kill his superior can be fired. "The offices in which these people are distributed were not created for reasons of efficiency," Barzini notes. "They exist by chance—they were born during the unification of Italy, or they were created by Fascism, to meet some organic exigency or to set up someone protected by a powerful Minister. Once created, an office cannot be easily abolished. It struggles ferociously to survive, invents new tasks for itself, camouflages itself, disappears from view, changes its name." And Barzini goes on to remind his readers that right up to 1954 there was an office devoted to paying reparations for the damage caused by the march of Garibaldi's thousand Red Shirts through Sicily in 1860. "We can be grateful for the barbarian invasions," he observes. "Otherwise, we'd have somewhere in Rome a press office for the Vestal Virgins."

It is certain that the present government intends to reform and modernize its institutions sooner or later, but no one imagines that the task will be simple or swiftly carried out. For one thing, the consequences of any drastic reform would probably be politically disastrous in Rome, which is still largely a city of civil servants, many of them in minor posts and all of them sadly underpaid. The public's dislike and distrust of its government employees is more than matched by the discontent of the employees themselves, who last February united in a one-day strike that paralyzed the city's transportation system, the post offices, the schools, and other essential services. The task of reforming the Civil Service is at present in the hands of a Social Democrat, Luigi Preti, who upon first declaring himself in favor of reform was dubbed Louis XIV by a left-wing critic. Still, something will probably be done, for there are some heartening signs that the government means business. Domenico Marotta, the seventy-seven-year-old head of the Superior Institute of Health, who had been in office nearly thirty years, was surprisingly clapped into Rome's Regina Coeli prison for several days recently when

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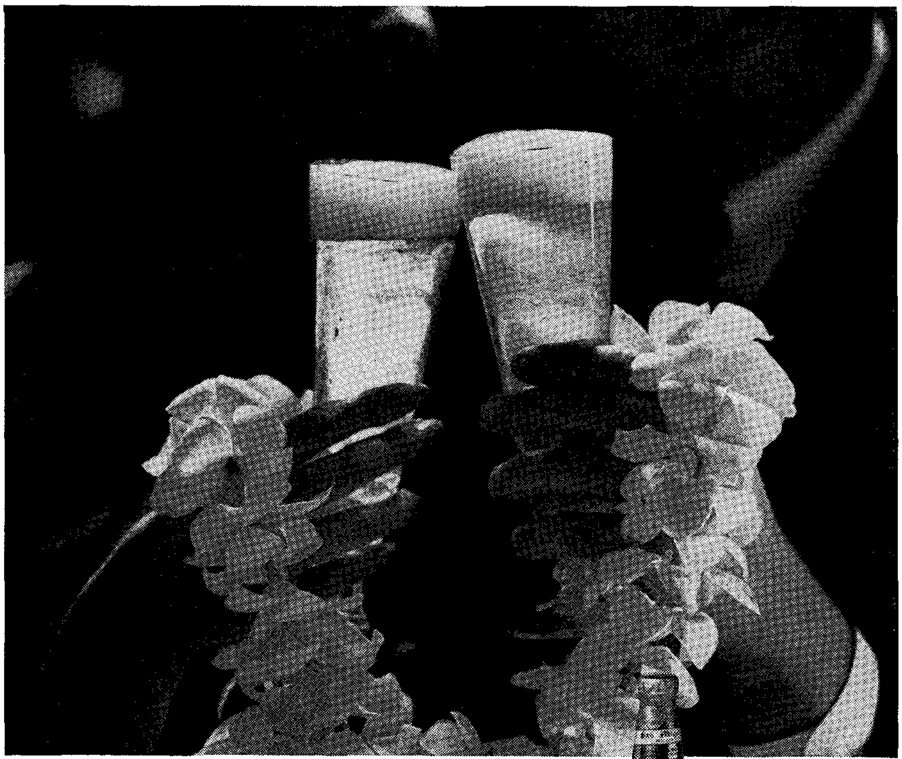

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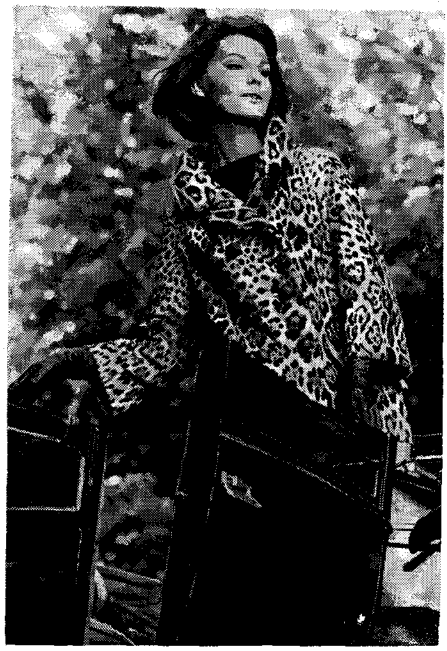

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gross mismanagement of funds in his department was brought to light (because of his age, he was released pending trial), and several of his assistants also face charges. It has long been a Roman axiom that *i pezzi grossi*—the big shots—never go to jail, so Marotta's incarceration may indeed indicate the blowing of a cold, fresh wind. "The absence of a sense of the state, of belonging to a political society, as apart from the broader aspect of being Italian, is generally regarded as the principal source of Italy's political troubles," a British correspondent commented in the *Economist* a short time ago. He went on to point out that the fact that the immediate representatives of the state are hardly of the best doesn't help matters.

AFTER years of indifference and artistic decline, Rome's Teatro dell'Opera has been having a stunningly successful opera season. No one here can recall when the old opera house was the scene of a comparable ferment—especially since Romans have never been noted either for their devotion to the lyric drama or for their willingness to spend good money on theatre tickets of any sort. During the past twenty years, the opera had come to be regarded here as a secondary activity, geared mainly to the tourist trade, and cultured Romans stayed away in increasing numbers as lethargic seasons of standard chestnuts, badly produced and negligently performed, succeeded one another. All this has changed since the appointment, last fall, of a new general manager, Ennio Palmitessa, and a new artistic director, Massimo Bogianckino. Both men are apparently ferociously conscious of the cultural responsibilities of a major opera house and seem totally committed to meeting them. Bogianckino, a well-known concert pianist in his late thirties who is on the teaching staff of the Santa Cecilia Conservatory, sees his job as that of luring back into his theatre the intellectuals and the students, most of whom, he feels, have come to regard opera as an anachronism. His point of view is heartily upheld by Palmitessa, a professional administrator, whose main task it is to pry money out of the politicians for the support of the theatre. "Our debts are mounting to the sky," he acknowledged not long ago. "But it is impossible to believe that the government will force us to close our doors. Quality, after all, demands commitment."

The first season offered by the new directors has featured revivals of Ver-

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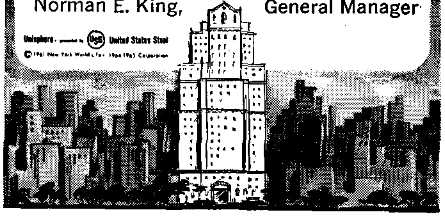

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di's "Falstaff" and "Attila," Berg's "Wozzeck," Beethoven's "Fidelio," Dallapiccola's dodecaphonic "Il Prigioniero," and Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex." Directors like Franco Zeffirelli and Luchino Visconti have been entrusted with the staging of these works; artists like Giorgio de Chirico and the sculptor Giacomo Manzù have been commissioned to design sets and costumes; conductors of the calibre of Carlo Maria Giulini, Lorin Maazel, and Antal Dorati have been imported from the concert halls; and the chorus, orchestra, and corps de ballet have been ruthlessly weeded out and then revitalized through the holding of open auditions for all available posts. In a single season, to everyone's amazement, the Teatro dell'Opera has achieved a level worthy of La Scala or the San Carlo Opera of Naples—these being the two opera houses generally regarded as the country's best.

Perhaps the jewel of the season has been an astonishingly beautiful production of Gioacchino Rossini's long neglected opera "Otello." Although Rossini was only twenty-four when he wrote it, it was his eighteenth opera—the third in a series of ten he contributed to various Neapolitan theatres. It was first produced in Naples, at the Fondo, on December 4, 1816, with a celebrated soprano, Isabella Colbran, in the part of Desdemona, and three leading tenors in the parts of Otello, Iago, and Rodrigo. While little is known about the actual composition of the piece, it seems probable that Rossini was, as usual, simply handed a libretto and told to set it to music, and that he did so at his customary breakneck pace of two or three weeks. In any event, the opera was a hit, and, at the time, was considered an enduring masterpiece. Stendhal, in his critical biography of the composer, which was first published in 1823, devoted two whole chapters to an exhaustive and generally favorable analysis of it. He complained that, like Sir Walter Scott, Rossini was ignorant of the language of real love and was not capable of writing passionate music, and he mercilessly dissected the libretto, which was only very loosely adapted from Shakespeare, but he went on to observe that the music "is admirable in every aspect, apart from that of passionate expression, and we easily delude ourselves as to its missing merits for the reason that the immediate admiration it arouses in us exhorts us to 'imagine' as existent the very qualities that are wanting."

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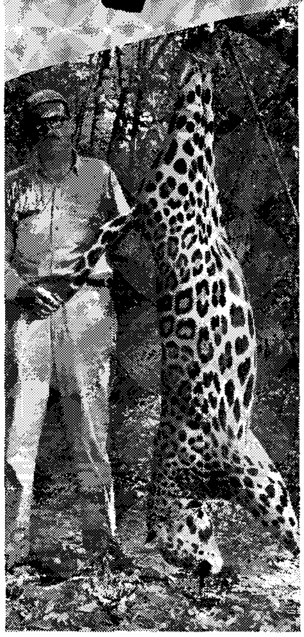

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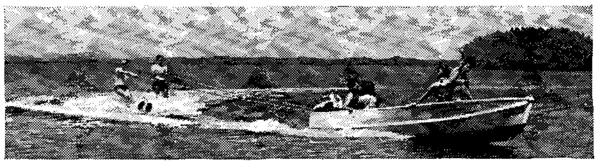

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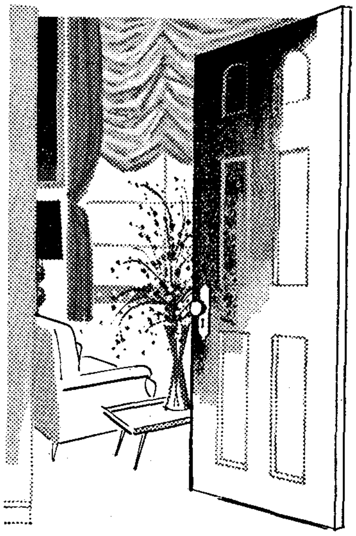
himself, because Rossini's "Otello," after half a century of success, was banished from the general repertory by Verdi's more masterly treatment of the same theme, in much the same way that Rossini's own "Barber of Seville" overwhelmed the popular "Barber" of Paisiello, plunging it into oblivion despite its considerable merits. Even with the success of the present production, it hardly seems possible that the opera will win a permanent audience, though one does feel that it might profitably be revived more often than once a century. The music is elegant, full of intricate melodic turns, and toward the end of the first act there is a trio for soprano, tenor, and bass that alone would justify a hearing of the opera. As always in Rossini, the emphasis is on pure *bel canto*, to the exclusion of all merely dramatic touches. The director, Sandro Sequi, has kept this aspect of the work firmly in mind, and while he maneuvers his singers briskly about the stage in order to keep the proceedings from becoming too static, he contrives to make sure that they are firmly planted, in perfect vocal balance with each other, during the tricky duets, trios, quartets, and ensembles in which the score abounds. "I aimed at a swift succession of brief scenes in the spirit of the period, of an oleographic and romantic character, conceived in the nature of pure painting," he declared at the time of the première. That his attempt was almost entirely successful undoubtedly owes much to the sets and costumes designed for the occasion by de Chirico, whose blending of unabashed rococo and severe classicism—Venetians in glittering black contrasted with Orientals in outsize turbans, billowing pants, and gaudy robes; the fading, empty perspectives of enormous rooms framed by elaborately draped crimson curtains and festooned with bright, cluttered paintings in ornate gold frames—exactly suits the directorial approach as well as these contrasting elements in the score itself, which sounds as if Rossini had set out deliberately to recall the classical elegance of Mozart while, in the sweep of his romantic melodies, anticipating Verdi.

That the spirit of the score hardly suits the violent passions inherent in the drama is undeniable, but a better libretto could have helped a lot. The author of the adaptation was an affable dilettante, the Marquis Francesco Berio di Salsa, who had probably never read the play, since it had not yet been translated into Italian. He eliminated the part of Cassio; reduced Iago to a secondary



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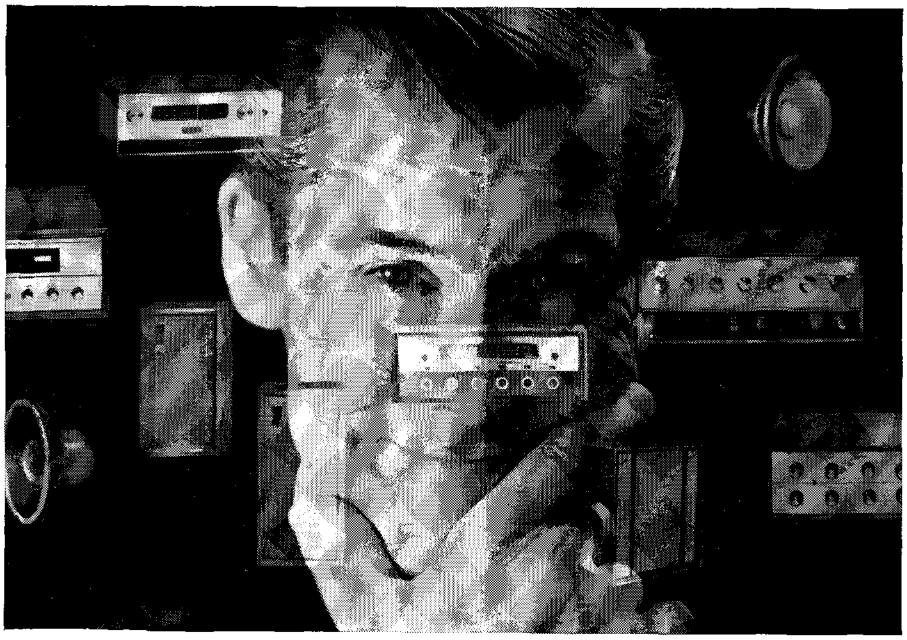
character, motivated by having been rejected as a suitor by Desdemona; transformed Rodrigo into a more important romantic figure than Otello himself; and made the action turn on an ambiguous forged letter rather than on the dramatically sounder business of the handkerchief. In fact, the opera might have been called "Desdemona," for it has become her story rather than the Moor's—and in this production, by the way, her part is splendidly sung by the young and lovely coloratura soprano Virginia Zeani. In the end, Otello stabs rather than smothers her, but Berio and Rossini later supplied another, happier ending to please audiences who protested against the gloomy dénouement. In this version, when Otello hurls himself on Desdemona, she exclaims, "What are you doing, wretch? I am innocent!" He cries, "Innocent? Do you speak truly?," and she replies, "Yes, I swear it!" Husband and wife then advance to the footlights and sing a happy duet, which Rossini borrowed from another of his operas, "Armida." Fortunately, the present production sticks to the original.

THE drastic measures that have been adopted to ease traffic congestion in the center of town—all parking and standing are banned along the main streets in an area roughly bounded by the Aurelian walls—may appear to have done some good, but in actuality they have only shifted the city's daily traffic jams to other districts. Rome has no effective subway system, and the buses are slow and crowded, so for many people the automobile is the only way to get to work and back in a reasonable time. Thousands of Roman housewives now drive their menfolk between home and the office four times a day (Romans still like to go home for lunch and take an hour's nap afterward), and a cynical Italian friend of mine—he *walks* to his office—predicts that soon the ladies will be causing pile-ups and accidents on a previously unimagined scale. "They are not used to driving at all," he said rather smugly, "and the poor dears will become intoxicated with the joy of it."

Anyway, citizens forced to cope with the city's traffic problems, and dreaming, perhaps in their stalled automobiles, about a not so distant past of quiet streets and empty piazzas, undoubtedly took considerable pleasure in a recent exhibit organized by the municipal administration and handsomely mounted in the Renaissance halls of the publicly owned Palazzo Braschi. Commemorating the centenary of the death of the



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Roman poet Giuseppe Gioacchino Belli, it was entitled "Belli and the Rome of His Time," and it rambled over three floors and some thirty large rooms. The first part was dedicated to Belli himself (his life, his poetry, his impact on his time), and displayed portraits, autographs, letters, documents, and testimonials from friends and foes—all of them mementos calculated mainly to indicate the spiritual climate in which the poet worked. Of more general interest to modern Romans were several rooms dedicated to portraying Belli's physical surroundings. What the city looked like then was dramatically evoked by huge enlargements of contemporary photographs, owned by the Museum of Rome, and also by drawings, prints, paintings, manifestoes, and monographs of the time. There was an enchanting section containing a hundred and forty-two water colors by the Frenchman Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas (1791-1834), who came to Rome in 1816, spent two years here, and later published a book, "Un An à Rome et dans Ses Environs," that included seventy-two lithographs based on the water colors. What emerged from this part of the exhibit was a clear picture of a small, cheerful city of fewer than a hundred and fifty thousand people, asleep among its green hills and tumbled ruins and wholly unprepared by inclination and recent history for the agitations of the political events that were soon to overwhelm it. All the familiar monuments, from the Trinità dei Monti and the Spanish Steps to the Colosseum and the unreconstructed Forum, were seen as if through a haze of improbable memories. Children gambolled around the Triton in the Piazza Barberini, trees shaded the Palatine, peasants spread their country wares in the archways of the palaces where medieval princes and their ladies once walked. Looking at all this, one found oneself expecting that history would soon blur even these semi-pastoral scenes, and that the city, exhausted by its past glories, would sink with a sigh beneath the cypresses and the vineyards of the soft, surrounding hills.

Belli, of course, knew better. In his verses he depicted the vitality of a city on the eve of its rebirth. Every familiar scene in the exhibit was accompanied by an enlarged reproduction of an appropriate Belli sonnet. There was hardly a section of old Rome that the poet did not celebrate in one or another of his two thousand poems, and in all of them one can sense the surge of life beneath the ancient charm, which evidently cloaked a more piquant reality. Belli was the

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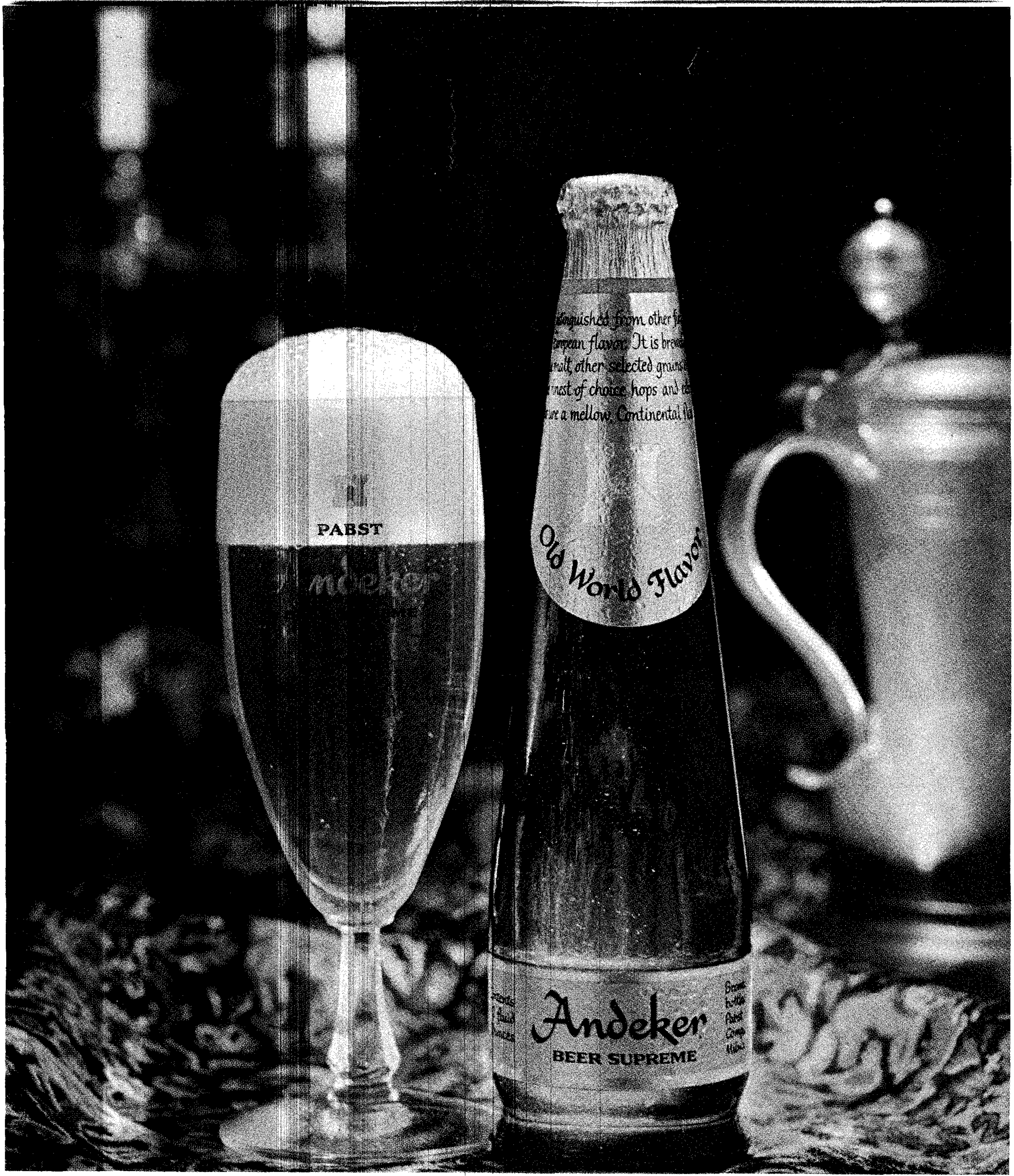
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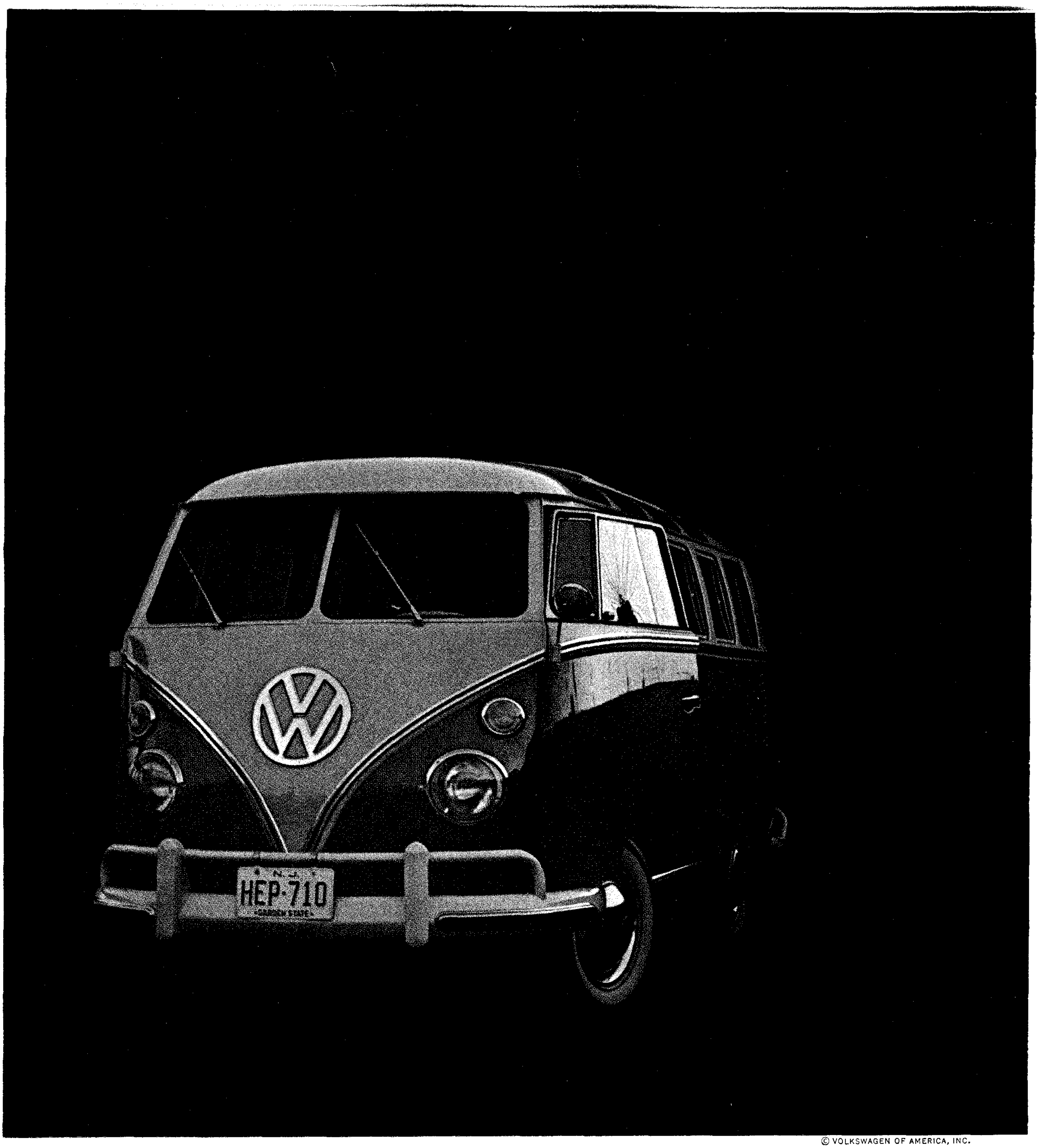

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first of the great vulgar poets who wrote in *romanesco*—the city's sharp, spicy dialect—and his laudable ambition was "to paint the whole moral and civil life and religion of our Roman people." He showed himself to be characteristically Roman by distrusting his own talent and trying fanatically to reform his own nature, without the least success.

Belli was born in Rome in 1791, had a miserable childhood, and escaped from poverty by marrying a rich woman ten years his senior. He wrote his first dialect verses around 1820, but the bulk of his work was composed between 1830 and 1849. The revolutionary winds of 1848 and the dramatic events of the short-lived Roman Republic dismayed and depressed him. He became a misanthropic recluse and, after the restoration of the Papal government, a humorless supporter of the status quo. He got himself appointed theatrical censor of the city government, and soon made himself an unenviable reputation as a pedant and a bigot. Worse, he repudiated all the work that was to make him immortal, and, being unable to undertake the task himself, asked a friend of his, a monsignor, to collect his verses and destroy them. Dialect poetry was not highly regarded in those days, and little of Belli's work had been published, but his poems were very frequently recited at public gatherings—much to the author's discomfiture and alarm, since they tended to be openly skeptical in tone, and were invariably scornful of the clergy. Luckily, the monsignor turned out to be a far more cultivated and broadminded person than Belli himself; he collected the verses and carefully preserved them. When the poet died, in the city he had loved even while he castigated it with his wry wit, it was about to become the capital of a new nation, and its people have remembered him only for the sometimes bitter but loving truths he sang of them. —William Murray

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

ALTHOUGH many of the shop-windows are heralding the approach of fall, Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Avenue (64th), has received a fresh shipment of flowery cotton clothes from sunny Italy. Among the floral arrangements are semi-fitted sheaths of Chinese-red cotton planted with giant white anemones (matching aprons lined with grass-green cotton add to the scenery), and linen shifts knotted at the right shoulder appear in mustard, yellow, olive, and black stripes graced with an overprint of black American Beauty roses. Either style is $65. For sizzling days, dresses that are almost muumuus—of black cotton satin sprinkled with small white daisies—have vast daisies descending from the chest and ascending from the hem to meet in center field.

INFORMATION
LASZLO

LORD & TAYLOR's fifth-floor sports department has brought home a commendable parcel of clothes from many parts of the world, the most eye-catching being the things from Italy and Thailand. In the Italian line, cotton coat dresses—*Joseph's*-coat dresses—combine (1) turquoise-blue tie patterns and coral paisley motifs; (2) strawberry-pink grounds with borders of black-and-white blossoms; and (3) other splendors. All of them are a mere thirty bucks. Thailand is represented by urbane fare with just an inkling of the Orient about it. Simplest of the lot are tailored two-piece cotton dresses woven with rows of purple-blue and bright-blue stylized morning glories in gold frames; $30. And sandwich-board tunics of dull-gold cotton cover semi-fitted sheaths of turquoise-blue cotton spattered with green-and-gold blossoms of Oriental origin; $100.

BLOOMINGDALE's Sutton Place Shop offers citified black after-five dresses that would be perfectly O.K. for a night on the town any month of the year. Black pebbly-crêpe low-necked sheaths are trimmed with puffy ruching at the elbows and below the knees; those that are higher at the throat and have no sleeves bear tiers of narrow folds beginning at the left side of the nipped-in waists and continuing around the hems to give the illusion of aprons; $69.95. Black chiffon dance dresses have bateau necks and whirlaway skirts. More elaborate dresses, of black Chantilly-type lace, hook at the nape, below which they're slashed—bare—to the waist. You don't call that elaborate? Well, lace overbodices provide some essence of cover-up. The price is $110, and sizes run from 8 to 14.

DELMAN's interpretations of gillies are of white calf, have sling backs, and are trimmed with navy calf, tan calf, or black patent leather. The heels are low; $32. Handsome and supple suède walking pumps look like Oxford ties because of make-believe two-eyelet closings. These come in dusty pink, pale blue, yellow, oyster white, and white. For at-home, enormous chiffon poppies, jonquils, geraniums—oh, any flower in the seed catalogue—bloom over the insteps of low-heeled black satin sandals; $50.

IF you have had a recent association of ideas on the order of "summer . . . weekends . . . luggage," you may find it useful to know that Mark Cross (is that name a surprise?) is offering luggage of vinyl that is both lightweight and durable. Colors: burgundy or cork bordered with black. In addition to five sizes of suitcase—twenty-one to twenty-nine inches—there are duffelbags and tote bags big enough for weekends that include no dances at the country club. Prices begin at $32.45 and stop at $98.95, for the biggest suitcase. For maharanees' weekends, Mark Cross proposes luggage made of water-resistant cut velvet (chartreuse and beige) and bound with café-au-lait leather; the hardware is gold-plated. Among the pieces are tote bags, satchels, suitcases (nineteen inches), and train cases. The price tags read from $71.50, for the tote bags, to $107.25, for the train cases, which, though the smallest in size, are the most intricately constructed. The prices include the federal tax.

FINALLY, a few words about children. Bergdorf Goodman's Boys' & Girls' section has a supply of clothes in a dark cotton that looks like wool—Glen-plaid cotton sleeveless dresses, for instance, and Glen-plaid box jackets

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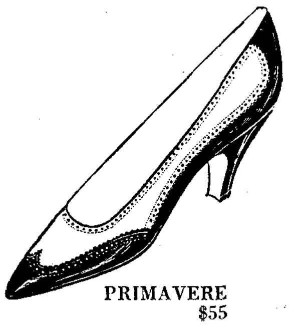

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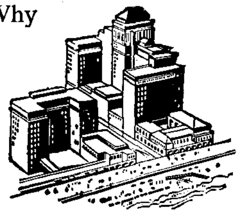

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topped by notched black velveteen collars—so they will still be useful when school rolls around. Sizes 3 to 6X are $11; sizes 7 to 14 are $13. Glen-plaid jumper dresses, which may be filled in with white cotton broadcloth blouses, have Empire waists for toddlers and low waists with belts in back for bigger girls.

Bendel's Growing Up department is girding itself for foul weather. Waterproof slickers of yellow cotton in a sandpaper finish are accompanied by sou'westers latched down by bonnet strings. Hooded raincapes of white vinyl lined in red cotton dotted with white might be considered by a contemporary Curlylocks or Red Riding Hood. Water-repellent madras parkas boast elongated zippered pockets across the stomach. For fair skies, Kabuki beach robes of red-and-white striped seersucker are cozily lined with white terry cloth to mop a moppet dry after a swim or a bath. Many of these clothes are in sizes 3 to 14. —M.M.

•

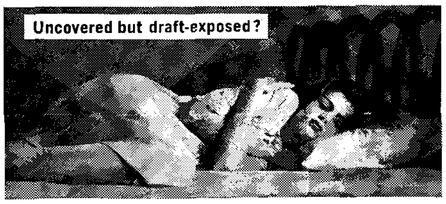
DANCER RESTING

This, too, is a gesture,
her body slouching and
leaning upon itself,
a wave or a curled leaf,
where she sits on the floor
resting. Her tiredness
is this rush of herself
to be done. Her head turns
against her upraised knees;
her eyes are shut; she sleeps
poised upon the pillow
of her motion. She rocks
without rocking. Mirrors
examine her, moving
about her a glassy
dance, in which her image
unfolds its forms that are
her stillness. Her aspects
evolve herself alone;
no surface can know her
wholly, but the glass may
take her up in a bold
confrontation, as she
bends toward it, mimicking
herself, or leaps partnered
by her own energy
dazzling onward. Resting,
she is a puppet slack
upon its wires. She breathes
slowly, a sea diver
gone too deep. I see her
carried upward in strings
of bubbles and ripples
until, with powerful
strokes, she breaks into air.

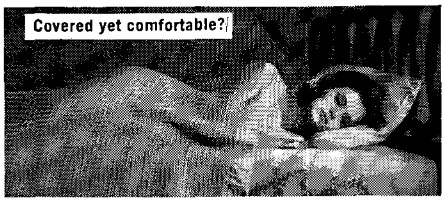
—GENE BARO

How well will you sleep this summer?

Covered but hot?



Uncovered but draft-exposed?



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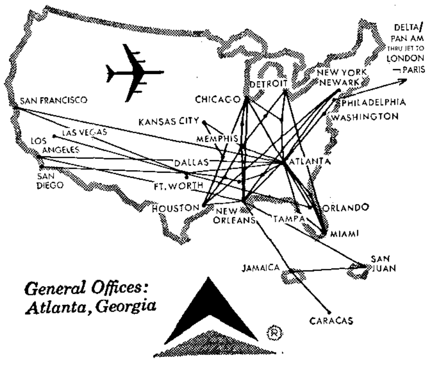

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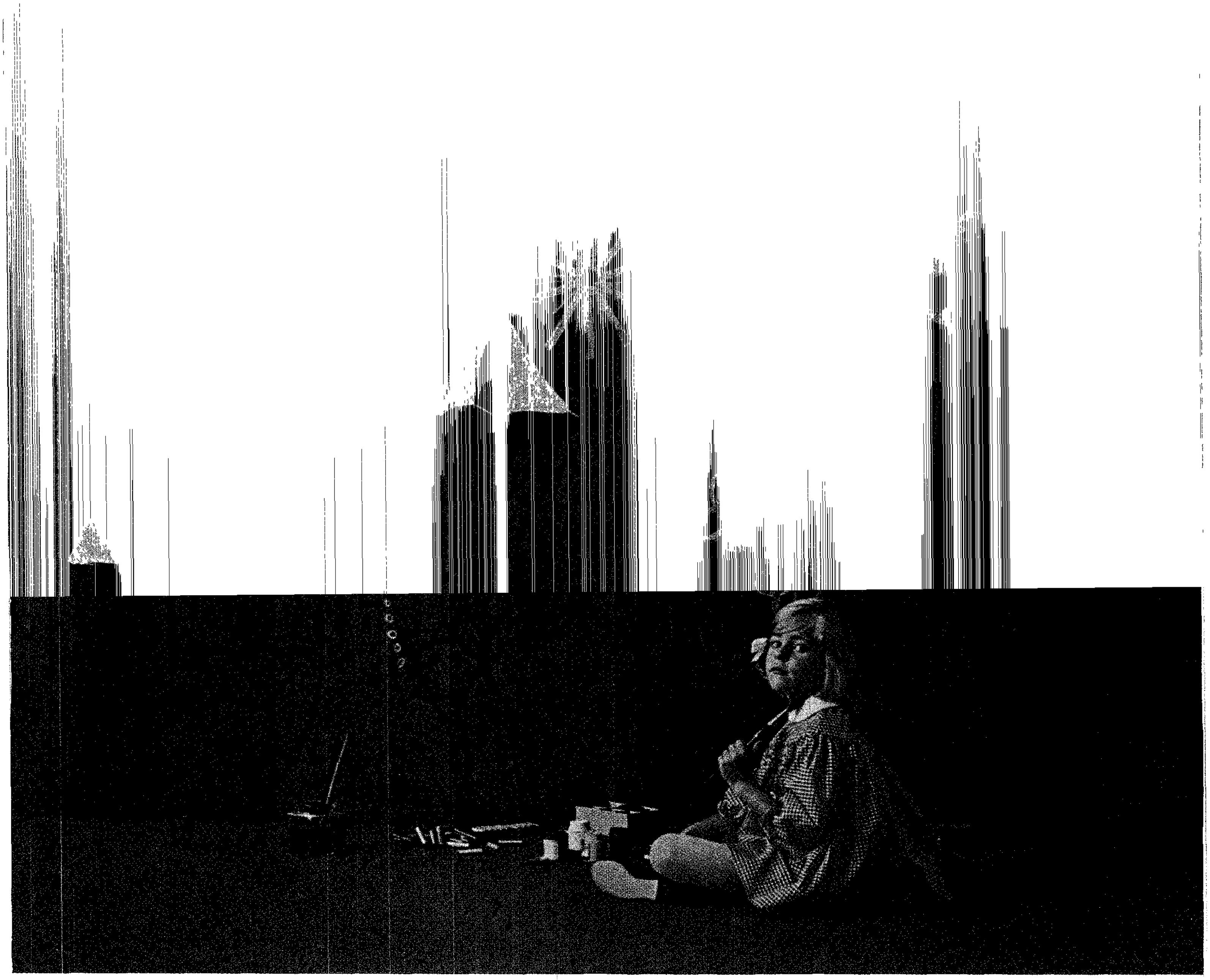
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records

THE recent release of "The Original Dixieland Jazz Band" (Riverside 156-157), "The Sound of New Orleans" (Columbia C3L 30), and "Jazz at Preservation Hall" (Atlantic 1408-1411) suggests that the story of How Jazz Was Born in New Orleans now belongs in the pantheon graced by Columbus, Plymouth Rock, and the Old West. A pre-industrial Rousseau romance, called forth and fostered by an incurable longing for what never was, the legend goes like this: Around 1885, in a city long noted for its easy cosmopolitanism, there suddenly appeared a new and vital music. It was the happy inspiration of cheerful, pious, gifted Negroes, who played it in colorful cabarets, handsomely appointed houses of the night, spacious parks, joyous parades, and on teeming street corners. It soon had an outsize hero—the mighty-lunged Buddy Bolden, who, the tale goes, summoned his followers by putting his cornet to a knothole in the fence of the park where he was wont to play and issuing a steam-whistle blast that easily carried a mile or two. King Bolden, as he came to be known, was appropriately felled in action by a seizure, but he was succeeded by other kings (Bunk Johnson, Freddie Keppard, Joe Oliver), and in time New Orleans was ajostle with jazz bands. Then, in 1917, a heedless officialdom closed the picturesque quarter where these bands were centered, and the jobless musicians migrated up the Mississippi, coming to roost in Chicago in the early twenties. However, not *all* the musicians in New Orleans moved upriver. Those who stayed continued to play the same virgin music long after their expatriate brothers had been corrupted by the big time; indeed, they play it to this day.

This attractive bushwa, nurtured by a generation of record collectors, historians, and not so guileless musicians, has been examined by the skeptical in the past decade, and their research suggests that New Orleans jazz is just one of several kinds of music that appeared independently around the country early in the century. The others were spread by itinerant blues pianists and singers, and by imaginative ragtime pianists, chiefly quartered in St. Louis and New York. Moreover, since the jazz played in New Orleans between 1885 and 1920 was not recorded, the reverence for it is a matter of faith. Working back from the earliest recorded Negro instrumental jazz (Kid Ory, in 1921), a second-generation reflection of the real article, these skeptics point out that pure New Orleans jazz was probably of such density and cacophony that it would be practically unlistenable today. Mainly an outgrowth of the marching-band music that flourished in and around New Orleans for many decades, it was an ensemble form, and it was almost certainly loud, monotonous, rhythmically crude, and tonally uncertain. Thus, it mirrored both its birthplace—a ghetto in which murder, prostitution, poverty, gambling, and brutality were common—and the talents of its creators, who were unskilled and often uneducated stevedores, peddlers, servants, barbers, pimps, and small-time operators. The music, paradoxically, seems to have passed its peak before its inventors perfected it. The second-generation New Orleans musicians who flourished in Chicago—the exodus from New Orleans, the skeptics say, began before 1917—demonstrated in their music the steady impatience that bright children feel toward uneducated parents. King Oliver mastered a cool, oblique, trotting-horse version of what had gone before; Jelly Roll Morton ingeniously orchestrated it into a distillation of *himself;* and Louis Armstrong, undeniably the greatest New Orleans musician, simply abandoned it. By 1928, even these variations had vanished. Second-hand copies of the original, however, proliferated into the fifties. The Original Dixieland Jazz Band, which was a white version of the first New Orleans jazz and originally appeared around 1916, provided the model for a generation of white musicians. Some of these men also emulated King Oliver and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings (another white copy), and, in turn, were imitated on every campus. Oliver and Morton reappeared in the forties and fifties on the West Coast in the work of the Yerba Buena and Turk Murphy bands, both of which are now studied throughout the world. When Bunk



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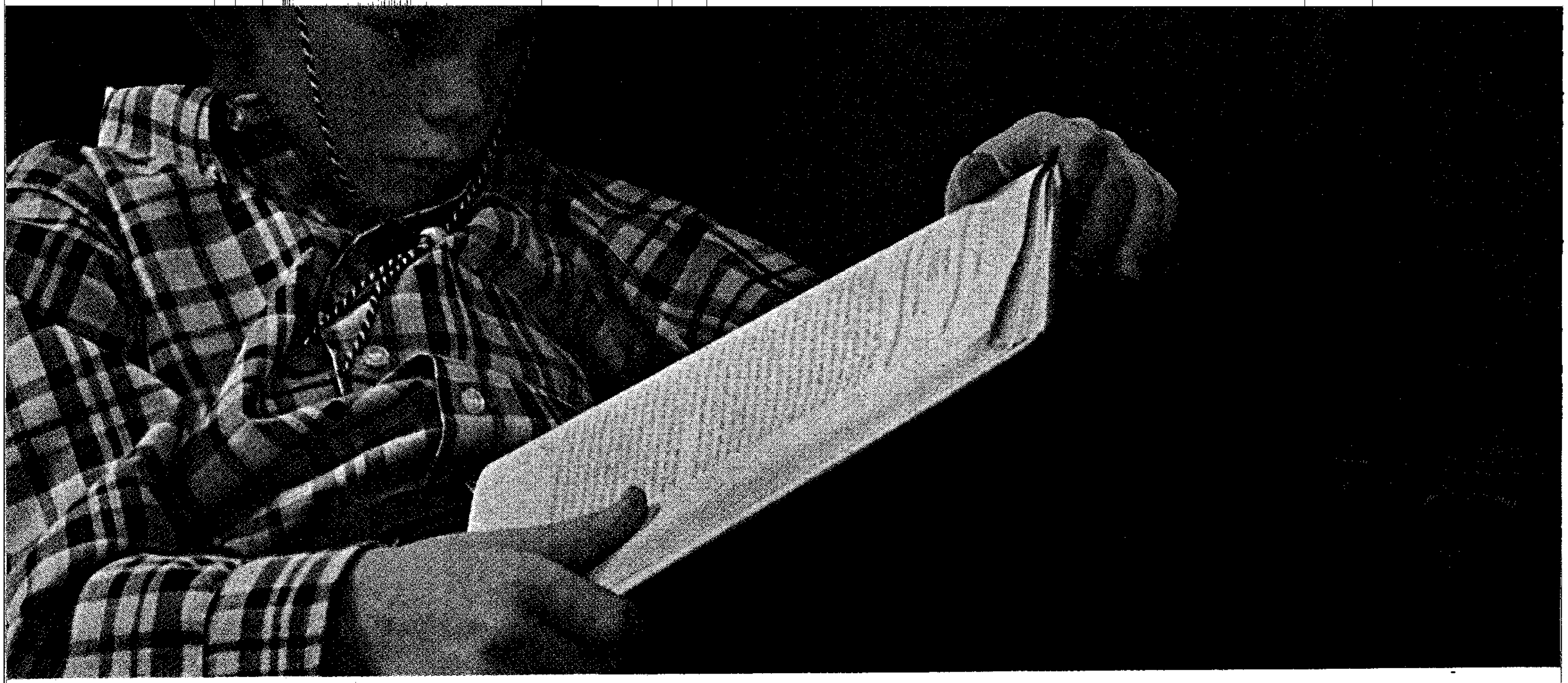

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INTERNATIONAL PAPER

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Johnson, one of Buddy Bolden's immediate successors, was resurrected and brought to New York in the forties, he merely aped the memory of what he had once been. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the music was carried on by both Negroes and whites, not one of whom was, or is, top-notch. They were first recorded in the twenties and have been sporadically honored ever since. They, too, pursue memories, but they also unwittingly reveal admiration for their celebrated betters, and even for their betters' followers, which explains the influence in their playing of such diverse figures as Armstrong, Edmond Hall, Roy Eldridge, Jimmie Noone, and Johnny Dodds.

THE Original Dixieland Jazz Band made the first recognizable jazz recordings—white or Negro—in 1917. (One of the brightest patches in the New Orleans legend concerns a wax cylinder supposedly recorded by Buddy Bolden's band for the novelty of the thing in a front parlor in New Orleans around the turn of the century; luckily for the legend, it has never turned up.) The O.D.J.B. was hobbled by poor recording techniques and an addiction to hokum. It sounds thin and rattling on its earliest records, and there is a continuous barrage of braying and whinnying sounds, which were probably an attempt to match the country-rube jokes popular in vaudeville. (Jazz bands toured on the vaudeville circuit until the forties.) It was an ensemble band, whose solos were limited to breaks, generally by the clarinet, and it used two-beat rhythm. Whatever emotions its members may have felt are hidden by the recordings and the hokum; in fact, the total effect often resembles the relentless, glassy patter of a stand-up comedian. The Riverside O.D.J.B. album, though, offers some small surprises. It consists of seventeen numbers recorded in England in 1919 and 1920 and never released here before. The sound is better than in the American recordings, and many of the numbers last five rather than the customary three minutes. In a long, fast "Tiger Rag," the band develops considerable momentum, and gives some notion in the clarinet breaks and closing ensemble choruses of what it must have sounded like in the flesh with its funny face down. There are similar hints in "Satanic Blues" and "Soudan," and in "I've Lost My Heart in Dixieland" it departs from its usual zzzzzzzz approach to dynamics and employs the diminuendo-crescendo ensemble device

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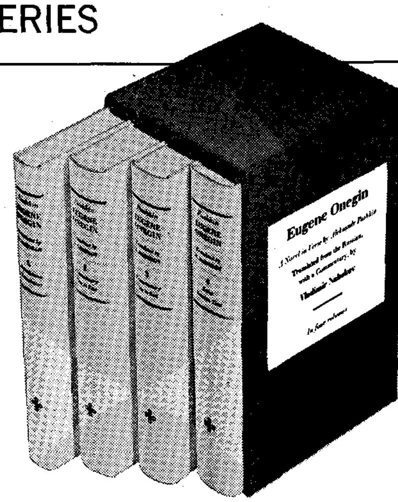

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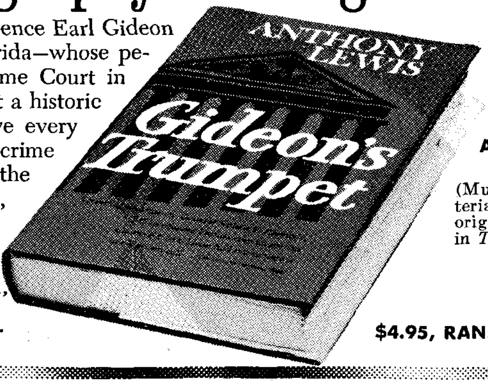

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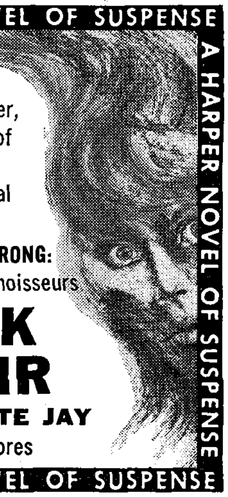

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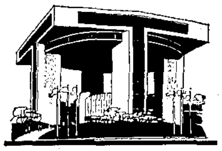

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that was widely adopted a decade later by the white Chicago bands.

The Columbia album unwittingly pares away at the legend. Of the forty-eight numbers, sixteen were made in New York (1917-47), eight in Chicago (1923-33), and the rest in New Orleans (1924-45). The only illuminating moments are offered—in non-New Orleans-type numbers—by Louis Armstrong (seven titles), Red Allen (two titles), and Sidney Bechet (two titles). Calking is supplied by a New York O.D.J.B. recording, three Wingy Manones, an early and unprepossessing Jelly Roll Morton (Victor and Riverside, of course, have the corner on the Morton market), and middling numbers by King Oliver, Johnny Dodds, and Jimmie Noone. The New Orleans sessions are strictly homeguard, and are notable only in that the Negro groups tend to use a lot of vibrato and the white groups almost none. The booklet furnished with the album has some good gnarled-hands photographs and a summoning-the-faithful-to-worship essay on New Orleans jazz.

The Atlantic set, recorded not long ago in New Orleans, brings many of the surviving performers in the New Orleans portion of the Columbia album up to date. They are now in their seventies, eighties, and even nineties, and generally sound it. The thirty-eight numbers are by six groups, all Negro. The best is the Eureka Brass Band, a still functioning marching band (three trumpets, two trombones, clarinet, tenor saxophone, sousaphone, snare drum, and bass drum), which plays with a spirit and intensity completely lacking in the other groups. The two rhythm instruments swing, and the long ensembles are a glorious pudding of dissonances, riffs, and timbres, all of which give an excellent notion of what earlier brass bands must have sounded like.

Any legend worth its salt is catching.

—Whitney Balliett

•

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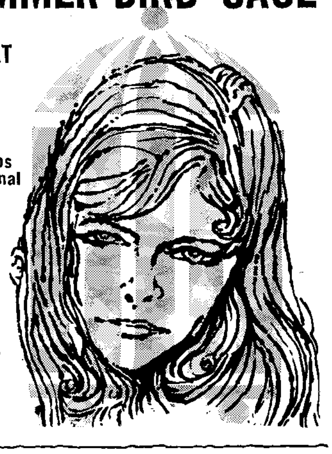

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Many Slippery Errors, by Alfred Grossman (Doubleday). In spite of a dreadful title and some wild transatlantic overpraise on its dust jacket (endorsements from such British publications as the *Observer*, the *Sunday Times*, and the *New Statesman* are becoming as uniformly giddy, saccharine, and cliché-ridden as tea-party conversation at an alumnae reunion), Mr. Grossman's novel has much to recommend it. It is an unpretentious, occasionally funny, consistently well-written story of a fairly ordinary man's escape from a fairly stereotyped bad marriage. The satire is not very telling, but the story is entertaining enough, and Mr. Grossman shows considerable promise.

GENERAL

The Great Shakespeare Jubilee, by Christian Deelman (Viking). This marvellously funny book, the story of the first public tribute to William Shakespeare, is probably the nicest birthday present of the quadricentennial year. Mr. Deelman explains that Shakespeare's plays, usually in mutilated form, were constantly on display for a hundred and fifty years after his death—not as incomparable works of art but as surefire popular, ticket-selling attractions. The eighteenth-century texts were better, and consistent literary criticism had developed, yet the recognition of Shakespeare's peerlessness was the work not of scholars but of an actor—David Garrick, whose brilliant career began with a brilliant performance as Richard III. Mr. Deelman, an Oxford specialist in Garrick, tells about the actor's career and about the moldering Warwickshire town where Shakespeare was born and died, and then describes how actor and town conjoined in September, 1769, to produce a "Jubilee at Stratford in Honor and to the Memory of Shakespeare," a hilarious fiasco compounded of basic comic themes—an alfresco program at the mercy of English weather, and eager, dressy, trusting visitors at the mercy of local avarice.

The Life of Lenin, by Louis Fischer (Harper & Row). This is a book that fits—as few books do—the adjective "definitive." It is large in scale, thoughtful in detail, and very sure of its purpose, which is to describe a historic figure making history. Mr. Fischer takes the reader through Lenin's early years and shows his development into an uncompromising revolutionary, but he is most interested in what we care most about—how Lenin, as dictator, implemented his theories, using the lives of countless Russians as raw material for the experiment of building a new society. Mr. Fischer is good at tracing the genealogy of some present Soviet policies back to decisions that Lenin took, and he is equally good at recalling (he was there) how Russia looked and what Lenin and other Russian revolutionaries were like in the nineteen-twenties. He is occasionally a bit schoolteacherish in telling us where Marx and Lenin were wrong, but that is a minor flaw in a major work. Ten dollars.

The Life and Death of Lenin, by Robert Payne (Simon & Schuster). As for this biography, it gives the impression of having been written to confirm our prejudices rather than to enlighten us. Mr. Payne describes Lenin as a destructive middlebrow and busy lover who was murdered by Stalin after repenting (albeit secretly) of the terrible political wrongs he had done. The book has its revealing moments, as when Mr. Payne shows Lenin locked in theory and tied to his desk, and therefore not wholly perceiving the reality of the executions he ordered. But the author's general disdain for the ideologies over which Lenin, his followers, and most of his antagonists fought, and by which they lived, leads him to scant what is perhaps the most important part of Lenin's story. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Journey Among Brave Men, by Dana Adams Schmidt (Little, Brown). Two years ago, in the summer of 1962, Mr. Schmidt, the Middle Eastern correspondent of the New York *Times*, made a long clandestine visit to the embattled Kurdish nationalist—or, more ac-

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curately, autonomist—forces in the mountains of Iraqi Kurdistan. This book is an animated acount of that difficult and dangerous adventure (strafing and bombing by the Iraqi Air Force frequently enlivened his stay) and an evaluation (supplemented by two subsequent shorter visits) of the Kurdish cause, but it is more than that. It is also a short history of the Kurds, who made their first recorded appearance in the Kingdom of Gutium in 2350 B.C.; a study of Kurdish culture, including selections from its rich folk literature; and a portrait of General Mustafa Barzani, the effective leader of the Iraqi Kurds. Justice William O. Douglas, who has also visited Barzani and his Kurds, contributes a friendly foreword. Illustrated with photographs by the author and a map.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by George Otto Trevelyan, edited by Richard B. Morris (McKay). A successfully abridged (one volume from six) reissue of a delightfully eccentric classic. Its rococo style and moral rectitude are wonderfully Victorian, and its text is most readable, provided one is not in a hurry; in 1899, when the original volumes began to appear, many readers were not. The American patriots are all pure and virtuous—as, in Trevelyan's view, was the Liberal Party, which he served so long and so well as a Member of Parliament and as Secretary of State for Scotland in Gladstone's Cabinet. Lord North's Ministers, on the other hand, are hateful scoundrels, and if, in their shortsightedness, they bear any resemblance to Trevelyan's political enemies, surely that is not coincidental. Ten dollars.

NOTE: "The Analytical Engine: Computers—Past, Present and Future," a non-technical report by Jeremy Bernstein, has been published by Random House. The contents of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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Rotarians from all over southern Vermont and New Hampshire started their two-day annual district conference Friday, and heard Jack Pride of Bristol, England, a director of Rotary International, say "Wisdom is the greatest thing, but in its getting, also get understanding. Rotarians must be prepared to think, and drink, and think."—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

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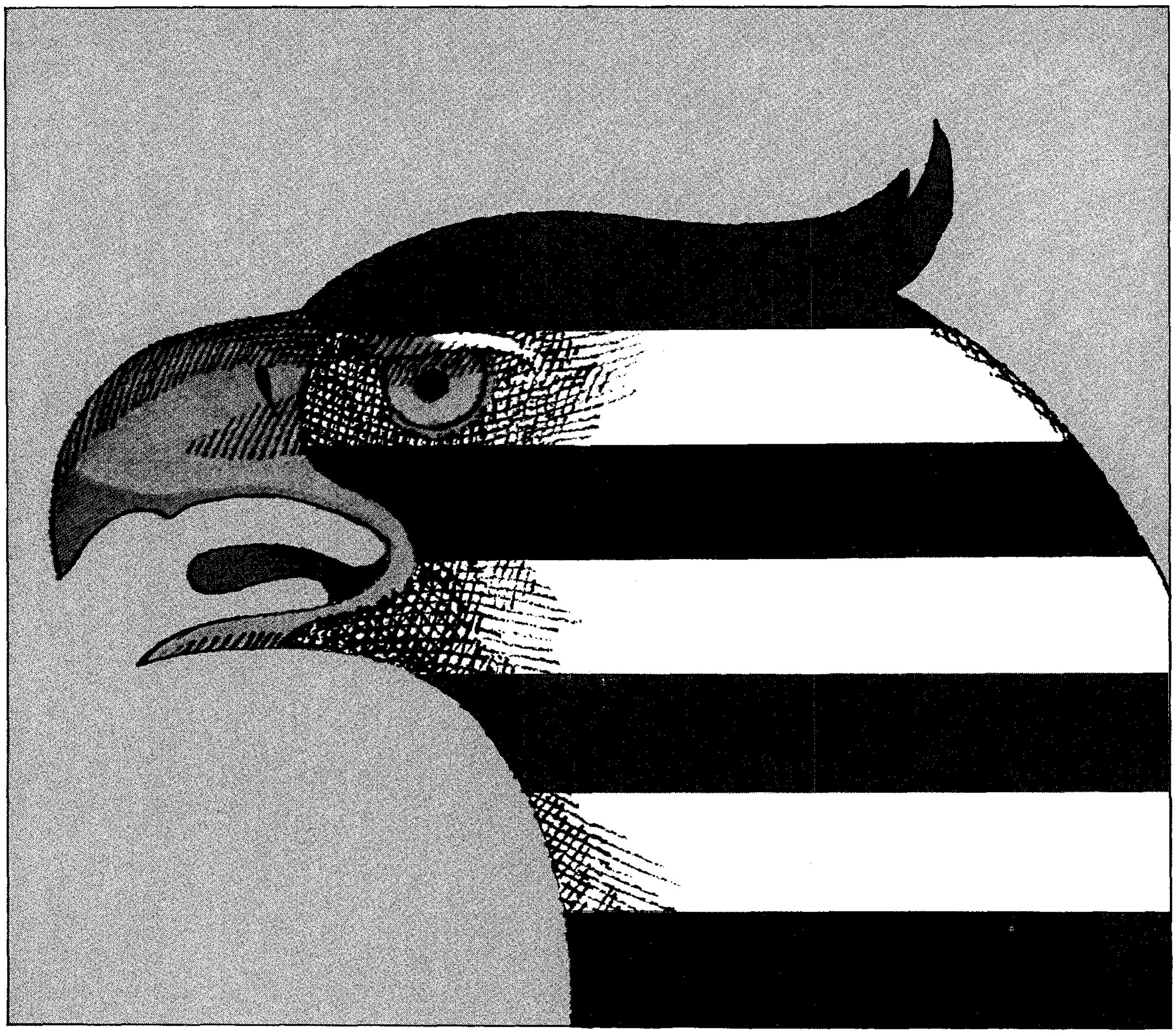

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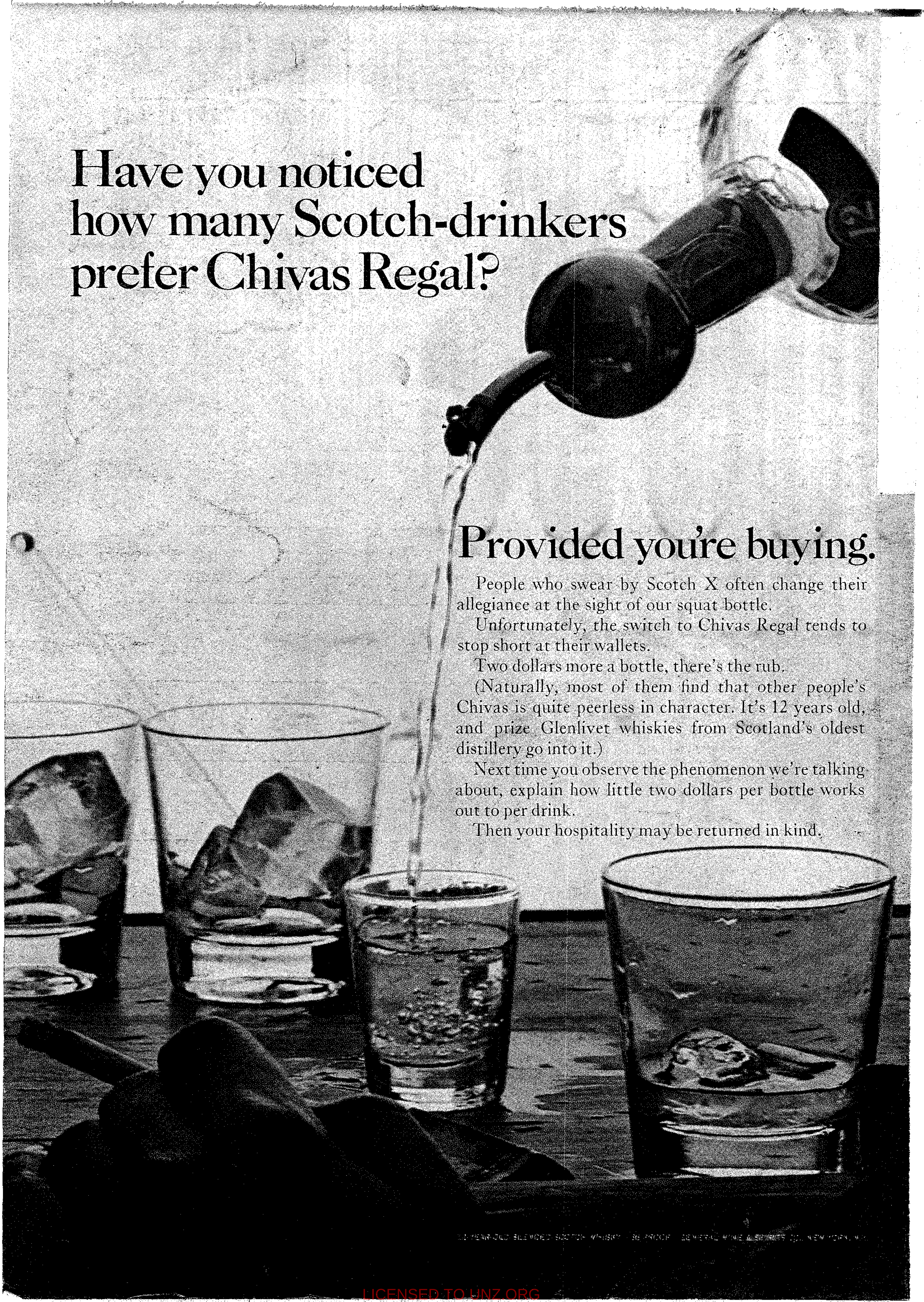

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